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TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR—In the "Memoir of Samuel Forde, a Cork Artist," which appeared in your last number, it is stated by the writer, that he fears "the reliefs of Forde's 'design for a monument' are lost." I am glad, for the sake of art, and of the memory of our gifted countryman, that I can contradict this. These beautiful works—the artist's only efforts in sculpture—are *not* lost. They are in excellent preservation, and in the safe keeping of one who knows their value.

At the sale of the effects of the late Mr. George Paine, of Cork, they were bought up by the auctioneer, Mr. McDonnell, and from him I purchased them about three years since.

I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

•

SAMUEL H. MERRICK, Clerk.

Ballintemple, Cork, March 16, 1845.



THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CXLV.

JANUARY, 1845.

Vol. XXV.

TALIS OF THE TRAINS; BEING SOME CHAPTERS OF RAILROAD ROMANCE.

BY TILBURY TRAMP, QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

NO. I.—THE WHITE LACE BONNET.

LET no enthusiast of the pastoral or romantic school, no fair reader, with eyes "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," sneer at the title of my paper. I have written it after much and mature meditation.

It would be absurd to deny that the great and material changes, which our progress in civilization and the arts effect, should not impress literature, as well as manners; that the tone of our thoughts, as much as the temper of our actions, should not sympathize with the giant strides of inventive genius. We have but to look abroad, and confess the fact. The facilities of travel, which our day confers, have given a new and a different impulse to the human mind—the man is no longer deemed a wonder, who has journeyed some hundred miles from home—the miracle will soon be he, who has not been every where.

To persist, therefore, in dwelling on the same features, the same fortunes, and the same characters of mankind, while all around us is undergoing a great and a formidable revolution, appears to me as insane an effort, as though we should try to preserve our equilibrium during the shock of an earthquake.

The stage lost much of its fascination, when, by the diffusion of literature, men could read at home, what once they were obliged to go abroad to see. Historical novels, in the same way, failed to produce the same excitement, as the readers became more

conversant with the passages of history which suggested them. The battle and murder school, the raw-head and bloody-bones literature, pales before the commonest coroner's inquest in "*The Times*;" and even Boz can scarce stand competition with the "*vie intime*" of a union work-house. What, then, is to be done! *Quæ regio terra* remains to be explored? Have we not ransacked every clime and country, from the Russian to the Red Man? from the domestic habits of Sweden, to the wild life of the Prairies? have we not had kings and kaisers, popes, cardinals, and ministers to satiety? The land service and the sea service have furnished their quota of scenes; and I am not sure, but that the revenue and coast-guard may have been pressed into the service. Personalities have been a stock in trade to some—and coarse satires on well-known characters of fashionable life, have made the reputation of others.

From the palace to the poor-house, from the forum to the factory, all has been searched and ransacked for a new view of life, or a new picture of manners. Some have even gone into the recesses of the earth, and investigated the arcanæ of a coal mine, in the hope of eliciting a novelty. Yet, all this time, the great reformer has been left to accomplish his operations without note or comment; and while thundering along the earth, or ploughing the sea, with giant speed and giant power, men have not endeavoured to track his

influence upon humanity, nor work out any evidences of those strange changes he is effecting over the whole surface of society. The steam-engine is not merely a power to turn the wheels of mechanism—it beats and throbs within the heart of a nation, and is felt in every fibre, and recognized in every sinew of civilized man.

How vain, to tell us now of the lover's bark skimming the midnight sea, or speak of a felucca, and its pirate crew, stealing stealthily across the waters. A suitor would come to seek his mistress in the Iron Duke, of three hundred horse-power; and a smuggler would have no chance, if he had not a smoking galley, with Watts' patent boilers!

What absurdity, to speak of a runaway couple, in vain pursued by an angry parent on the road to Gretna-green—an express engine, with a stoker and a driver, would make the deserted father overtake them in no time!

Instead of the characters of a story remaining stupidly in one place, the novelist now can conduct his tale to the tune of thirty miles an hour, and start his company in the first class of the Great Western. No difficulty to preserve the unities! Here he journeys with bag and baggage, and can bring twenty or more families along with him, if he like. Not limiting the description of scenery to one place, or spot, he whisks his reader through a dozen counties in a chapter, and gives him a bird's-eye glance of half England as he goes; thus, how original the breaks which would arise from an occasional halt, what an afflicting interruption to a love story, the cry of the guard, "Coventry, Coventry, Coventry;" or any gentleman, "Tring, Tring, Tring," with the more agreeable interjection of "tea, or coffee, sir—one brandy and soda-water—*Times*, *Chronicle*, or *Globe*."

How would the great realities of life flash upon the reader's mind, and how insensibly would he amalgamate fact with fiction! And lastly, think, reflect, what new catastrophe would open upon an author's vision; for, while to the gentler novelist, like Mrs. Gore, an eternal separation might ensue from starting with the wrong train—the bloody-minded school would revel in explosions and concussions—rent boilers, insane luggage trains, flattening the

old gentlemen like buffers. Here is a vista for imagination—here is scope for at least fifty years to come. I do not wish to allude to the accessory consequences of this new literary school, though I am certain music and the fine arts would both benefit by its introduction, and one of the popular melodies of the day would be—"We met, 'twas in a tunnel." I hope my literary brethren will appreciate the candour and generosity with which I point out to them this new and unclaimed spot in Parnassus. No petty jealousies—no miserable self-interests, have weighed with me—I am willing to give them a share in my discovered country, well aware that there is space and settlement for us all—locations for every fancy—allotment for every quality of genius; for myself I reserve nothing—satisfied with the fame of a Columbus, I can look forward to a glorious future, and endure all the neglect and indifference of present ingratitude. Meanwhile, less with the hope of amusing the reader than illustrating my theory, I shall jot down some of my own experiences, and give them a short series of the "Romance of a railroad."

But, ere I begin, let me make one explanation for the benefit of the reader and myself.

The class of literature which I am now about to introduce to the public, unhappily debars me from the employment of the habitual tone and the ordinary aids to interest, prescriptive right has conferred on the novelist. I can neither commence with—"It was late in the winter of 1754, as three travellers," &c. &c.; or, "The sun was setting;" or, "The moon was rising;" or, "The stars were twinkling;" or, "On the 15th Feb., 1573, a figure, attired in the costume of northern Italy, was seen to blow his nose;" or, in fact, is there a single limit to the mode in which I may please to open my tale; my way lies in a country where there are no roads, and there is no one to cry out, "keep your own side of the way." Now, then, for

"THE WHITE LAC'D BONNET."

It is about two years since I was one of that strange and busy mob of some five hundred people, who were assembled on the platform in the Euston-square station a few minutes previous.

to the starting of the morning mail-train for Birmingham. To the unoccupied observer the scene might have been an amusing one—the little domestic incidents of leave-taking and embracing—the careful looking after luggage and parcels—the watchful anxieties for a lost cloak, or a stray carpet-bag, blending with the affectionate farewells of parting, are all curious, while the studious preparations for comfort of the old gentleman in the *coupé*, oddly contrast with similar arrangements on a more limited scale by the poor soldier's wife in the third-class carriage.

Small as the segment of humanity is, it is a type of the great world to which it belongs.

I sauntered carelessly along the boarded terrace, investigating, by the light of the guard's lantern, the inmates of the different carriages—and, calling to my assistance my tact as a physiognomist as to what party I should select for my fellow-passengers—"not in there, assuredly," said I to myself, as I saw the aquiline noses and dark eyes of two Hamburg Jews; "nor here, either—I cannot stand a day in a nursery; nor will this party suit me, that old gentleman is snoring already;" and so I walked on until at last I bethought me of an empty carriage, as at least possessing negative benefits, since positive ones were denied me. Scarcely had the churlish determination seized me, when the glare of the light fell upon the side of a bonnet of white lace, through whose transparent texture a singularly lovely profile could be seen. Features, purely Greek in their character, tinged with a most delicate colour, were defined by a dark mass of hair, worn in a deep band along the cheek almost to the chin. There was a sweetness—a look of guileless innocence in the character of the face which, even by the flitting light of the lantern, struck me strongly. I made the guard halt, and peeped into the carriage as if seeking for a friend. By the uncertain flickering, I could detect the figure of a man, apparently a young one, by the lady's side; the carriage had no other traveller. "This will do," thought I, as I opened the door, and took my place on the opposite side.

Every traveller knows that locomotion must precede conversation;

the veriest common-place cannot be hazarded, till the piston is in motion; or the paddles are flapping. The word "go on," is as much for the passengers as the vehicle, and the train and the tongues are set in movement together; as for myself, I have been long upon the road, and might travestie the words of our native poet, and say—

"My home is on the highway."

I have therefore cultivated, and I trust, with some success, the tact of divining the characters, condition, and rank of my fellow-travellers—the speculation on whose peculiarities, has often served to wile away the tediousness of many a wearisome road, and many an uninteresting journey.

The little lamp which hung aloft, gave me but slight opportunity of prosecuting my favourite study on this occasion. All that I could trace, was the outline of a young and delicately-formed girl, enveloped in a cachmere shawl—a slight and inadequate muffling for the road at such a season. The gentleman at her side was attired in what seemed a dress-coat, nor was he provided with any other defence against the cold of the morning.

Scarcely had I ascertained these two facts, when the lamp flared, flickered, and went out, leaving me to speculate on these vague, but yet remarkable traits in the couple before me. "What can they be?" "who are they?" "where do they come from?" "where are they going?" were all questions which naturally presented themselves to me in turn; yet, every inquiry resolved itself into the one, "why has she not a cloak? why has not he got a Petersham?" Long and patiently did I discuss these points with myself, and framed numerous hypotheses to account for the circumstance—but still with comparatively little satisfaction, as objections presented themselves to each conclusion; and although, in turn, I had made him a runaway clerk from Cofutt's, a Liverpool actor, a member of the swell-mob, and a bagman—yet I could not, for the life of me, include *her* in the category of such an individual's companions. Neither spoke, so that from their voices, that beat of all tests, nothing could be learned.

Wearied by my doubts, and worried by the interruption to my sleep, the

early rising necessitated, I fell soon into a sound doze, lulled by the soothing "strains" a locomotive so eminently is endowed with. The tremulous quavering of the carriage, the dull roll of the heavy wheels, the convulsive beating and heaving of the black monster itself, gave the tone to my sleeping thoughts, and my dreams were of the darkest. I thought that, in a gloomy silence, we were journeying over a wild and trackless plain, with no sight nor sound of man, save such as accompanied our sad procession; that dead and leafless trees were grouped about, and roofless dwellings and blackened walls marked the dreary earth; dark sluggish streams stole heavily past, with noisome weeds upon their surface; while along the sedge banks, sat leprous and glossy reptiles, glaring, with round eyes, upon us. Suddenly, it seemed as if our speed increased; the earth and sky flew faster past, and objects became dim and indistinct; a misty maze of dark plain, and clouded heaven, were all I could discern; while straight in front, by the lurid glare of a fire, whose sparks flitted round and about, two dark shapes danced a wild and goblin measure, tossing their black limbs with frantic gesture, while they brandished in their hands bars of seething iron; one, larger, and more dreadful than the other, sung in a "raucous" voice, that sounded like the clank of machinery, a rude song, beating time to the tune with his iron bar. The monotonous measure of the chant, which seldom varied in its note, sank deep into my chilled heart—and I think I hear still,

THE SONG OF THE STOKER.

Rake, rake, rake,
Ashes, cinders, and coal;
The fire we make,
Must never slake,
Like the fire that roasts a soul.

Hurrah! my boys, 'tis a glorious noise,
To list to the stormy main;
But, nor wave-lash'd shore,
Nor lion's roar,
E'er equal'd a luggage train.

'Neath the painting sun, our course we run,
No water to slake our thirst;
Nor ever a pool,
Our tongue to cool,
Except the boiler burst.

The courser fast, the trumpet's blast,
Sigh after us in vain;
And even the wind,
We leave behind,
With the speed of a special train.

Swift we pass o'er the wild morass,
Tho' the night be starless and black;
Onward we go,
Where the snipe flies low,
Nor man dares follow our track.

A mile a minute, on we go,
Hurrah for my courser fast;
His coal black mane,
And his fiery train,
And his breath—a furnace blast.

On and on, till the day is gone,
We rush with a goblin scream;
And the cities, at night,
They start, with affright,
At the cry of escaping steam.

Bang, bang, bang!
Shake, shiver, and throb;
The sound of our feet,
Is the piston's beat,
And the opening valve our sob!

Our union-jack is the smoke-train black,
That thick from the funnel rolls;
And our bounding bark,
Is a gloomy ark,
And our cargo—human souls.

Rake, rake, rake,
Ashes, cinders, and coal;
The fire we make,
Must never slake,
Like the fire that roasts a soul.

"Bang, bang, bang," said I, aloud, repeating this infernal "refrain," and with an energy that made my two fellow-travellers burst out laughing. This awakened me from my sleep, and enabled me to throw off the fearful incubus which rested on my bosom; so strongly, however, was the image of my dream—so vivid the picture my mind had conjured up—and stranger than all, so perfect was the memory of the demoniac song, that I could not help relating the whole vision, and repeating for my companions the words, as I have here done for the reader. As I proceeded in my narrative, I had ample time to observe the couple before me. The lady, for it is, but suitable to begin with her, was young, she could scarcely have been more than twenty—and looked, by the broad daylight, even handsomer than by the glare of the guard's lantern; she was

slight, but as well as I could observe, her figure was very gracefully formed, and with a decided air of elegance, detectable even in the ease and repose of her attitude. Her dress was of pale blue silk, around the collar of which she wore a profusion of rich lace, of what peculiar loom I am, unhappily, unable to say—nor would I allude to the circumstance, save, that it formed one of the most embarrassing problems in my efforts at divining her rank and condition; never was there such a travelling costume, and although it suited perfectly the frail and delicate beauty of the wearer, it ill accorded with the dingy “convenience” in which we journeyed—even to her shoes and stockings, for I noticed these—the feet were perfect—and gloves; all the details of her dress had a freshness and propriety one rarely or ever sees encountering the wear and tear of the road. The young gentleman at her side—for he, too, was scarcely more than five-and-twenty, at most—was also attired in a costume as little like that of a traveller—a dress-coat and evening waistcoat, over which a profusion of chains were fastened in that mode so popular in our day, showed that he certainly, in arranging his costume, had other thoughts than of wasting such attractions on the desert air of a railroad journey. He was a good-looking young fellow, with that mixture of frankness and careless ease the youth of England so eminently possess, in contradistinction to the young men of other countries; his manner and voice both attested that he belonged to a good class: and the general courtesy of his demeanour showed one who had lived in society. While he evinced an evident desire to enter into conversation and amuse his companion, there was still an appearance of agitation and incertitude about him, which showed that his mind was wandering very far from the topic before him. More than once he checked himself, in the course of some casual merriment, and became suddenly grave—while, from time to time, he whispered to the young lady, with an appearance of anxiety and eagerness, all his endeavours could not effectually conceal. She, too, seemed agitated—but, I thought, less so than he; it might be, however, that from the habitual quietude

of her manner, the traits of emotion were less detectable by a stranger. We had not journeyed far, when several new travellers entered the carriage, and thus broke up the little intercourse which had begun to be established between us. The new arrivals were amusing enough in their way—there was a hearty old Quaker from Leeds, who was full of a dinner party he had been at with Feargus O'Connor, the day before; there was an interesting young fellow who had obtained a fellowship at Cambridge, and was going down to visit his family; and lastly, a loud-talking, loud-laughing member of the tail, in the highest possible spirits at the prospect of Irish politics, and exulting in the festivities he was about to witness at Derrynane Abbey, whither he was then proceeding with some other Danaiides, to visit, what Tom Steele calls, “his august leader.” My young friends, however, partook little in the amusement the newly arrived travellers afforded; they neither relished the broad, quaint, common sense of the Quaker—the conversational cleverness of the Cambridge man—or the pungent, though somewhat coarse, drollery of the “Emerald.” They sat either totally silent or conversing in a low, indistinct murmur, with their heads turned towards each other. The Quaker left us at Warwick—the “Fellow” took his leave soon after—and the O’ somebody was left behind at a station; the last thing I heard of him, being his frantic shouting as the train moved off, while he was endeavouring to swallow a glass of hot brandy and water. We were alone then once more, but somehow the interval which had occurred had chilled the warm current of our intercourse; perhaps, too, the effects of a long day’s journey were telling on us all, and we felt that indisposition to converse which steals over even the most habitual traveller towards the close of a day on the road. Partly from these causes, and more strongly still from my dislike to obtrude conversation upon those whose minds were evidently pre-occupied, I too lay back in my seat and indulged my own reflections in silence. I had sat for some time thus, I know not exactly how long, when the voice of the young lady struck on my ear; it was one of those sweet, tinkling, silver sounds which

somehow when heard, however slightly, have the effect at once to dissipate the dull routine of one's own thoughts, and suggest others more relative to the speaker.

"Had you not better ask him!" said she; "I am sure he can tell you." The youth apparently demurred, while she insisted the more, and at length, as if yielding to her entreaty, he suddenly turned towards me and said, "I'm a perfect stranger here, and would feel obliged if you could inform me which is the best hotel in Liverpool?" He made a slight pause, and added, "I mean a quiet, family hotel."

"I rarely stop in the town myself," replied I; "but when I do, to breakfast or dine, I take the Adelphi; I'm sure you will find it very comfortable."

They again conversed for a few moments together, and the young man, with an appearance of some hesitation, said, "Do you mean to go there now, sir?"

"Yes," said I, "my intention is to take a hasty dinner before I start in the steamer for Ireland; I see by my watch I shall have ample time to do so, as we shall arrive full half an hour before our time."

Another pause, and another little discussion ensued, the only words of which I could catch from the young lady being, "I'm certain he will have no objection." Conceiving that these referred to myself, and guessing at their probable import, I immediately said, "If you will allow me to be your guide, I shall feel most happy to show you the way; we can obtain a carriage at the station, and proceed thither at once."

I was right in my surmise—both parties were profuse in their acknowledgments—the young man avowing that it was the very request he was about to make when I anticipated him.

We arrived in due time at the station, and having assisted my new acquaintances to alight, I found little difficulty in placing them in a carriage, for luggage they had none, neither portmanteau nor carpet-bag—not even a dressing-case—a circumstance at which, however I might have endeavoured to avoid expressing my wonder, they seemed to feel required an explanation at their hands; both looked confused and abashed—nor was it until by busying myself in the details

of my own baggage, that I was enabled to relieve them from the embarrassment the circumstance occasioned.

"Here we are," said I: "this is the Adelphi," as we stopped at that comfortable and hospitable portal, through which the fumes of brown gravy and ox-tail float with a savory odour, as pleasant to him who enters with dinner intentions, as it is tantalizing to the listless wanderer without.

The lady thanked me with a smile, as I handed her into the house, and a very sweet smile too, and one I could have fancied the young man would have felt a little jealous of, if I had not seen the ten times more fascinating one she bestowed on him.

The young man acknowledged my slight service with thanks, and made a half gesture to shake hands at parting, which, though a failure, I rather liked, as evidencing, even in its awkwardness, a kindness of disposition—for so it is. Gratitude smacks poorly when expressed in trim and measured phrase—it seems not the natural coinage of the heart, when the impression betrays too clearly the mint of the mind.

"Good bye," said I, as I watched their retiring figures up the wide staircase. "She's devilish pretty—and what a good figure—I did not think any other than a French woman could adjust her shawl in that fashion." And with these very soothing reflections I betook myself to the coffee-room, and soon was deep in discussing the distinctive merits of mulligatawny, mock-turtle, and mutton chops, or listening to that everlasting pian every waiter in England sings in praise of the "joint."

In all the luxury of my own little table, with my own little salt-seller, my own cruet-stand, my beer-glass, and its younger brother for wine, I sat awaiting the arrival of my fare, and, puzzling my brain as to the unknown travellers. Now had they been but clothed in the ordinary fashion of the road—if the lady had worn a plaid cloak and a beaver bonnet—if the gentleman had a brown Taglioni and a cloth cap, with a cigar-case peeping out of his breast-pocket, like every body else in this smoky world—had they but the ordinary allowance of trunks and boxes—I should have been coolly conning over the leading arti-

cle of "*The Times*," or enjoying the spicy leader in the last *Examiner*; but no—they had shrouded themselves in a mystery, though not in garments; and the result was, that I, gifted with that inquiring spirit which Paul Pry informs us is the characteristic of the age, actually tortured myself into a fever as to who and what they might be—the origin, the course, and the probable termination of their present adventure—for an adventure I determined it must be. "People do such odd things, now a-days," said I, "there's no knowing what the deuce they may be at. I wish I even knew their names, for I am certain I shall read to-morrow or the next day in the second column of *The Times*. Why will not W. P. and C. P. return to their afflicted friends? Write at least—write to your bereaved parents, No. 12, Russell-square; or, if F. M. S. will not inform her mother whither she has gone, the deaths of more than two of the family will be the consequence." Now could I only find out their names, I could relieve so much family apprehension—here comes the soup, however—admirable relief to a worried brain—how every mouthful swamps reflection—even the platitude of the waiter's face is, as the Methodists say, "a blessed privilege," so agreeably does it divert the mind of a thought the more, and suggest that pleasant vacuity so essential to the hour of dinner. The tureen was gone, and then came one of those strange intervals which all taverns bestow, as if to test the extent of endurance and patience of their guests.

My thoughts turned at once to their old track. "I have it," said I, as a bloody-minded suggestion shot through my brain. "This is an affair of charcoal and oxalic acid—this is some damnable device of arsenic or sugar-of-lead—these young wretches have come down here to poison themselves, and be smothered in that mode latterly introduced among us. There will be a double-locked door and smell of carbonic gas through the key-hole in the morning. I have it all before me, even to the maudlin letter, with its twenty-one verses of bad poetry at the foot of it. I think I hear the coroner's charge, and see the three shillings and eight pence halfpenny produced before the jury, that were found in the youth's possession, together with a small key and a bill for a

luncheon at Birmingham. By Jove, I will prevent it though; I will spoil their fun this time; if they will have physic, let them have something just as nauseous, but not so injurious. My own notion is a basin of this soup and a slice of 'the joint,' and here it comes;" and thus my meditations were again destined to be cut short, and reverie give way to reality.

I was just helping myself to my second slice of mutton, when the young man entered the coffee-room, and walked towards me. At first, his manner evinced hesitation and indecision, and he turned to the fire-place, as if with some change of purpose, then, as if suddenly summoning his resolution, he came up to the table at which I sat, and said—

"Will you favour me with five minutes of your time?"

"By all means," said I, "sit down here, and I'm your man; you must excuse me, though, if I proceed with my dinner, as I see it is past six o'clock, and the packet sails at seven."

"Pray, proceed," replied he, "your doing so, will in part excuse the liberty I take, in obtruding myself upon you."

He paused, and although I waited for him to resume, he appeared in no humour to do so, but seemed more confused than before.

"Hang it," said he at length, "I am a very bungling negotiator, and never, in my life, could manage a matter of any difficulty."

"Take a glass of sherry," said I, "try if that may not assist to recall your faculties."

"No, no," cried he, "I have taken a bottle of it already, and, by Jove, I rather think my head is only the more addled. Do you know that I am in a most confounded scrape, I have run away with that young lady; we were at an evening party last night together, and came straight away from the supper table to the train."

"Indeed!" said I, laying down my knife and fork, not a little gratified that I was at length to learn the secret that had so long teased me. "And, so you have run away with her!"

"Yes; it was no sudden thought, however—at least, it was an old attachment; I have known her these two months."

"Oh! oh!" said I; "then, there was prudence in the affair."

"Perhaps you will say so," said he, quickly. "when I tell you she has £30,000 in the Fund, and something like £1,700 a-year besides—not that I care a straw for the money—but, in the eye of the world, that kind of thing has its *echut*."

"So it has," said I, "and a very pretty *echut* it is, and one that, somehow, or another, preserves its attractions much longer than most surprises; but I do not see the scrape after all."

"I am coming to that," said he, glancing timidly around the room. "The affair occurred this wise: we were at an evening party—a kind of *dejeuné*, it was, on the Thames—Charlotte came with her aunt—a shrewish old damsel, that has no love for me; in fact, she very soon saw my game, and resolved to thwart it. Well, of course, I was obliged to be most circumspect, and did not venture to approach her, not even to ask her to dance, the whole evening. As it grew late, however, I either became more courageous or less cautious, and I did ask her for a waltz. The old lady bristled up at once, and asked for her shawl. Charlotte accepted my invitation, and said she would certainly not retire so early; and I, to cut the matter short, led her to the top of the room. We waltzed together, and then had a 'gallop,' and after that some champagne, and then another waltz; for Charlotte was resolved to give the old lady a lesson—she has spirit for any thing! Well, it was growing late by this time, and we went in search of the aunt at last; but, by Jove! she was not to be found. We hunted every where for her, looked well in every corner of the supper-room, where it was most likely we should discover her; and at length, to our mutual horror and dismay, we learned, that she had ordered the carriage up a full hour before, and gone off, declaring that she would send Charlotte's father to fetch her home, as she herself possessed no influence over her. Here was a pretty business—the old gentleman being, as Charlotte often told me, the most choleric man in England. He had killed two brother officers in duels, and narrowly escaped being hanged at Maidstone, for shooting a waiter who delayed bringing him hot water to shave—a pleasant old boy

to encounter on such an occasion as this!

"He will certainly shoot me—he will shoot you—he will kill us both!" were the only words she could utter; and my blood actually froze at the prospect before us. You may smile if you like; but let me tell you, that an outraged father, with a pair of patent revolving pistols, is no laughing matter. There was nothing for it, then, but to 'bolt.' She saw that as soon as I did; and although she endeavoured to persuade me to suffer her to return home alone, that, you know, I never could think of; and so, after some little demurrings, some tears, and some resistance, we got to the Euston-square station, just as the train was going. You may easily think, that neither of us had much time for preparation. As for myself, I have come away with a ten-pound note in my purse, not a shilling more have I in my possession, and here we are now, half of that sum spent already, and how we are to get on to the north, I cannot, for the life of me, conceive."

"Oh! that's it," said I, peering at him shrewdly from under my eyelids.

"Yes, that's it, don't you think it is bad enough?" and he spoke the words with a reckless frankness, that satisfied all my scruples. "I ought to tell you," said he, "that my name is Blunden; I am a lieutenant in the Buffs, on leave; and now that you know my secret, will you lend me twenty pounds? which, perhaps, may be enough to carry us forward—at least, it will do, until it will be safe for me to write for money."

"But, what would bring you to the north," said I; "why not put yourselves on board the mail-packet this evening, and come to Dublin? We will marry you there, just as cheaply; pursuit of you will be just as difficult; and, I'd venture to say, you might choose a worse land for the honeymoon."

"But I have no money," said he; "you forgot that."

"For the matter of money," said I, "make your mind easy. If the young lady is going away with her own consent—if, indeed, she is as anxious to get married as you are, make me the banker, and I'll give her away, be the bride's-maid, or any thing else you please."

"You are a trump," said he, helping

himself to another glass of my sherry; and then filling out a third, which emptied the bottle, he slapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Here's your health; now come up stairs."

"Stop a moment," said I, "I must see her alone—there must be no tampering with the evidence."

He hesitated for a second, and surveyed me from head to foot, and whether it was the number of my double cuffs, or the rotundity of my waist-coast, divested his mind of any jealous scruples; but he smiled coolly, and said, "So you shall, old buck—we will never quarrel about that."

Up stairs we went accordingly, and into a handsome drawing-room on the first floor, at one end of which, with her head buried in her hands, the young lady was sitting.

"Charlotte," said he, "this gentleman is kind enough to take an interest in our fortunes, but he desires a few words with you alone."

I waved my hand to him to prevent his making any further explanation and as a signal to withdraw—he took the hint and left the room.

Now, thought I, this is the second act of the drama—what the deuce am I to do here. In the first place, some might deem it my duty to admonish the young damsel on the impropriety of the step, to draw an afflicting picture of her family, to make her weep bitter tears, and end by persuading her to take a first-class ticket in the up-train. This would be the grand parento-moral line, and I shame to confess it, it was never my forte. Secondly, I might pursue the inquiry suggested by myself, and ascertain her real sentiments. This might be called the amico-auxiliary line. Or, lastly, I might try a little what might be done on my own score, and not see £30,000 and £1,700 a-year squandered by a cigar-smoking lieutenant in the Buffs. As there may be different opinions about this line, I shall not give it a name. Suffice it to say, that, notwithstanding a sly peep at as pretty a throat, and as well-rounded an instep as ever tempted a "government Mercury," I was true to my trust, and opened the negotiation on the honest footing.

"Do you love him, my little darling," said I; for somehow consolation always struck me as own-brother to love-making. It is like endorsing

a bill for a friend, which, though he tells you he'll meet, you always feel responsible for the money.

She turned upon me an arch look. By St. Patrick, I half regretted I had not tried number three, as, in the sweetest imaginable voice, she said—

"Do you doubt it?"

"I wish I could, thought I to myself. No matter, it was too late for regrets, and so I ascertained, in a very few minutes, that she corroborated every portion of the statement, and was as deeply interested in the success of the adventure as himself.

"That will do," said I. "He is a lucky fellow—I always heard the Buffs were;" and with that I descended to the coffee-room, where the young man awaited me with the greatest anxiety.

"Are you satisfied?" cried he, as I entered the room.

"Perfectly," was my answer. "And now let us lose no more time; it wants but a quarter to seven, and we must be on board in ten minutes."

As I have already remarked, my fellow-travellers were not burdened with luggage, so there was little difficulty in expediting their departure; and in half an hour from that time we were gliding down the Mersey, and gazing on the spangled lamps which glittered over that great city of soap, sugar, and sassafras, train-oil, timber, and tallow. The young lady soon went below, as the night was chilly; but Blunden and myself walked the deck until near twelve o'clock, chatting over whatever came uppermost, and giving me an opportunity to perceive that, without possessing any remarkable ability or cleverness, he was one of those off-hand, candid, clear-headed, young fellows, who, when trained in the admirable discipline of the mess, become the excellent specimens of well-conducted, well-mannered gentlemen our army abounds with.

We arrived in due course in Dublin. I took my friends up to Morrison's, drove with them after breakfast to a fashionable milliner's, where the young lady, with an admirable taste, selected such articles of dress as she cared for, and I then saw them duly married. I do not mean to say that the ceremony was performed by a bishop, or that a royal duke gave her away; neither can I state that the train of

carriages comprised the equipages of the leading nobility. I only vouch for the fact that a little man, with a black eye and a sinister countenance, read a ceremony of his own composing, and made them write their names in a great book, and pay thirty shillings for his services; after which I put a fifty-pound note into Blunden's hand, saluted the bride, and, wishing them every health and happiness, took my leave.

They started at once with four post-ers for the north, intending to cross over to Scotland. My engagements induced me to leave town for Cork, and in less than a fortnight I found at my club, a letter from Blunden, inclosing the fifty pounds, with a thousand thanks for my prompt kindness, and innumerable affectionate reminiscences from Madame. They were as happy as——confound it, every one is happy for a week or a fortnight, so I crushed the letter—pitched it into the fire—was rather pleased with myself for what I had done, and thought no more of the whole transaction.

Here then my tale should have an end, and the moral is obvious. Indeed I am not certain but some may prefer it, to that which the succeeding portion conveys, thinking that the codicil revokes the body of the testament. However that may be, here goes for it.

It was about a year after this adventure, that I made one of a party of six, travelling up to London by the "Grand Junction." The company were chatty, pleasant folk, and the conversation, as often happens among utter strangers, became anecdotic; many good stories were told in turn, and many pleasant comments made on them, when at length it occurred to me to mention the somewhat-singular rencontre I have already narrated, as having happened to myself.

"Strange enough," said I, "the last time I journeyed along this line, nearly this time last year, a very remarkable occurrence took place. I happened to fall in with a young officer of the Buffs, cloping with an exceedingly pretty girl; she had a large fortune, and was in every respect a great 'catch'; he ran away with her from an evening party, and never remembered until he arrived at Liverpool, that he had no money for the journey. In this dilemma, the young fellow, rather spooney about the whole

thing, I think would have gone quietly back by the next train, but, by Jove, I couldn't satisfy my conscience that so lovely a girl should be treated in such a manner. I rallied his courage; took him over to Ireland in the packet, and got them married next morning."

"Have I caught you at last, you old, meddling scoundrel," cried a voice, hoarse and discordant with passion, from the opposite side, and at the same instant a short, thick-set, old man, with shoulders like a Hercules, sprung at me; with one hand he clutched me by the throat, and with the other he pummelled my head against the panel of the conveyance, and with such violence, that many people in the next carriage averred that they thought we had run into the down train. So sudden was the old wretch's attack, and so infuriate withal, it took the united force of the other passengers to detach him from my neck; and even then, as they drew him off, he kicked at me like a demon. Never has it been my lot to witness such an outbreak of wrath; and, indeed, were I to judge from the symptoms it occasioned, the old fellow had better not repeat it, or assuredly apoplexy would follow.

"That villain—that old ruffian," said he, glaring at me with flashing eyeballs, while he menaced me with his closed fist, "that cursed, meddling scoundrel is the cause of the greatest calamity of my life."

"Are you her father, then," articulated I faintly, for a misgiving came over me that my boasted-benevolence might prove a mistake. "Are you her father?" The words were not out, when he dashed at me once more, and were it not for the watchfulness of the others, inevitably had finished me.

"I've heard of you, my old buck," said I, affecting a degree of ease and security, my heart sadly belied, "I've heard of your dreadful temper already—I know you can't control yourself. I know all about the waiter at Maidstone. By Jove, they did not wrong you, and I am not surprised at your poor daughter leaving you"—but he would not suffer me to conclude, and once more his wrath boiled over, and all the efforts of the others were barely sufficient to calm him into a semblance of reason.

There would be an end to my nar-

rative if I endeavoured to convey to my reader the scene which followed, or recount the various outbreaks of passion, which ever and anon interrupted the old man, and induced him to diverge into sundry little by-ways of lamentation, over his misfortune, and curses upon my meddling interference. Indeed his whole narrative was conducted more in the staccato style of an Italian opera father, than in the homely wrath of an English parent. The wind-up of these dissertations being always, to the one purpose, as with a look of scowling passion, directed towards me, he said, "Only wait 'till we reach the station, and see if I won't do for you."

His tale, in few words, amounted to this. He was the Squire Blunden—the father of the lieutenant in the "Buffs." The youth had formed an attachment to a lady, whom he had accidentally met in a Margate steamer. The circumstances of her family and fortune were communicated to him in confidence by herself, and although she expressed her conviction of the utter impossibility of obtaining her father's consent to an untitled match, she as resolutely refused to elope with him. The result, however, was as we have seen; she did elope—was married—they made a wedding tour in

the Highlands, and returned to Blunden-Hall two months after, where the old gentleman welcomed them with affection and forgiveness. About a fortnight after their return, it was deemed necessary to make inquiry as to the circumstances of her estate and funded property, when the young lady fell upon her knees—wept bitterly—said she had not a sixpence—that the whole thing was a "ruse;" that she had paid five pounds for a choleric father, three, ten, for an aunt, warranted to wear "satin;" in fact, that she had been twice married before, and had heavy misgivings that the husbands were still living.

There was nothing left for it but compromise. "I gave her," said he, "five hundred pounds to go to the devil, and I registered, the same day, a solemn oath, that if I ever met this same Tramp, he should carry the impress of my knuckles on his face to the day of his death."

The train reached Harrow as the old gentleman spoke. I waited until it was again in motion, and flinging wide the door, I sprang out, and from that day to this, have strictly avoided forming acquaintance with a white lace bonnet, even at a distance, or ever befriending a lieutenant in the Buffs.

THE LEADING STATE TRIALS IN IRELAND.*

THE appearance of this volume has not surprised us; nor have we been disappointed by its contents. It offers the version given by an ambitious and enterprising party, of certain passages in the struggle which was carried on in Ireland, in the past century, between the adherents and champions of legitimate government and its adversaries. It offers the version given by a party, who, very naturally, account that struggle glorious—and who regard those who

fell in it, on their side, patriots and martyrs—exulting in the thought, that the principle for which they suffered has eventually triumphed—and giving vent to their feelings in language of eulogium, warm as might be looked for, upon the memories they respect, and of equally unmeasured reprobation upon the acts and names of those whom they regard as, not merely personal opponents, but also as implacable and unscrupulous ene-

* The Leading State Trials in Ireland, from the Year 1794 to 1803; with Introduction and Notes. By Thomas M'Nevin, Esq., Barrister at Law. 8vo, JAMES DUFFY. Dublin, 1844.

mies to a cause, which they assume to be that of reason, and justice, and liberty.

We ought not to be surprized to find such ideas entertained by persons who have seen the claims, which had no prospect of success in past days, except in the enterprizes of treason, acknowledged now as rights, and conceded in such a form, and under such circumstances, as not to conciliate one prejudice of the party which has extorted them. It is not wonderful that those who have seen "universal emancipation," parliamentary and municipal reform, wrung from the Protestant peerage and democracy of England—shall hold in high esteem the memory of the brave men who contended for these great objects, at a time when the contest seemed calamitous and hopeless—and that they shall pour opprobrium on the memories of those who could so sternly and so cruelly resist demands, which are now acknowledged to have been reasonable and just—or, at least, have been conceded, as if they were so.

There are two considerations, however, by which persuasions such as these ought to be modified. The triumphs achieved by, or in favour of, the Roman Catholic party in Ireland, have been won under circumstances different from those under which they were aimed at in the last century; and the agencies through which they have been attained had an air of legitimacy about them. Concessions to the democratical principle, and to the Roman Catholic church, which are only "trebly hazardous" now, might have been ruinous before the act of Union: the conspiracies through which the attainted patriots of 1798 contemplated the attainment of their ends, were not precisely of the same description with the movements which have been, more recently, successful: it does not therefore, necessarily follow that the conspirators of the last century were right in their purposes, and in their prosecution of them—or that the government of that day was wrong in resisting demands which it would have been pernicious to grant, urged forward,

● law denominated treason. An organized party, or faction, openly put forward a claim for what were styled equality and reform, while, under the cover of this demand, they sought to separate Ireland from Great Britain, and to render it an independant republic; the government and legislature resisted the open demand, and put down the more dangerous conspiracy. It does not follow that, because late or present governments have adopted a policy of concession, it was culpable in former governments to resist—nor is the success, which has favoured Mr. O'Connell's system of agitation, a proof that the condemned conspirators of the last century were unfairly tried, or that they suffered unjustly.

Mr. M'Nevin is not of our opinion respecting the case of these daring men. He thinks they have been foully misrepresented.

"The Report,"† he writes, "of the Commons Committee of Secrecy in 1798 has given a version of the foundation and original objects of the United Irishmen. There are few state papers which, assuming a line of philosophic candour, contains more misrepresentation and direct falsehood than this Report. Speaking of the institution of the society, it says:—'The Society under the name of United Irishmen, it appears, was instituted in 1791; its founders held forth what they termed Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform, as the ostensible objects of their union; but it clearly appeared, from the letter of Theobald Wolfe Tone accompanying their original constitution, as transmitted to Belfast for adoption, that, from its commencement the real purpose of those who were at the head of the institution was to separate Ireland from Great Britain, and to subvert the established constitution of this kingdom; in corroboration of which, your committee have annexed to this Report several of their early publications, particularly a prospectus of the society which appeared in 1791, as also the plan of reform which they recommended to the people.' Tone was, from the commencement of his career, a republican. He conceived that parliamentary reform was unattainable as long as a connection with England

covertly or openly, to effect a separation between the countries. But, at the period of the establishment of the Society of United Irishmen, he was nearly alone in these opinions; and it is worthy of remark, that long after the institution of the United Irishmen, he, who was one of its most active founders, continued in the confidence and service of the Catholics. They were not republicans, their principles were monarchical, and it was not until loyalty refused and repelled them, that they unwillingly, and never effectually, joined the republican party. Had Tone made his opinions public, the timid and the servile amongst that party would have shunned him, they would have withdrawn their confidence from him, and avoided his dangerous talents. But he continued one of their most confidential agents, and warmest partizans to the very last, and until the pressure of circumstances had made their views identical with his own. The letter which the Report would seem to represent as a public document, was a private communication. Its contents could not bind the society, and it is clear they did not—for the principles which he announces to be his, were not adopted by them till a much later period. With regard to the prospectus, it has all the appearance of a vulgar artifice, an invention containing what the committee might wish to find in the original constitution of the society, but certainly not containing the open and avowed doctrines on which it acted up to the dispersion by force of the Dublin branch of the Union, in May, 1794. If it be not an invention, yet no more than Tone's letter could it bind the United Irishmen. It was not adopted at their meetings; it formed no part of their constitution; it lays down propositions which were far in advance of the acknowledged principles of the first society. Neither does the plan of reform mentioned in the Report of the Secret Committee, and proposed to the Union, contain any republicanism, nor manifest any desire of effecting a separation from England. Its doctrines have since been recognized as fundamental doctrines of radical reform—have been discussed in the English House of Commons—and, judging from the progressing strength of popular opinion, are likely to become, at no very distant period, as much a portion of our constitution as the other obnoxious measures proposed by the original Society of United Irishmen."

Such is the passage in which Mr. McNevin charges the Report of the Secret Committee of 1797 with misrepresentation, and indeed "direct

falsehood;" and such the arguments on which he rests the charge for proof. If he persist in his accusation after a re-perusal of the passage we have cited from his work, he must very much misunderstand the statement which he arraigns as a falsehood, or very unduly estimate the power of his argument. He himself distinguishes between the views of United Irishmen in general, and those entertained by leaders in their society; in distinguishing the "*acknowledged*" principles of the first Society," he seems to intimate that the Society entertained principles which were not acknowledged—and in stating that, "at the period of the establishment of the United Irishmen, Tone was *nearly* alone in his opinions," (namely, that a separation from England, and a republic in Ireland were desirable,) he makes it matter of obvious and necessary inference that he was not *quite* alone, but had one or more participators in his treasonable views or purposes. Is not this the natural drift and meaning of the passage which Mr. McNevin stigmatizes as "direct falsehood." The Report of the Secret Committee does not say that the United Irish Society *acknowledged* principles of disloyalty, or avowed purposes of treason; it does not say that they declared an intention of severing the connection between their country and Great Britain, and erecting an independent government in Ireland; it does not say that the members of the Union, generally, even entertained, much less avowed, such a design; but it says, that there were leaders among the United Irishmen who looked forward to extreme results, which they did not divulge to their subordinates, but to the attainment of which, they endeavoured to make them, whether consciously, or unconsciously, effective instruments. This is the amount of the statement which Mr. McNevin calls a "direct falsehood," when made by the Committee of Secrecy—and which, while seeming to disprove it, he himself reiterates and confirms.

But the defence which may be thus made for the parliamentary report is not its only, nor would it be, we admit, a sufficient defence. The question at issue between the Irish government at the close of the last century, and the parties whom they prosecuted for trea-

son or sedition, is of too grave moment to admit of being decided on imperfect or secondary evidence. Either the leaders of the United Irish Society entertained, from the first, the purposes imputed to them in the parliamentary report, and thus justified the strong measures adopted by government; or else, their views having been, originally, constitutional and safe, the government should be held accountable for having driven them into treason by its uncalled for severities. This is the question to be determined—a question too solemn to admit of cavil or indirectness in its decision. The case of the government, especially, must be proved by evidence altogether beyond attain. We shall take this case as Mr. Mc'Nevin has represented it, and the very passage, which he selects from a long report, to be condemned and branded as falsehood, is that on which we shall call for judgment.

In proof of the allegation, that “the purpose of those who were at the head of the institution (of United Irishmen) was to separate Ireland from Great Britain,” &c., the Parliamentary Committee referred to three pieces of documentary evidence—the letter of Wolfe Tone—a prospectus which appeared in the year 1791—the plan of reform recommended to the people. The reader has seen Mr. Mc'Nevin's opinion of these testimonies; he may now be not indisposed to see something of the testimonies themselves. •

First, for the Prospectus :—

“The date of this memoir,” writes Alexander Knox, “seems to be nearly the same with that of Tone's letter. It appeared in Dublin, in the month of June, 1791, was closely printed on a quarto sheet, (of which it occupied nearly three pages and a half) and was handed about in the form of a circular letter, with indefatigable assiduity. Its peculiar style, marked throughout with that turbulent and gloomy rhetoric, which had distinguished the well-known *Helot's letters*, made it scarcely possible to doubt, that the same hand which had formerly been busy in stimulating the Ulster volunteers, was now employed to diffuse through the kingdom, at large, a better concocted, and far more deadly poison.”

- Some paragraphs of the paper thus described are worthy of being cited.

“IDEM SENTIRE, DICERE, AGERE.

“It is proposed that at this conjuncture, a society shall be instituted in this city, having much of the secrecy, and somewhat of the ceremonial attached to Free Masonry, with so much secrecy as may communicate curiosity, uncertainty, and expectation to the minds of surrounding men; with so much impressive and affecting ceremony in all its internal economy, as, without impeding real business, may strike the soul through the senses, and addressing the whole man, may animate his philosophy by the energy of his passions.

“SECRECY IS EXPEDIENT AND NECESSARY; it will make the bond of union more cohesive, and the spirit of this union more ardent and more condensed, it will envelope this dense flame with a cloud of gloomy ambiguity, that will not only facilitate its own agency, but will, at the same time, confound and terrify its enemies by their ignorance of the design, the extent, the direction, or the consequences. It will throw a veil over those individuals whose professional prudence might make them wish to be concealed, until a manifestation of themselves became absolutely necessary. And lastly, secrecy is necessary, because it is by no means certain that a country so great a stranger to itself as Ireland, where the north and the south, and the east and the west meet to wonder at each other, is yet prepared for the adoption of one political faith, while there may be individuals from each of these quarters ready to adopt such a profession, and to propagate it with their best abilities—when necessary with their blood.”†

The brotherhood thus contemplated, to which a secrecy so very suspicious was to be ensured, was to form, in the first instance, a transcript or digest of the doctrine which it was ultimately to reduce into practice; and certain questions were proposed upon which the brethren were to meditate and to pronounce. Among these themes for deliberation, there were a few which we feel ought to be placed before the reader.

“Can the renovation in the constitution, which we all deem necessary, be

accomplished by the *ways* of the constitution? 'The evil,' says Junius, 'lies too deep to be cured by any remedy less than *some great convulsion*, which may bring back the constitution to its original principles, or utterly destroy it.' Is this opinion still true when applied to this country, or is it false?"

"Can the right of changing the constitution rest any where but in the original constitutive power—the people?"

"Is the independence of Ireland nominal or real, a barren right, or a fact regulative of national conduct, or influencing national character?"

"Is there any middle state between the extremes of union with Britain, and separation, in which the rights of this people can be fully established, and rest in security?"

"What is the form of government that will secure to us our rights with the least expense and the greatest benefit?"

"By the BROTHERHOOD," the prospectus continues, "are these questions, and such as these, to be determined. On this determination are they to form the chart of their constitution, which with honour and good faith they are to subscribe, and which is to regulate their course. Let the society at large meet four times in the year, and acting committee once a month, to which all members shall be invited. Let these meetings be *convivial*, but not the transitory patriotism of deep potation—*confidential*, the heart open, and the door locked—*conversational*, not a debating society. There is too much haranguing in this country already; a very great redundancy of sound," &c.

"The external business of this society will be, 1st, publication, to propagate their principles, and effectuate their ends. All papers for this purpose to be sanctioned by the committee, and published with no other designation of character than ONE OF THE BROTHERHOOD. 2ndly, communication with the different towns to be assiduously kept up, and every exertion used to accomplish a national convention of the people of Ireland, who suffer profit by past errors, and by many unexpected circumstances which have happened since the last meeting. 3rdly, communication with similar societies abroad, as the Jacobin Club in Paris, the Revolution Society in England, the Committee for Reform in Scotland. Let the nations go abreast. Let the interchange of sentiment among mankind concerning the rights of man, be as immediate as possible. A correspondence with distinguished men in Britain or on the Continent, will be necessary to en-

lighten us, and ought to be cherished. Eulogies on such men as have deserved well of their country *until death*, should be from time to time delivered by one of the brotherhood; their works should live in a library to be formed by this society, and dedicated to liberty, and the portraits of such men should adorn it," &c.

"What is the time most applicable for the establishment of this institution? Even now. *Le grand art est dans l'approprios*. Why is a demonstration so impetuous? Because the nation does not act. The Whig Club is not a transfusion from the people. We do not thoroughly understand that club, and they do not feel for us."

"On the 14th of July, the day which shall ever commemorate the French Revolution, let this society pour out their first libation to European liberty, eventually the liberty of the world; and with their hands joined in each other, and their eyes raised to heaven, in His presence who breathed into them an ever-living soul, let them swear to maintain the rights and prerogatives of their nature as men, and the right and prerogative of Ireland as an independent kingdom." &c.

The prospectus from which these extracts are given, was, we believe, circulated unsold throughout Dublin, and in all directions where it was likely to be well received; while a studious concealment of the source from which it emanated, heightened its effect, by imparting to it an air of mystery. It is given without curtailment in Taaffe's History of Ireland, and with only the following brief introduction:—

"The political world was in motion. The Whigs of the capital prepared to circulate the 'Rights of Man;' the newspapers devoted their columns to it; and the following design of a political society was circulated in Dublin."

The character of this dangerous paper has been written by Alexander Knox—a man to whom we believe a suspicion of party vigilance never attached itself. We shall cite his concluding observations, written June 1st, 1797:—

"The reader is now in possession of what may be fairly considered as the United Irishmen's own development of their original design. And let it be observed, that it is a development made, not in the ferment of irritated zeal, but

at the moment when it might be supposed their passions would be calmed, and their reason least mislead. Other similar designs have at first been but rudely conceived, and have owed their after maturity to experience, and not seldom to accident; but this Minerva of the United Irishmen seems to have come forth at once from the head that gendered it, complete in every limb and linament. The melancholy evils which have taken place of late imply no advance in the *theory*—they are no more than that *theory* reduced to *practice*. By comparing both, every man may judge for himself whether all the enormities which we lament, and all that we can dread, were not as much contained in the past idea of this association, as a brood of living vipers, that now hiss and sting, were once contained in the bowels of the reptile which produced them.”

Such is the opinion of this great and liberal man, friend as he was to the measure entitled Catholic Emancipation, respecting a document of which he had said previously, that by propositions couched in the form of questions, it inculcated the necessity of “separation from Great Britain, as essential to the full establishment of the national rights, and last of all, the formation of such a government, as secret, self-elected representatives of the people shall be pledged to appoint.”†

The author of the prospectus thus characterised, it is, we believe, now known, was Dr. Drennan.

The prospectus was circulated in June, 1791—the following memorandum from the Journal of Wolfe Tone bears date the *fourteenth* of July following:—

“I sent down to Belfast, resolutions *suited to this day*, and reduced to three heads—1st, That English influence in Ireland was the great grievance of the country. 2nd, That the most effectual way to oppose it was by a reform in parliament. 3rd, That no reform could be just or efficacious, which did not include the Catholics—which last opinion, however, in concession to prejudices, was rather insinuated than asserted.”

These were resolutions framed with

a view to their *being published*—the real purposes of the framer of them were stated in a private letter, by which they appear to have been accompanied:—

“The foregoing,” says this important document, “contain my true and sincere opinion of the state of the country so far as in the present juncture it may be advisable to publish it. They certainly fall short of the truth; but truth itself must sometimes condescend to temporise. My unalterable opinion is, that *the bane of Irish prosperity is in the influence of England*: I believe that influence will ever be extended while the connexion between the countries continues; nevertheless, as I know that opinion is, *for the present*, too hardy, though a very little time may establish it universally, I have not made it a part of the resolutions, I have only proposed to set up a reformed parliament, as a barrier against that mischief which every honest man that will open his eyes must see in every instance overhears the interest of Ireland: I have not said one word that looks like a wish for *separation*, though I give it to you and your friends, as my most decided opinion, that such an event would be a regeneration of this country.”

Thus far the coincidence between the June prospectus and its sequel in the resolutions and epistle of Tone, is sufficiently evident. Both contemplated a purpose of great magnitude not declared by either, and both agreed in recommending the means whereby this momentous object should be accomplished.

“I soon,” writes Wolfe Tone in his Autobiography,‡ “formed my theory, and on that theory I have unvaryingly acted ever since. To subvert the tyranny of our execrable government, to break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country. These were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of Irishman in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter. These were my views.”

Such were Tone's real views—views no less discernible in the gloomy eloquence of the prospectus circulated in Dublin, than in the more direct and express language of the communication addressed to Belfast.

"Sympathies of sentiment," to use a happy expression of the Rev. Robert M'Ghee, or community of design, may account for this general coincidence; there is a correspondence in detail which is perhaps still more remarkable. The two manifestoes agree in censuring the Whig Club, and in selecting the 14th of July as the day on which the society to be formed should hold its first great public meeting. Passages to this effect have been cited already from the prospectus. The following are from the letter of Wolfe Tone. Of the Whig Club he writes thus:—

"I have, you will see, alluded to the resolutions of the Whig Club, and I have differed with them in degree only; that is, I think, and I am sure, they do not go far enough—they are not sincere friends to the popular cause—they dread the people as much as the Castle does."

As to the time of making the first great demonstration, he writes:—

"I think the best opportunity for publishing them (the resolutions) will be on the 14th July. I learn that there is to be a commemoration of the French Revolution, that morning star of liberty to Ireland. The Volunteers, if they approve of the plan, may then adopt it, and I have so worded it as to leave them an opportunity. I have left, as you see, a blank for the name, which I am clearly of opinion should be The Society of —."

The blank thus indulgently left by Tone was filled up agreeably to his desire, in October, 1791, when the Society of United Irishmen was formed in Belfast, and Tone's resolutions substantially adopted.

But, although the society owes its birth and constitution to one whose purpose it was to effect, through its instrumentality, a separation of Ireland from Great Britain, Mr. M'Nevin accuses a parliamentary committee of "direct falsehood," because

it affirmed that "the real purposes of those who were at the head of the institution" were such as Tone has so unequivocally avowed. That enterprising and unhappy man, according to Mr. M'Nevin, was "nearly alone in" his more hardy "opinions. His letter was a private communication. Its contents could not bind the society, and it is clear they did not, for the principles which he announced to be his, were not adopted by them till a much later period." This may be true, and it may confirm, rather than disprove, the judgment pronounced by the parliamentary committee. It certainly verifies the anticipations of Tone. He knew his letter did not bind, but he hoped that sentiments which were not to be immediately adopted, would, in due time, have their influence upon it.

Tone, however, had, very early, as his journal attests, partners in his extreme opinions. In his diary for Oct. 16, 1791, written during his sojourn at Belfast, he says—

"Put the plump question to Digges, relative to the possibility of Ireland's existence, independent of England. His opinion decidedly for independence. England would not risk a contest, the immediate consequence of which would be the destruction of her funds," &c.

"October 19. Breakfast, Mr. Aughtrey, Digges, and Bryson. Digges took me out to ask my opinion of the United Irishmen. I told him I thought them men of spirit and decision, who seemed thoroughly in earnest. He said he thought so too. I asked him whether they any way resembled the committees of America in 1775, and afterwards. He said, 'precisely,' &c. &c.

"October 26. M'Tier asked what we could do against England. Sinclair hot. He and P. P. agree that the army in Ireland would be annihilated, and could not be replaced. Sinclair defies the power of England as to our trade; admits that she would check it for a time, but that, after the revolution, it would spring up with inconceivable rapidity, Ireland being unencumbered with debt."

Thus, even on his first visit to Belfast, before he had sojourned there a month, Tone either found partisans for his anti-Anglican opinions, or else

made proselytes to them; and thus it becomes evident that the allegations of the parliamentary committee, which Mr. M'Nevin stigmatises as falsehood, were well-grounded and true. But Mr. M'Nevin has another argument at hand. Tone continued to be, for some time, the confidential friend of the Roman Catholic party—an honour which he would have forfeited had he dared to attempt the propagation of his treasonable opinions. This does not appear to have been the persuasion of Tone himself. He seems to have relied on the disaffection of the Roman Catholics to the British government and nation, rather than to have dreaded their loyalty.

"To the Catholics," he writes, "I thought it unnecessary to address myself, because that, as no change could make their political situation worse, I reckoned upon their support to a certainty; besides, they had already begun to manifest a strong sense of their wrongs and oppressions; and finally, I well knew that, however it might be disguised or suppressed, *there existed in the breast of every Irish Catholic an inextinguishable abhorrence of the English name and power.*"*

This, it may be said, was no more than Tone's impression. It was an impression, however, on which he acted, and which was confirmed by his experience. An extract or two from his journal (space will not allow us to afford more) will suffice to show how little reason he had to be apprehensive of ultra loyalty among his Roman Catholic friends, or to fear that an open avowal of his own opinions would estrange them from him:—

"1792—Nov. 18. Mr. Jerome again. Dinner with J. Plunkett of Roscommon, and J. Jos. M'Donnell of Mayo. Conversation right good. The country Catholics, I think, *will stand fire*. All seem stout.

"20th Nov. Mr. O'Beirne, of county Leitrim, a sensible man. Gog takes great pains to put him up to Catholic affairs, and does it extremely well. Gog lucky to-day; never let an opportunity pass to convert a country delegate—

which answers two ends: it informs them, and gives him an influence over the country gentlemen. O'Beirne says the common people are up in high spirits. Bravo! Better have the peasantry of one county than twenty members of parliament. Gog seems to-day disposed for all manner of treason and mischief—separation of the countries, &c.—a republic, &c.—is of opinion this will not end without blows; and says he, for one, is ready," &c. &c.

Such was Tone's experience of the party leaders, whose confidence he enjoyed in the various parts of Ireland, and among the professors of various religious creeds. It was not in such society he was likely to be discouraged from the expression or the propagation of his extreme opinions. Our extracts to prove this fact, and to vindicate the truth of the parliamentary report, have been numerous, perhaps even to tediousness; but the matter to be proved seemed to us of no little importance—namely, that the leading conspirators of the last century, under the pretence of seeking constitutional reforms, contemplated the overthrow of the Constitution. It was after Tone had not only planned, but declared, his real purposes, that he was invited to assist in framing the United Society in Belfast, assisted in the formation of a similar society in Dublin, and became the confidential and the paid agent of the Roman Catholic party. Had the parliamentary committee no other ground of suspicion than this, their allegation would have been reasonable; but when the results of Tone's experience among his patrons, and clients, and co-conspirators, are taken into account, it seems impossible for an unprejudiced and reasonable man to deny that what Mr. M'Nevin pronounces a falsehood was an indisputable truth. We shall offer but one more extract in confirmation. It is Tone's account of the views and spirit of his associates in Belfast:—

"The people of Belfast were not idle on their part; they spared neither pains nor expense to propagate the new

* Life, vol. i. p. 52.

* A name given in the diary to Mr. John Keogh, the acknowledged and very able leader of the Roman Catholic party.

doctrine of the union of Irishmen through the whole North of Ireland; and they had the satisfaction to see their proselytes rapidly extending in all directions. In order more effectually to spread their principles, twelve of the most active and intelligent among them subscribed £250 each, in order to set on foot a paper, whose object should be to give a fair statement of all that passed in France, whither every one turned their eyes; to inculcate the necessity of union amongst Irishmen of all religious persuasions; to support the emancipation of the Catholics; and, finally, *as the necessary*, though not avowed, consequence of all this, to *erect Ireland into a republic, independent of England*. This paper, which they styled very appositely, *The Northern Star*, was conducted by my friend Samuel Neilson, who was unanimously chosen editor—and it could not be delivered into abler hands. It is, in truth, a most incomparable paper, and it rose instantly on its appearance, with a most rapid and extensive sale. The Catholics everywhere through Ireland (I mean the leading Catholics) were, of course, subscribers, and the *Northern Star* was one great means of effectually accomplishing the union of the two great sects, by the simple process of making their mutual sentiments better known to each other.”*

Dr. Madden, in his *Lives of the United Irishmen*, argues that Wolfe Tone’s republicanism had the effect of depriving him of influence in the United Irish Society of *Dublin*.

“Tone’s influence in the Belfast Society suffered no diminution during his stay in Ireland; but in Dublin, his republican opinions had a very different effect. With few exceptions, the leaders of the society which Tone had formed were apprehensive of being committed by his opinions. He says, ‘The club was scarcely formed before I lost all pretensions to any thing like influence in their measures.’”†

This extract is correct, as a fragment; but it does not convey the sense of the passage from which it has been abstracted. The loss of influence was real; but the reason for it, assigned, or insinuated rather, by Tone, is the reverse of that which

Dr. M’Nevin has substituted. The passage is as follows:—

“The club was scarcely formed before I lost all pretensions to any thing like influence in their measures, a circumstance which at first mortified me not a little, and perhaps, had I retained more weight in their councils, I might have prevented, *as on some occasions I laboured unsuccessfully to prevent*, their running into indiscretions, which gave their enemies but too great advantage over them.”

Here it seems very clearly intimated that not his displays of republicanism, but his desire to prevent incautious display, deprived this daring man of influence. Such would be the natural inference, were we left without an explanation, when we called to mind that the secretary of the society was the “sincere republican,” as Tone calls him, James Napper Tandy; but we are not left dependent on inference—Mr. Tone the younger, clearly declaring, in his supplemental biography, what his father had contented himself with intimating.

“At other times, on the contrary, their enthusiasm, roused by the energetic efforts and dazzling exploits of the French Republicans, and their indignation kindled by the oppression of the government, burst out into imprudent and improvident excesses. *My father endeavoured to restrain them*; but the only consequence of his efforts was, that he lost all influence in the United Irish Clubs, his own creation, but who had now assumed a new spirit and organization.”‡

Such was the progress made in the space of about one year by the United Irish Society. It had become impatient of disguise, and suffered its real purposes to show themselves through the thin covering of constitutional professions.

It is of much importance to bear in mind the truth which has been here established. The United Irish Society, instituted in the year 1791, was designed, ever so early, to be an instrument for separating Ireland from

* Life, vol. i. p. 67.

† Lives of the United Irish—Second Series. Vol. I., p. 93.

‡ Life, &c., vol. i. p. 110.

Great Britain; and whatever its avowed principles (and its public agencies may have been, its real purposes and designs were treasonable. Here were then two parties at issue. Government with its official functionaries and the loyal portion of the people, arrayed for the defence of the throne and the constitution: a formidable conspiracy, propagating by every artifice and effort it could employ, treasonable principles—menacing the throne—corrupting the people. The wisdom of this criminal party would naturally be to obtain a judgment *on its professions*; the policy of its advocates at this day is to represent these professions as its real principles. It was the part of the government which would put traitorous conspiracy down, to penetrate its specious disguises, and detect the foul purposes they covered; it is the part of those who would do justice to the memory of the parties thus fearfully at issue, and would draw wisdom from the history of their struggle, to view the defensive measures of government, not as they might act against pretences, by which treason sought to baffle them, but against purposes of deadly enmity, which they defeated and crushed.

The Roman Emperor, arming himself, in a malignity which he called mirth, with a ponderous club and sharp sword, against a band of decrepid and blind old men, who carried sponges for rocks, and wands of cork for spears, represented cruelty in one of its most intolerable and revolting aspects. The folly or pusillanimity of the government that could reverse the conditions of this malignant game, taking to itself blindness and anility—the cork and the sponge—and leaving its enemies at large, to arm themselves with deadly weapons, and to wait unmolested for the moment when they could wield them with fatal success, would be, considering all its responsibilities, no less criminal, and scarcely less odious, than that imperial monster. The Irish government was not guilty of this utter abandonment of duty towards the sovereign and his faithful subjects. Whether and how far it may have erred towards a contrary extreme, can be judged by a patient and unprejudiced reader of the state trials, who remembers, as he reads, the history of

the perils and difficulties through which they were conducted.

The trials in the volume now before us, which is brought down to the summer of July, 1797, are, for the greater part, those of United Irishmen and Defenders. The first is that of Mr. Hamilton Rowan, for a seditious libel. The circumstances of this remarkable trial are too well known and remembered to require of us a formal statement of them. Every reader is acquainted with the chivalrous character of the culprit. Into whose heart as well as memory have there not passed some splendours of that magic eloquence which illuminated his great advocate's defence? It may be said, briefly, that after the United Irish Society had been for some time acting, or aping, fraternization with France—adopting the phrases and titles in use among the revolutionary masses—assuming emblems, dresses, and decorations, which indicated disaffection towards Great Britain—meeting, and preparing to meet, in large numbers and in arms—the government felt that the time was fully come for its tardy interference. A formidable meeting was to take place on a *Sunday* in December, 1792. It was prevented by a proclamation issued on the preceding *Saturday*. The meeting thus prevented, or one of the same description, was held some few days after, and a proclamation was issued, in the distribution of which Mr. Rowan took part, calling upon the citizen-soldiers to take arms, and lavishly pouring forth those strains of eulogy, and invective, and exhortation, which use had not then deprived of much of their power to harm. Mr. Rowan was convicted—was sentenced to suffer imprisonment—conspired, even in his prison, with an embassy from France—was betrayed to the government—received warning from the informer who had divulged his secret—and through the indulgence of his gaoler, escaped from prison. For our parts, we are strongly persuaded that the government connived at his escape, believing him, with all his faults, a man whose life would not have its fitting close on a scaffold. We think a passage of Mr. Rowan's own writing more creditable to him than any observations of the editor of his trial, and we shall therefore close our account with them. In the introduc-

tory letter to his children, prefixed to his autobiography, he writes—

"It was not my intention, nor is it now my intention, to vindicate the act which occasioned my then exiled situation; though I felt a strong self-justification, in the consciousness that if I had erred, it had been in common with some of the most virtuous and patriotic characters then in Ireland. Yet I was sensible that I had been concerned in a transaction for which the laws of my country would have not only seized on my property but taken my life; and I felt no small degree of gratitude to the existing government of the country from which I had fled, for its conduct to a beloved wife and eight children, whom I had left behind."

The second trial is that of the Rev. William Jackson—a trial rendered fearfully memorable by its dreadful termination. Mr. Jackson's story admits of being briefly told. He appears to have mistaken his vocation in entering into holy orders, and to have paid the penalty in an unhappy life and miserable end. He is said to have been a person of engaging manners and of respectable abilities—was at one time chaplain to the Earl of Bristol—at another time secretary or literary agent for the Duchess of Kingston, in her epistolary warfare with Foote—afterwards a writer of political articles, as an adventurer in London—and finally, a traitorous instrument for France, in the intrigue to which he gave his life. One generous act is recorded of him. It is said that, owing to the indulgence of his gaoler he could have escaped, and that he refused to avail himself of the opportunity, and returned to his cell and to certain death, rather than wrong the man who trusted him. The report of the proceedings at his trial, in Mr. McNevin's volume, concludes thus—

"A paper, of which the following is a copy, was found in the pocket of the deceased, in his own handwriting:—

"Turn thou unto me and have mercy on me; for I am desolate and afflicted.

"The troubles of my heart are enlarged; O bring thou me out of my distresses!

"Look upon my affliction and my pain; and forgive all my sins!

"Consider mine enemies for they are many; and they hate me with a cruel violence!

"O keep my soul and deliver me Let me not be ashamed, for I put my trust in thee!"

It is among these inconsistencies of the human spirit which baffle ordinary calculation or conjecture, that prayer, even of the description intimated in this extract, shall be compatible with a purpose so dreadful as that which unhappy Jackson entertained. The reader is probably acquainted with the graphic and affecting account of his death, as given by Mr. Curran; but it is scarcely possible that the harrowing effect of the passionless, routine notices of the circumstances of this mournful event, as given in the report of the trial, could be exceeded by any powers of eloquence.

"Thursday, April 30th, 1795.

"This day Mr Jackson was brought up for judgment.

"CLERK OF THE CROWN.—Gaoler, set the Rev. Mr. Jackson to the bar

"Hold up your right hand.

"Mr. Jackson accordingly held up his right hand."

The appearance of the prisoner must have been such, even thus early in the proceedings of the day, as to indicate extreme weakness. It attracted the notice of the bench.

"LORD CLONMEL.—From the prisoner's apparent ill state of health, if any advantage is to be taken from reading the indictment, I should be glad it may be read through. But seeing his ill state of health, I would not wish to increase his labour by waiting. But do as you please."

Mr. McNally proceeds. Mr. Curran enters the court, and a discussion commences on the subject of moving an arrest of judgment, in which the conduct of the bench appears to afford perfect satisfaction to the prisoner's counsel. At length the attorney-general comes into court, and apologises for his unavoidable absence. The report then proceeds—

* Introductory Letter.

† Trials, p. 274.

"MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—It is now my duty to call on the court to pronounce judgment on Mr. Jackson.

"CLERK OF THE CROWN.—Set Mr. Jackson forward.

"[Mr. Jackson was set forward.]

"CLERK OF THE CROWN.—Hold up your right hand. [Mr. Jackson then held up his right hand, but in a short time let it fall, being to all appearance in a very weak state.]"

The pleadings then proceed. Mr. Ponsonby, the Attorney-general, Lord Clonmel, Mr. Justice Downes, with the ability to be expected from such men and such speakers, engage in a subtle and animated discussion; and the report loses sight altogether of the dying prisoner. At length his agony compels attention. A speech of Mr. Ponsonby is interrupted.

"[Here the prisoner growing exceedingly faint, the court ordered the windows to be opened that he should have free air.]"

The windows, we suppose, were opened. The report of pleadings is resumed, and we are told—

"Mr. Ponsonby continued. The statute of *jeofails* does not apply," &c.

After Mr. Ponsonby has proceeded at some length, he is again interrupted.

"By this time the prisoner, having sunk upon his chair, appeared in a state of extreme debility."

Lord Clonmel expresses himself disinclined to pronounce judgment on the prisoner, if he be in a state of insensibility; humanity and common sense, he says, even were there no precedent for it, would dictate such a course. Mr. Curran and the attorney-general acquiesce. Mr. Ponsonby, however, seems disposed to proceed. The clerk of the crown has read the caption. Mr. Ponsonby says:—

"It does not state that they were sworn to try and inquire.

"MR. JUSTICE DOWNES.—It is, on their oaths——"

when another interruption takes place.

"Here the prisoner becoming insensible, Dr. Thomas White, who was pre-

sent in court, was desired to go into the dock to him. He, after some examination, informed the court that there was every apprehension he would go off immediately. Mr. Thomas Kinsley, who was in the jury-box, said he would go down to him; he accordingly went into the dock, and in a short time informed the court that the prisoner was dying.

"The court ordered Mr. Kinsley to be sworn.

"He was sworn accordingly.

"LORD CLONMEL.—Are you in any profession?"

"MR. KINSLEY.—I am an apothecary and druggist.

"LORD CLONMEL.—Can you say you understand your profession sufficiently so as to speak of the state of the prisoner?"

"MR. KINSLEY.—I can. I think him verging to eternity; he has every symptom of death about him.

"LORD CLONMEL.—Do you conceive him insensible, or in that state as to be able to hear the judgment, or what may be said for or against him?"

MR. KINSLEY.—Quite the contrary. I do not think he can hear his judgment.

"LORD CLONMEL.—Then he must be taken away. Take care in sending him away, you do not any mischief. Let him be remanded until further orders; and I believe it much for his advantage, as for all of yours, to adjourn.

"The sheriff informed the court that he was dead."

"LORD CLONMEL.—Let an inquisition, and a respectable one be held on the body. You should carefully inquire when and by what means he died."

It is unnecessary to pursue the harrowing details of this dreadful event further. The Coroner's jury found—

"That the deceased, William Jackson, died on the 30th of April, in consequence of some acrid and mortal matter taken into his stomach; but how or by whom administered is to the jury unknown."

According to Mr. Curran's account, there had been a suspicion prevalent, that Mr. Jackson meant to destroy himself, and implements of destruction were kept from him in the prison. How he eluded the vigilance of his keepers we are unwilling to conjecture.

Mr. Curran's account of the closing act of this unhappy life is painfully striking:—

"He beckoned to his counsel to approach him, and making an effort to

squeeze him with his damp and nerveless hand, uttered in a whisper, and with a smile of mournful triumph, the dying words of Pierre—"We have deceived the senate."

The trial of Mr. Jackson has been rendered memorable by a result which followed it after a very long interval. It was the first of the state trials in which it was decided that, in Ireland, one witness was sufficient to convict in a case of high treason. The bench pronounced that this was the doctrine of common law, in both England and Ireland—a doctrine changed by a statute in one country, but unaltered in the other. In the life of Mr. Curran, this distinction between the law of the two countries was strongly commented on; and Lord Holland, whose attention was called to the fact by some observations in the *Edinburgh Review*, introduced a statute, the 1st and 2nd of William 4th, to correct the anomaly.

The report of Mr. Jackson's trial, however, makes it clear, that he experienced no injustice, and was denied no indulgence which he might reasonably claim. The impression on the minds of impartial men may be inferred from the following expression in a letter of Lord Charlemont:—

"Jackson has been found guilty on the fullest evidence. A gentleman, who attended the trial, assures me, that there was twenty times more proof of real guilt brought forward in this case, than in all the London prosecutions put together."

Jackson's was the first trial for high treason in Ireland, during the century.

The "trials of the Defenders," which follow next in order, commencing December 14th, 1795, and ending March 3rd, 1796, occupy a considerable portion of the volume, and are preceded by an introduction which professes to give an historical and faithful account of the origin and objects of the system framed by these deluded men. They were, at the time when the trials took place, exclusively Roman Catholics, or, at least, were required to be so, by the rules of the society. If we may credit Wolfe

Tone's report, they were, so early as 1794, nearly co-extensive with the Roman Catholic population in the humbler walks of life and in the rural districts. If we are to receive the opinion of Mr. McNevin, they were a society entitled to the name they bore, composed of men who entered into alliance with each other, and who took arms with no other object or design than that of resisting aggression, and sustaining themselves against an hostile faction.

"But the Peep-o'-Day Boys were an association of a different character,"—(*From the Hearts of Oak, &c.*)—"influenced at one and the same time by bigotry and avarice. Intolerant of the religion of the Roman Catholics, and desirous to possess their land, the Peep-o'-Day Boys combined the gratification of both passions, by the adoption of a system of outrage and robbery against the persons and the property of the Catholic peasantry of the north of Ireland. They were chiefly, if not entirely, Protestants who assumed the sanctions of Protestantism, for conduct abhorrent from the spirit of all religion. Originally, they were confined to the county of Armagh. Their career commenced in 1784, and has been variously described. They drew upon the stores of history, and found a precedent in the Puritan regicide's edict, 'to hell or to Connaught'—and they proceeded very systematically to drive the Catholic population of Ulster beyond the Shannon. At the earliest dawn, they visited their houses, under the pretence of seeking for arms—the common trick of the tyrant in Ireland is a search for arms—and, even in the guarded language of the advocate of the flagellations and pitchcaps, 'committed the most wanton outrages, insulting their persons and breaking their furniture.' But domiciliary visits soon gave way to ejection. Expulsion from farms became general; it was a proceeding by which the Protestant wrocker, Peep-o'-Day Boy, and eventually purple Orangeman, specially occupied the relinquished acres, and sat down, a conqueror, to enjoy the fruits of his invasion. The facts are undeniable; at a period little later than these trials, not less than 7,000 Catholics had been burned out of Armagh. Plowden adds, that the 'ferocious banditti who had expelled them, had been encouraged, connived at, and protected by govern-

* Hardy's Life of Charlemont, vol. ii. p. 335.

† Innisgrave's History.

ment.' It is certain the magistrates had been supine, and had given passive encouragement to the Peep-o'-Day Boys, who had changed their name into Orangemen. The charitable and Christian portion of the northern Protestants looked with horror and disgust at the enormities practised upon the wretched peasantry, and falsely said to be practised under the sanctions of Protestantism; but men of that class were not the majority; nor were they found in any great numbers amongst those to whom was consigned the guardianship of the peace. The magistrates—whether from secret sympathy, or want of energy, it matters little—allowed the houses of the people to be burned or unroofed, and the people themselves to be driven, under fierce threats, out of their native dwellings, without any active interposition to save them.

"The consequence was natural. The unprotected people sought protection from themselves. They felt that they were the victims of a conspiracy between guilt and power—burnt out of their houses, shot, or robbed, by the first; unprotected, unredressed, by the last; and they looked to their own strength and despair for that defence which the law refused, and hence came the *Defenders*. Their oppressors were men of the lowest rank among the Protestants; the *Defenders* were in the lowest rank of the Catholics; but the crimes of neither can, with justice, be imputed to the spirit of their religion. The Peep-o'-Day Boys were vulgar men, using the name of religion as a mask for robbery and aggrandizement; the *Defenders* were a society of affrighted peasants, agitated by despair or vindictiveness, and driven to wage a defensive war against violence and robbery."

Mr. M'Nevin, consistently with this representation, discredits the usual account of the origin of feud between the northern factions. The "supposition" that they had their rise "in a quarrel which took place in the fair of Portnorris, between two of those secretaries, whose personal enmity soon extended itself to the entire body of each," "is," he says, "very absurd and manifestly false, as might be expected, coming from Sir R. Musgrave, even in the character of Veridicus." Had Mr. M'Nevin remembered that Hardy, the biographer of Lord Charlemont, countenances the "supposition" of Sir R. Musgrave, he would

have been, perhaps, less damnatory in his strictures upon it; had he made sufficient inquiry into the subject, he would have known that the supposition so far from being absurd or false, is nothing more or less than the strict and well-known truth.

But although an incident of this description may have furnished occasion for the formation or division of parties, the cause must have lain deeper, and the elements of division must have been already accumulated in the public mind. Much doubt and uncertainty is said to prevail as to the priority of aggression in the conflicts between the original Peep-o'-Day Boys and *Defenders*, and speculation has been busy even as to the circumstances under which the latter party adopted their name. It is said that organised disaffection in Ireland has very craftily benefited by a frequent change of name, and has thus succeeded in misleading more than the superficial into a belief that an insurrectionary system had no continuity of plan or purpose. It has been said that the name *Defender* was taken up by a party who had previously denominated themselves "the Brest Fleet," ("fleet" was the name assumed by each of the local factions in the north,) and had thus incurred suspicion of cherishing some treasonable purpose. If there be truth in this allegation, it throws much light on the nature of the contest carried on in the north. We have not adequate means of deciding the question.

There are, however, considerations which ought not to be so much neglected as they are by those who proffer information on such subjects as these. Why are the factious or party proceedings of the North judged of and pronounced upon, as if Ulster held itself ostranged from the other parts of Ireland? Why is the question respecting priority of outrage determined by a reference to that province only, in which the particular disorders have had their evil consequences? It is well known that in the earliest insurrectionary movements in the South and West of Ireland, there was a reference to some secret power or principle which had authority in the North, and that even to a later day this reference was continued.

How is it possible to believe that Northern disaffection did not take cognizance of, and keep up intelligence with insurrection as it made progress in the South? How is it possible to suppose that the contests between "Peep-o'-Day" boys and Defenders, by which the North of Ireland was disturbed in the year 1785, are to be judged of apart from all consideration of the "Right" boys, who in the same year showed themselves in such commanding force in the South, and made and marked their progress wherever they were withstood, by the most execrable cruelties—"cruelties," as Lord Clare observed, "too horrible even for savages to be thought guilty of?" These men met, observed the noble lord, in a Roman Catholic chapel, and there took an oath to obey the laws of Captain Right, and to starve the clergy; thence they proceeded in bodies, frequently unarmed, amounting to thousands, swearing in the people of every district so as to make their organization universal. If there was resistance, or any serious violation of their laws, woe to the offender; mutilation—whipping, were among the most merciful of their inflections. Instances were known in which a wretched man was set naked on a saddle covered with thorns—buried alive in a grave lined with thorns. But the cruelties of this barbarous confederacy are too shocking to be dwelt on. We pass away from them, and we ask, is it reasonable to imagine that the system from which they emanated had not its influence in the North, and was not feared there? We profess ourselves honestly unable to say whether in the North of Ireland the "Peep-o'-Day" boys or the Defenders took the lead in their warfare of mutual outrage. We have inquired extensively, and minutely, and unsuccessfully. Roman Catholics, of age to remember, have contradicted Protestants of equal age and of equal soundness of mind. Both have agreed in condemning the lawless factions—describing them as, on the one side and the other, the idle, disorderly, and worthless; but both have persisted in disclaiming for their respective co-religionists the discredit of commencing civil strife.

This doubt, however, hangs over only the first stage of Northern discord. Mr. McNevin writes as if he

had not made the necessary distinction between the Defenders of 1785 and those who became dreadfully conspicuous in some years after. The first feuds were staid—the "Peep-o'-Day" boys ceased their maternal, and the Defenders their nocturnal invasions of each other's domestic quiet, and a season of repose succeeded. When the disorders broke out again, in 1791, the Defenders had the unequivocal discredit of their commencement, and the infamy, all their own, of signalizing their opening proceedings by an atrocity unparalleled perhaps in the annals of the civilized world. We allude to what we dare not dwell upon, the unutterable cruelties perpetrated on the family of the schoolmaster at Forkhill. If such an outrage, and the fiendish menace which it was designed to exemplify, had not alarmed and aroused all whose ears were shocked by the report of it, the principles of foresight and caution would have been imparted to us for no good purpose. And yet the Protestants of the North, persecuted and menaced as they continued for some years to be, were slow to combine for their mutual protection and support. The Defenders were organized as a body—had plan and purpose in their movements—had secret signs and passwords by which they gained the advantage of recognition as members of the same fraternity—and used all these advantages in their assaults upon Protestants, scattered and defenceless. We have heard men of the strictest integrity speak of that season of terror with all the freedom of conscious truth—describe the boastful array of their enemies as they appeared at times in bands of several hundreds, and marched through fairs or markets—the manner in which multitudes of unknown enemies would sometimes suddenly appear, and by some mysterious bond of concert, act together in an outrageous attack upon them; and we have had described to us the manner in which, not unfrequently, the bedding of a whole family would be employed as a harricade on some night of alarm, while the threatened household caught by turns, as in turn they kept watch, a chill and unrefreshing slumber. Such was the state of extensive districts in the North of Ireland from the year 1792 until the formation of the orange societies in

September, 1795. (In the interval a most acrimonious spirit was manifested in the contests between the disorderly and ill-conducted of various religious denominations. "Peep-o'-Day" boys and Defenders were continually in the foray, or the field—alarm and outrage were spread abroad in all directions—and with a supineness altogether unaccountable, law and government left a fine country and peaceable subjects to the mercy of contending factions. At length the Protestants, of the better description, were awakened to a sense of their danger. The battle of the Diamond, and the treachery which signalized it, aroused them, and the Orange society was formed. The first lodge was constituted towards the close of September, 1795. In the two following years the order gained consistency and extent; and since the day when it attained strength, Ulster has enjoyed security.

We are not the advocates or apologists of political societies, marked by religious distinctions. Far more to our minds would be a state of things in which all sects and classes should feel themselves one people—all under the law's protection, and all interchanging the charities of a Christian society. But there may be times when faction is strong, and the law blind or weak—when he who would be safe must seek a more effectual protector than unwise laws or a feeble executive can afford him—when the good must combine if they would not be victims of their enemies. In such a conjuncture the Protestants of the North of Ireland instituted the Orange society—a society which could appeal to the state of Ulster for forty years for

proof that its agency was beneficial, and which can appeal to the moderation and respect for law, which has characterised its proceedings during recent years of sore trial, as proof unanswerable that its professions of loyalty to the throne, attachment to the constitution, and its recognition of the great rule of Christian and social duty, have ever been in accordance with the principles by which, professedly, it has been animated.*

We shall not enter into the details of the trials of the Defenders. Their treasonable organization and designs were made too manifest to need further exposure. There is but one subject on which we should wish to be enlightened. It is as to the meaning of the leading pass-word adopted in this confederation. The word is "Eliphisnatis." It will be remembered that the Defenders were exclusively Roman Catholic, and that their great object was described as being to annihilate or exterminate Protestants. It is probably very generally known that the pass-word, as given in the trial of Welden, was interpreted as a pledge to prosecute this evil purpose. The word was supposed to be composed of the initials of the engagement, and was thus interpreted:—

"E very
I iving (or loyal)
I rish
P rotestant
H eretic
I
S hall
M urder.
A nd
T his
I
S wear."

* A most groundless charge has been sometimes made against the Orange society, professing to be founded on an address delivered by Lord Gosford in the December of 1795. His lordship stated that Roman Catholics were cruelly persecuted and driven from their homes by a banditti, who accused them of no crime except their religious belief. It is only necessary to read his lordship's address, to be convinced that the charges against the orangemen finds in it no countenance whatever. The battle of the Diamond was fought between Defenders and "Peep-o'-Day" boys. It was only when the former broke the truce, and re-commenced hostilities, that the Protestants of other denomination than Presbyterians, took part against them. The Orange society was framed in the first instance by those of the Protestants who were forced last into the field; and the excesses, if excesses there were, after the battle, can, with no colour of justice, be ascribed to them. But, in truth, Lord Gosford's address is full of exaggeration and misstatement. It was framed in accordance with the complaints of men, who in many instances covered their escape from the punishment of the law under a pretence that they were flying from personal enemies.

Such was the interpretation almost universally assigned to the word by Protestants. We could wish to hear a better explanation given with an air of authority. It is unhappily certain, that the disclosed purposes and the acts of Defenders gave a semblance of truth to the sinister interpretation; and it is not irrational to believe, that the readiness with which vile calumnies circulated with respect to the Orange society were received by the antagonist party, was, to some extent, an acknowledgment that their own views were of the same kind which they were so prompt to believe of others. As respects the Orange body, time, and the very searching inquiry into their system—we may add also, their uniform conduct—has disproved the foul slanders industriously circulated to defame them; the societies also against which they united for their defence, have had their objects and purposes to some extent ascertained, and the effect has been to establish the very worst of the charges, and confirm the worst suspicions ever entertained respecting them.

On "the trials of the Defenders," reported in Mr. Mc'Nevin's volume, the principal witness was a person of the name of Lawler. He appears to have been a young man, originally brought up as a Protestant, and afterwards led astray by falling into the society of persons who entertained the infidel notions, and the revolutionary principles then unhappily prevalent. From stage to stage of rash and criminal speculation he passed eventually into the Society of Defenders; and being

more than ordinarily free from religious preferences, announced himself, by the advice of the party introducing him, as a Roman Catholic. After some time he learned the more secret purposes of the society, and finding that a general massacre of Protestants was among them, some good instincts stirred within him, and in a state of agitation, denoting horror at the intelligence, he communicated it to a friend,* and besought his council. Arrests and trials followed. It is of little moment now to enter into detail of the particulars proved as affecting individuals. As regarded the society at large, it appears to have become connected with France, to have entertained a purpose of exterminating Protestants, and to have meditated a general rising, which was to commence in the North after the harvest had been saved. It is unnecessary to remind the reader how amply evidence to this effect was borne out by the well-known state of Ulster, and especially by the battle of the Diamond, fought September, 1795.† The consequence of that unhappy, though providential, engagement was to arrest the Defenders in their career of wickedness—to rescue the North of Ireland from their power, and thus eventually, through God's blessing, to save the country.

The remaining trials in the volume are characterized rather by the great forensic ability displayed in them than by any thing of universal importance in their circumstances. One is the trial in which Mr. Peter Finnerty was convicted of a libel; the other that in

* "George Cowan sworn; examined by Mr. Attorney-General.

"Do you know Lawler? I do.

"How long? Four or five years.

"Do you recollect his going to you in August last? I do.

"Tell the jury upon what occasion was that. He came to me on Monday morning, 23rd or 24th of August, and seemed to be a good deal agitated. He came into the parlour; he shut the door of the parlour, and then opened his mind to me."—*Trials*, p. 392.

"The prisoner asked witness what religion he was of? Witness replied he was a Roman. The reason he said so was, because Brady told him when he went to be sworn to say he was a Roman, for that they had an objection to admit Protestants. Witness asked the prisoner his reason for asking the question so many times? Prisoner said, because he would not sit in company with a Protestant. That the night before the Defenders were to have risen, but on account of the harvest not being got in, it was deferred; for if the harvest should be destroyed, they would be starved; but as soon as it was got in, they would rise upon the Protestants and put them to death, and that the ports would be attacked at the same time; he meant by the ports the different garrisons in Ireland."—*Ibid*, p. 421.

† The trials were held in the winter, the criminal purpose was sworn to as having been discovered in the summer of that year.

which Finney was acquitted of the charge of high treason—each containing a favourable specimen of Curran's surpassing eloquence—an eloquence in kind and degree unequalled in his own day, or, as we are informed, in ours, except in the passion and power of Mr. Whiteside's addresses. The circumstances of these trials are too well known to admit of being dwelt on at any length. We would, however, suggest to Mr. McNevin that his introduction to Finnerty's trial is a great and a manifest defect in his volume.*

The trial which furnished an occasion for Finnerty's libel should have been given in full, not in an editor's version of it. A report of that trial exists—it is evidently in Mr. McNevin's possession; he ought to have placed it before his readers. To tell them in a note that "there is no correct report of the trial, and it is therefore offered in the shape of narrative, ample enough to illustrate the trial of Finnerty, which sprung from it," and then to refer to this incorrect report from time to time as the sole authority for certain statements, is not to act the part of an unprejudiced editor in a case of so much delicacy as he had taken upon him to represent. Having undertaken to publish reports of certain state trials, he was no further responsible than for his selection of the best, and best authenticated. In his notes and observations he could expose inaccuracies and supply defects, but he ought not to have offered his own version as the substitute for a report to which, from time to time, he refers his readers, while he affords them no opportunity of applying to it. This defect ought to be supplied by an appendix, or in a second edition. We would suggest also the expediency of indulging his readers with a good general index, and a more complete table of contents. With these additions Mr. McNevin's published reports will prove very useful, interesting to the reader, and furnishing valuable materials to the historian.

We have censured Mr. McNevin's omission of the report of the trial of William Orr—a report which should naturally precede that of Finnerty's

trial for a libel; and yet we are aware that the omission could be defended on the ground that the report was not worthy of insertion. This, we believe, would be a valid defence; but then it is a defence of which no editor could reasonably avail himself, who had given the substance of the report, as if it were truth, in his own compilation. Mr. McNevin states there is no correct report of Orr's trial. How is this to be accounted for. The trial was the most memorable of all those in which the state prosecuted in that time of trouble and alarm. The result of the trial appears to have had a most extensive influence. The memory of the sufferer was honoured with an almost superstitious veneration. He served as a martyr for the convivial meetings of political reformers. The press of the times was, (as the character of the leading journals of the Union will show, as indeed was manifested in the publication in which Finnerty was prosecuted,) daring enough to have put forward all that had appeared favourable to Orr on his trial, and to put forth a correct report of the whole trial, if such a report would render best service to his memory. And yet, as Mr. McNevin informs his readers, "there is no correct report of the trial."

Lord Clare, in his place in the house of Lords, gave an account of the trial of Orr, and of the circumstances attendant on it, which it would be culpable to omit. In many respects his lordship's statements correspond with those of Mr. McNevin:—

"I have informed myself," said the noble earl,† "accurately of the circumstances which attended this unhappy man's conviction, which I will state; and as I state them in the hearing of the noble and learned lord who sat upon his trial, if I should commit any the most trivial mistake, I have no doubt he will set me right. He was indicted for administering an unlawful oath to two soldiers of the names of Wheatly and Lindsay—an oath certainly intended to seduce them from their duty; what led to the discovery of their sedition was, the seizure of some official papers at Londonderry, upon a committee of United Irishmen, in which these two soldiers were returned by name, by one of their corresponding committees, as

* Trials, p. 482.

† Speech on a motion made by the Earl of Moira, February 19, 1798.

'being up,' which is the cant of the brotherhood to describe its members: these men were immediately seized by their officers, and examined separately; and on their examination, they both agreed in the detail of their evidence; and having sworn information before a magistrate against Mr. Orr, for having administered an oath of seduction to them, he was arrested, and brought to trial. On his trial, both the soldiers were examined, and proved distinctly that Orr had administered the oath to them, *in the presence of several persons whom they named*; and after a long and puzzling cross-examination, as I am informed, nothing appeared which could invalidate their testimony. An attempt was made by the prisoner in his defence to impeach the credit of one of them—I think of Wheatly—in which he failed so completely, that the learned judge would not even take down the evidence in his note-book; but no attempt whatever was made at or after the trial, to impeach the credit, or invalidate the testimony of Lindsay; *and although both the soldiers named several persons who were present when they were sworn by the prisoner, not one of them was produced on his part, or examined in contradiction to the soldiers.* On this evidence the jury found him guilty, and recommended him to mercy. The next day a motion was made in arrest of judgment; and to the scandal and disgrace of the profession to which I belong, in a partial and garbled report of the trial of this unhappy man, which every lawyer who reads it must see is the production of a barrister, the public are given to understand there was but one count in the indictment to which the objection was made in arrest of judgment; and the public are also given to understand that this unhappy man was tried and convicted under an expired statute, although it is clear as any point could be, that the original statute could not have expired till the end of this session of parliament, and an act had passed last year for explaining and amending it, which is altogether suppressed; and although there were three counts in the indictment, to all of which the evidence on the trial equally applied, and two of them were unobjected to by the prisoner's counsel, yet is this circumstance also suppressed: and in the same garbled and mutilated report, an affidavit of two of the jurors is printed, that whiskey was introduced into the jury-room, and that they were drunk when they gave their verdict; and to the scandal and disgrace of an honourable profession, one of the prisoner's counsel is represented as having stated this affidavit in

open court, on the flimsy pretence of moving the court of oyer and terminer for an attachment against the jurymen, upon the voluntary affidavit which they had been prevailed upon to make, accusing themselves of having given their verdict in a state of intoxication; and in the same report the voluntary affidavit of a dissenting clergyman, taken most improperly by a magistrate, after Orr's conviction, is also printed, in which he states, sometime since he attended Wheatly, at the village of Raahakon, in a sick bed, when he expressed that he had committed a number of crimes, and amongst these, the crime of perjury; and in the same affidavit he describes Wheatly pretty plainly as being in a state of mental derangement when he made this confession. On the return of the learned lord to town, he laid the recommendation of the jury before the Lord Lieutenant, and being asked by his excellency whether he had a doubt on his mind of the guilt of Mr. Orr, and whether he would join in recommending him to mercy, the learned lord declared that he had no doubt on his mind of the guilt of this unhappy man, and that he could not recommend him to mercy consistently with his duty. His excellency, notwithstanding this declaration of the learned lord, respited Mr. Orr, to give time for inquiry, whether any justifiable ground could be laid for extending mercy to him; and finding that nothing could be substantiated to shake the justice of his conviction, the unhappy man was left for execution. The affidavits which I have stated never were laid before the Lord Lieutenant; but if they had, is there a man with a trace of the principles of justice in his mind, who will say that such affidavits ought to be attended to—is it to be supposed that a judge would receive a verdict from a jury in a state of intoxication; or was it ever heard that a jurymen was received by voluntary affidavit to impeach a verdict in which he had concurred? Will any man with a trace of criminal justice in his mind, say that a voluntary affidavit of a person not produced, unexamined at the trial, ought to be received after conviction, to impeach the credit of a witness who was examined and cross-examined, and whose credit stood unimpeached by legal evidence? If such an affidavit were to lay the necessary foundation of a pardon after conviction, I will venture to say, there is no man who may be convicted hereafter of any crime, however atrocious, that will not be able to obtain a similar affidavit."

Such was the statement, and such the reasoning of Lord Clare, delivered

in the house of Lords in the presence of the learned lord, before whom Orr had been tried. We apprehend, no doubt is now entertained upon the subject of his guilt. Mr. Madden, in his History of United Irishmen, does not scruple to avow that Orr was connected with that body after the period at which their designs became what would be thought even worse than treasonable. At least we would infer so much from the following passage:—

“James Hope, on the subject of assassinations ascribed to the United Irishmen, informs me, that at the society established at Craigarogan, they came to a resolution to the following effect: ‘That any man who recommended or practised assassination of any person whomsoever, or however hostile to the society, should be expelled.’”

“At a Baronial Committee, held at Ballyclare, near Carrickfergus, James Hope and Joseph Williamson proposed the resolution above named, it was seconded by William Orr, (who was executed at Carrickfergus,) who said on that occasion, ‘a man who would recommend the killing of another was a coward as well as a murderer.’ The resolution, however, was opposed by some of the Belfast meeting, and it did not pass at that meeting. But no society or committee gave a sanction to the practice of assassination.”*

Such is Mr. Madden's statement, and such his singularly daring assertion. It is proposed in a Baronial Committee, ‘that any man who recommends or practises assassination shall be expelled,’ and the proposal is *negatived*. Did not the committee which came to such a decision sanction the crime they refused to punish? Did not they who thus affirmed their resolution to hold communion with murderers, sanction murder? Mr. Madden does not inform his readers that this abominable vote influenced Orr to renounce the society of the abettors of murder who had come to it. Strange that the memory of a man who could continue to sit in such society, should ever have been had in honour. We would appeal to the common sympathies of any honest man, whatever his politics—who was most to be execrated?—the man who could continue in membership with a society which was

asked to exclude from its body murderers in intention and act, and refused to cleanse itself? or he who, having been lured into the society, under delusive pretexts, separates himself when he finds out its flagitious mystery, and denounces it to public justice? Which is baser or worse?—the informer against whom no charge can be alleged, except that of having prosecuted members of a body which sanctioned the practice of assassination? or the man who continues to belong to that body, having such evidence as Orr had of its flagitious indifference to crime, and who has the sinful merit of guarding its foul secret? But we must pause; there is much in Mr. Madden's volume as well as in the leading state trials, upon which we feel tempted to enlarge, but we have not space for such an indulgence.

With respect to the views disclosed in the editorial observations which accompany Mr. McNevin's reports, we account them to a very great extent erroneous; but we do not dispute the sincerity with which they are entertained, or censure strongly the spirit in which they are avowed. Mr. McNevin has made himself master of the arguments of the party whose champion he appears to be, so far as such knowledge is compatible with ignorance of the case against them. This one-sided information he displays with an air of frankness, which could scarcely be retained by one who knew how false it was; and with sufficient ingenuity to make his case seem plausible to all who will take it on his showing. The spirit, too, in which he makes common cause with the culprits whom he represents as oppressed men, and denounces the informers who betrayed or bore witness against them, and even the government, which did not spare and screen them, resembles generosity; and might indeed lay claim to the name of that virtue, if it could exist in a total estrangement from justice. But it will not impose upon, or seduce, those who hold justice to be essential to all moral worth; they will not confound the anger aroused on seeing guilt betrayed by an instrumentality like itself, and which it would have made its own, with the virtuous indignation which espouses the cause of oppressed innocence.†

* United Irishmen, second series, vol. ii. App. 356.

The case fairly deducible from the "leading state trials," and the circumstances in which they were brought to an issue, admits of being briefly stated; and the adverse statements of it admit of a ready and instructive comparison. The condition of Ireland and of Irish society at the epoch of the trials, was one of extreme peril. A very large proportion of the superior and middle classes engaged in a formidable confederacy, and covering treasonable purposes under constitutional pretexts—the far greater number of the humbler classes bound together in a conspiracy, which had for its object the extermination of Protestants, and the accomplishment of a separation from England through the intervention of France;—the army, to no small extent, tainted by the same treasonable spirit—foreign agents taking advantage of all opportunities in their power to propagate disaffection, or to extend and consolidate a treasonable organization—this fearful combination the government of the day put down; many of the promoters of it they punished. In their prosecution of guilty men they often had recourse to witnesses no less criminal—witnesses who, in some instances, had been corrupted by the culprits they prosecuted to conviction. Their crime is, not that they condemned or punished innocent men, but that they employed some bad men as their agents. We appeal to the history of the fearful days of which we write, and to the disclosures of times more recent, and we confidently affirm, that there is no precedent to be found in the annals of any country, comparable with that which has been set in the "leading trials"—no one case in which such a conspiracy was baffled, and the victims to offended justice, guiltless of the offence for which they suffered, so

few. The times were so pregnant with disorder and alarm, that they might explain and excuse, although they could not justify, some instances in which the law did not exercise due discrimination—some instances in which the innocent were sufferers: but we firmly believe, that, considering the magnitude of the evil, the purpose and strength of the conspiracy, at the close of the last century in Ireland, there never was, at any period of the world's history, a case in which these were so few who suffered unjustly from the sentence of the law. Let this be said in behalf of the government. Let the case against government be also stated. Spies and informers were employed for the purpose of bringing traitors to conviction; and of separating, let it be added, their case from that of the innocent, who were thus kept unharmed.

We leave these statements to the reader, and make no attempt to prejudice or persuade him into a preference for either. We enter into no defence of the Irish government for the undue indulgence, or the indecision, which may have given conspirators encouragement and hope in the years previous to the epoch of the trials. We enter into no investigation of their general conduct in the breaking up of a baleful conspiracy, or the suppression of a rebellion. As to the trials, with which alone we are concerned, we affirm that few persons, if any, were condemned who were not guilty of the crime and charge for which they suffered; and for the employment of informers, we should take blame to ourselves were we to think of setting such a charge in the balance to be weighed against the merit of saving the empire—the lives and fortunes of loyal subjects—at an expense of convicting before the tribunals of the country so very few who merited acquittal.

OF THE NIGHTMARE.

To our fathers, in their straightforward way of looking at things—unsophisticated by the Sadducean philosophy that every where lends its colouring to the views of their children—the Nightmare was a wandering demon, or imp of darkness, which, either for its own inscrutable impish pleasure, or under the mysterious constraint of some occult force of sympathy, or spiritual attraction, issued forth nightly from the place of such spirits, seeking among mortals whom it might ride in his sleep. Then, woe to him that had swinishly exceeded in his eating or drinking at the day's last meal—supping "not wisely, but too well." Woe to him that said not his prayers before going to bed, or that, lying down, neglected to commend his bed itself to the tutelage of the heavenly powers! Such a one, ere the night was old, saw, between waking and sleeping, the Nightmare sitting upon his breast—a bloated, unsightly thing, staring upon him with eyes fraught with a hellish fascination, and pressing out his breath with the weight of its most abominable hams. Passive, without motion or speech, he lay, in terror and anguish, gasping mutely; for the power of those Gorgon eyes was in his brain, and thence rayed forth influences along every nerve, and laid its thrall upon every muscle; and his limbs were the Nightmare's, and not his own. All human life and fellowship, the sun-gladdened earth itself, with all solace of its helpful hands and cheery voices, seemed passed on its way, leaving him behind, forgotten, alone with the Nightmare, in a world of darkness and void.

The old German name for this obscene spirit was *Mahr*, from which our *Nightmare* is derived. Of the same stock is the French *cauchemar*. In the Upper German the word *kauchen* sig-

nifies to cover or squat; in High German, *kaubern*. From *kauchen* and *Mahr* we have *cauchemar*, the cowering goblin. The modern Germans use, instead of *Mahr*, the word *Alp*, the affinity of which to the English *elf* is evident. Indeed, in northern fable all spirits of baser sort (what we call *sprites*), as fays, goblins, &c., are named *Alfen* or *Elfen*. In some parts of Germany, the words *Schroterlein* and *Schretzel* are used, which have a tone of endearment about them, and no doubt are propitiatorily intended.* All these point equally to a belief in the personal subsistence of the Nightmare, a belief indicated no less, in a widely dissimilar quarter, by the Greek *Ephialtes* and the Latin *Incubus*, as well as by the curious term *Ballutziarius*, which Adelung finds in the writers of the Middle Empire.

Our philosophy, confident that there is nothing in heaven or earth but what it is awake to, gives altogether a different account of the matter. The sense of pressure, it tells us, experienced by the sufferer from nightmare (for it will not so much as spell the word with a capital letter) is simply the effect of a congested state of the lungs, or of an overloaded condition of the stomach. A sensation is occasioned like that of a load lying upon the chest, and the dreaming phantasy forthwith suggests an outward cause of the sensation, and shapes to itself the cowering phantom, as hideous in form as the effect which it is brought in to account for is distressing. Thus we now admit only a *subjective* nightmare, whereas our fathers believed in an objective one.

Obviously, neither opinion is capable of proof, and every one will adopt that which seems to him most probable; that is, which best connects itself with his theory of things in general.

* In the same spirit of conciliation, the most mischievous personage of the English fairy mythology is called Robin Goodfellow.

"Those that Hob Goblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their works, and they shall have good luck."

Midsummer-night's Dream.

There is one point, however, which seems to tell startlingly for the ancient or objective side of the question. After the visitation, it is not uncommon to find the place upon which the monster had appeared, to sit, swollen and discoloured, sometimes even excoriated and bleeding, presenting, in short, every appearance of having been really subjected to the pressure of a bruising or galling weight: nay, in some cases, the impression of the very form of the demon, as seen by the sufferer in his dream (the print of foot, the indenture of haunches, &c.), has been plainly visible on the skin. Doctor van Duffel, or Druffel—we have seen the name written both ways—is our authority on this point. Here is what he says:—

“In a half-waking or intersomnious condition, you behold a monster of some kind, a goblin, a fiery horse, a wild, gigantic man, glide slowly towards you. This apparition sets itself on the pit of your stomach, and presses you with such a crushing weight, that you can neither breathe nor move a limb. After the affection are often to be seen livid marks (*sugillatones*), some affirm actual impressions of the figure of the goblin or monster, on the place where it sat.”

And Doctor Ennemoser also speaks of the same thing as matter of long experience and notoriety.

Nor, however it seems to clash with received notions of spiritual essences, are we without evidence of the power of other spirits than the nightmare, to leave on the human body material traces of their operation. Lillbopp, a writer every way worthy of credit, says:

“A certain person saw a spectre lay hold of him, and, after the same was vanished, he yet felt, in the part so laid hold of, a pain which lasted many days; in other such cases also have swellings and other marks of lesion been observed.”

And the same writer further remarks:—

“It is not easy to reason a person who has had such an experience out of the belief in a preternatural agency, seeing he can in no other way explain to himself the fixed pain and the swelling.”

You prove to him that it is impossible, but his pinches testify, in legible

black and blue, as well as in very intelligible tings, that, possible or not, it is fact.

And Doctor van Druffel, or Duffel, already cited, depones in the *Berlin Ecclesiastical Journal*, and says:—

“I myself know a person who affirms that a ghost, which he was compelled to carry some distance on his shoulders, in broad daylight, left livid-blue marks, as of bruises, on the parts which its buttocks had pressed, which marks he also afterwards showed to me and to others. Now,” (proceeds the Doctor,) “as to those sugillations, which the nightmare produces, I can appeal for the truth of them to known experience. It by no means follows, however, that a veritable, objectively present spirit has produced these bruises. We may with confidence assume, that the phantasy, excited to a magical activity through the local afflux of blood, first subtrudes a goblin as cause, and then by a like magical reaction effects an extravasation of blood in the part subjected to pressure.”

Another great authority on such points, the learned Frederick von Meyer, of Frankfort, does not in this fully agree with Doctor van Duffel. The nightmare, as this author thinks, may indeed be a mere phantasm or psychic image, devoid of all proper objectivity; but it is just as possible that it may be a personal subsistence, as the popular belief will have it. He calls on intelligent patients and unprejudiced physicians to lay before the public accurate accounts of the affection, as it occurs in their own experience, and thus to furnish persons versed in ghostly matters, and who have experimental knowledge of the invisible world, with data to decide upon its natural or supernatural character. To which purpose the learned author proceeds to throw in his own mite of information, assuring us that a lady so visited has described the sensation to him, as being distinctly that of the pressure of a hairy body, as of an ape or other beast.

Certainly, there is no one in or out of Germany that knows so much about Nightmares, and such problematical entities, as Frederick von Meyer; nevertheless, Doctor Ennemoser is not agreed with him. Doctor Ennemoser is a philosopher, and will not hear of an objective Nightmare. The

"sugillations" do not puzzle him. Medical history, he informs us, offers many examples of the power of thought to produce wounds on the surface of the body, in parts to which it is intently directed, the mere inward imagining of an injury in a particular place working the injury imagined. The explanation of this he finds in "the plastic force of phantasy, the essence of which, as poetic shaping power, consists in the realizing of ideal representations, wherein the soul of man can do much even unto his own body." "The animal soul (*psyche*)," says the Doctor—

"unconsciously copies in the germinal matter contained in the blood the images presented to it, whether by the senses from without, or by the thought from within, embossing or engraving them upon the outer surface of the body. For the ideal, the supersensuous, ever seeks to acquire form, to give an impress of itself in the sensible; and when the outward sense is now locked up in torpor, and the inward awakes in vision and ecstasy, then is the moment in which the shapes that occupy the dreaming soul can copy themselves off without disturbance—can model themselves in the passive materiality of the body. . . . The spiritual picture, or intuition of the inward sense, reflects itself out of the camera obscura of the brain, through the nerves as light-conductors, upon the curtain of the skin, wholly according to the physical laws by which impressions of light embody themselves on opaque surfaces. . . . That the reflex of the inner picture is produced chiefly on the outer skin has a natural ground; the nerves of feeling are the antithesis of the nerves of sight. . . . In magnetic clairvoyance the sense of feeling sometimes acts vicariously, through the nerves of the skin, for its pole, the sense of sight, and there is no point of the surface of the body with which somnambulists have not seen."

Thus, as the thought is directed to a particular point, the blood rushes in fuller surges in the same direction, furnishing the plastic matter out of which the magical shaping power, the artist and prophet within us, creates works before which our own understanding, as well as that of others, stands baffled, and can but muse in "expressive silence." How vivid—how far more vivid than all objective pictures which the eye brings him

from the outward world—is that ideal picture which the artist has within him, which is a part of himself, and which reproduces itself by his hands on canvas or in marble! Nearer to him than the objects that press most importunately on his sense, clearer in his soul, and more sharply struck off than all that is most defined and palpable in the material region around him, it works upon his mind with a power against which all external sollicitings of sense prevail nothing. Happy was Blake, who lived in good understanding with the artist within him, and whose ready pencil transferred the unearthly creations of this latter to insensible canvas, instead of receiving them on his own sensitive skin. The pencil was the conductor, which carried off innocuous the destructive creative force, the lightning that would have smitten and fused his own corporeality into new anomalous fantastic forms. It is good when he who is subjectively an artist is one also objectively—when the inward openness to the influences of an ideal world, goes hand in hand with the capability of transmitting those influences—of mediating their operation upon the world without, instead of arresting them within your own being, and becoming yourself their passive object, when you ought to be their subject, their minister and co-operating instrument. Had Blake not been able to paint his nightmares, and his daymares too, they would have painted themselves in wizard-marks upon his own body.

Claude de Tisserant, who in the year 1775, wrote a book *De Prodigis*, relates therein the following:—

"The wife of a member of the parliament of Provence in a dream saw her husband beheaded, which also really took place at the same time at Paris. Awaking in a passion of terror at the cruel spectacle, she found her hand convulsively shut, so that she was unable to open it; and when it was with main force opened by her maids, there was found on the palm the perfect image of her husband, with his head cut off, and this bled like the wounds of the stigmatized."

A very similar instance of the "plastic power of the dreaming soul" is related by Von Meyer:—

"Madame V., of N, saw one night, in a very lively dream, a person who offered her a white and a red rose, bidding her choose one of them. She chose the red. When she awoke she felt a vehement burning in one arm, and by degrees there formed itself on the spot so affected, the perfect picture of a red rose, which appeared embossed on the skin, like a mole. On the eighth day this rose was in its most perfect state, both as to drawing and colour; it became thenceforth daily paler, and less defined, and after fourteen days no trace of it remained. This well authenticated fact forms an important contribution to the history of the *stigmata*."

These cases show how much deeper a significance than we think of lies in the phrase, so often in our mouths, "the power of the imagination." The imagination is a power which we little understand: it is a truly creative power, and is not ours, but we are its. Yes, the most powerful workings of the imagination are those of which the imagining subject is not conscious, wherein a higher, universal power, the "soul of the world," imagines in and by him, and works very miracles. But the ordinary creations of imagination are only subjective: then when ecstasy comes in with her help, they become objective. Which is the *rationale* of all magic. Maja, in the Indian mythology, the everlasting mother of things, is nothing else than the divine imagination, the source of all forms; as the divine reason—the father of things—is of all essences.

The poet, or artist generally, is a conductor of the power of imagination, open to receive it from above—open to transmit it netherward. A madman is a poet, in whom the force of divine imagination meets not free course—in whom the divine dream, which he should be the medium of realizing in the world without him, is arrested, painting itself in his own soul, as those nightmare-images paint themselves on the body, instead of being by him sung, or painted, to others, as Blake painted his dream-shapes, and so put them forth out of himself.

Aristotle, in his book *De Animalibus*, relates that a hen, having vanquished a cock in fight, acquired, by the force of imagination, ever dwelling on this victory, a comb and spurs.

How effects such as those related

above are, in moments of strong emotion, produced even in a waking state, we have many instances. The painful effect upon the nerves, occasioned by hearing a stuttering person talk, manifests itself in irritable temperaments, by similar stuttering on the part of the hearer. In vehement sympathy you imitate involuntarily the gestures of the person who is the object of the emotion—the movements of an orator who carries you with him, or of a person in danger whom you cannot help. In the following case, sympathy produced still more marked effects:—

"On the entry of the French into Moscow, and during the desperate attempt made by some lingering inhabitants of the 'sacred city' to defend the Kremlin, a French soldier, being hard pressed by a Cossack, was, after a running fight of the length of a street or so, driven into a certain 'blind alley,' or court without thoroughfare, and here stood at bay. A citizen, who had turned into this same alley to avoid meeting the combatants, and now could not get out, fell at the sight of the conflict into an ecstasy of fear, and stood there charmed, beholding all as it were in a dreadful waking dream, or state of nightmare. When the Frenchman in his turn had driven the Cossack out of the alley, and the citizen, somewhat recovered from his panic, had got to his own house, there were found on his arms and other parts of his body bleeding gashes, such as he had seen given, and received, so that he stood in need of surgical help, and kept his bed some days."

What the effect on this sympathizing soul would have been, had the Cossack cut off the Frenchman's head, one trembles to calculate.

But we have cases on record, of similar effects of sympathy, where the object of the emotion was out of the range of sensuous cognizance, and where, consequently, magnetic ecstasy must have been present, and clairvoyance supplied the place of ordinary vision.

In the life of St. Suso, by Gorres, it is related that this holy person, who was remarkable for the austerity of his penances, on a certain occasion smote himself so pitilessly with the scourge as to lay open a blood-vessel.

"At the same time, and in the same hour that he so smote himself, a holy maid, whose name was Anna, was at her prayers in another city, and had a vision, or *ecstasy*, wherein she was led in spirit to the town where Suso was administering to himself the discipline. As she beheld the cruel stripes, she was taken with such a passion of pity that she drew near to him, and as his arm was uplifted to deal himself a stroke, she interposed her own person, and received the blow on her arm. Thus it seemed to her in her vision. And when she came to herself, there was just such a welt, livid and bleeding, upon her arm, as if the scourge had really stricken her, instead of Suso. Which mark she retained for a long time, with great pain."

The following somewhat similar case (which differs from the foregoing only inasmuch as here the sympathy rests upon natural, instead of religious affection) is related by Doctor Pabst :—

"The sister of a soldier who was condemned to run the gauntlet, being at the time of the execution at home in the midst of her family, was sensible of the stripes which her brother received, and in a kind of ecstasy moaned and cried, as if under the lash, until at length she fell down in a swoon, and was carried to bed, when, on stripping her, they found her back piteously ploughed with stripes, from which also blood was trickling."

To this category belong incontestably the workings of the imagination of a pregnant woman upon the being that forms itself within her; the affections of the mother permanently incorporate themselves in the body of the child. This was well known to the Spartans, who therefore brought their women during the time of pregnancy into the presence of none but beautiful objects, and the Spartan forms furnished to the chisel of a Phidias, a Praxiteles, and a Deixippus, models worthy of those divine ideals which they helped to realize.

Howshipp relates that a woman in the fourth month of her pregnancy, as she attempted to cross a river in winter, was thrown by the cracking and rending of the ice into violent anxiety and fear. In the seventh month she brought a child into the world, whose integuments

seemed to be torn and rent in all directions. The margins of the rents receded from each other, here more, there less: cicatrization had commenced on all of them, but was in none yet completed.

In such cases, and they might be multiplied to no end—the dream of the brooding soul is broken in upon; she is startled into consciousness, and for a moment becomes, herself, artist, instead of instrument, organ of the world-artists working. If hurriedly she paints from the picture before her, marring the fair work of that world-artist, which is painted from an eternal pattern. That world-artist is Maja, the "mother of things," the soul of the world, the Divine Imagination, whose dream are we, who imagineth us to herself, and to ourselves, and imagineth herself in us. We spoke, above, of workings of the imagination, of which the imagining subject is not conscious, wherein a higher, universal power, the "soul of the world," imagines in and by him, and works miracles. Of such miracles, the formation of a life within a life—of a life out of a life, is the highest. Of like miraculous imaginative working we have an example, in the power of some of the lower animals, as the polypus, to replace limbs that have been cut away; and we have experience of something akin to it in ourselves, in so familiar a phenomenon as the closing and healing of a wound, or the knitting of a broken bone. In all these operations, the unconscious psychic power of imagination is at work; and it will not carry on two of them together, the fractured bone of a woman in pregnancy will not knit so long as the child is unborn; not till after the birth does the ordinary *collus* form itself. For, to all magical operations, an undistracted intention, as well as attention, is required. The mightiest enchanter cannot work two enchantments at once.

Something strange and awful glimmers up, out of profoundest horror and gloom, in that observation of Testa, who found in the body of a great criminal a heart deformed by preternatural membranes and hair-like fibres, and who remarks that such unnatural misformations and

monstrosities of structure are often found in the hearts of malefactors. Riolan found, on the dissection of a man of very vicious life, the substance of the heart cartilaginous. It would appear that there is more in the phrase, "a bad heart," than people generally mean. Do our sins, then, harden our hearts, physically as well as morally? More germane to our subject seems the well-avouched fact, that persons touched by the King of France, for glandular swellings, were really healed, and that warts, and the like, are to this day, and every day, cured by what are called sympathetick means, which act upon the imagination.

The cases which have recently attracted so much attention in the Tyrol, find, like those above cited, the key to their mystery in this power of imagination, and assimilative energy of sympathy. The nun Emerich, from her youth up very sickly and devout, had already before entering the cloister a vision of one who, in the form of a shining youth, offered for her choice a wreath of flowers in the left hand, and a crown of thorns in the right. She grasped at the latter, pressed it with fervour on her head, but on coming to herself, felt, round the whole head, a violent pain, which was accompanied with bleeding. And the wounds in the hands, feet, side, and brow, as well of this nun as of Maria Mori of Caldaro, or Kaltern and Domenica Lazzari of Capriana, further exemplify the plastic power of the soul over the body, whereby the latter becomes the involuntary mirror of the former—yea, its photogenic plate, giving local permanence to the images which it (the soul) fixedly contemplates.

The "Legend of the Saints" tells of thirty-two persons who have had the stigmata; among whom the first and most illustrious is St. Francis of Assisi. The manner in which this holy person received these marks, is another proof of the power of sympathy, through the ministry of the imagination, to pass out from the spiritual into the bodily region of our being. It is thus related by Thomas of Celano:—

"Being in a solitude two years be-

fore his death (it was on the feast of the elevation of the cross), he beheld in a vision a man, like a seraph with six wings, who with outstretched hands, and feet bound together, was fastened to a cross. Two wings, ^{after them-}selves over the head, two were stretched out as for flying, and two covered the whole body. This sight filled the servant of God with the highest joy, yet he knew not what the vision might signify. He rejoiced at the glorious aspect of the seraph; but the condition of the heavenly being on the cross, and the bitterness of the sufferings, terrified him. Troubled in mind, he considered what the vision might mean, and exercised his spirit with painful efforts to comprehend it. While he now vainly strove and wrestled for understanding of this, and the novelty of the vision moved him profoundly, behold! the marks of the nails began to show themselves also in his hands and feet, as he had observed them in that man in his vision."

Here follows a minute account of the wounds in his hands, feet, and side, painful to read, and which shall not here be transcribed. After which Thomas of Celano ejaculates—

"Oh, how few were counted worthy, during the life of the saint, to behold that wound in the side! Happy Elias, who looked on both this and the wounds of the hands and feet! Happier Rufinus, whose hands touched them!"

So early as the thirteenth century, Jacobus de Voragine (James of the Capacious Swallow?) assigned as one, at least, of the causes of these stigmata borne by St. Francis, his glowing phantasy, thus taking the phenomenon out of the category of the supernatural. And Ennemoser says, in reference to all such cases—

"These appearances are not artificially produced deceptions, nor yet are they to be explained by the mere physical circumstances of the body. To spirits, or to any immediate divine operation, we will hardly ascribe them. Far from being miraculous, it is in every case a purely physiological process, grounded in a psychic cause."

The above may seem to the reader somewhat digressive, but is, we believe, essentially *apropos* of the nightmare, and not uncalculated to throw light on the true nature of those

"sugillations," which at first sight certainly appear to tell for the agency of a real, and even of a material being, in connection with the terrifying visitation. But, as we said before, it is impossible to *prove*, either that the nightmare is, or that it is *not*, a real goblin or devil. In the nature of the thing, neither opinion is susceptible of demonstration, and every one will adopt that to which his view of things in general inclines him. Perhaps the truth would be found in the union of the two, for they are not incompatible. What we call a popular error is often but a one-sided view of some truth; and the unpopular philosophical view which we propound as its corrective, is, in the greatest number of cases, just as one-sided. That which can be scientifically known of a matter is not the whole of a matter. Every thing has its transcendental or supersensuous, as well as its phenomenal side;—and science has to do wholly with the latter, with the *accidents* of the thing; while faith, imagination, instinctive intuition, which is strongest in the unscientific man, goes direct to the unknown, inaccessible *substance*;—on which topic we could be distressingly philosophical, but forbear. And so, the ancient popular doctrine, which makes the nightmare an incubating fiend, and the modern physiological doctrine, which resolves it into congestion of blood about the epigastrium, or spasm of the midriff, may be the two sides of one truth. The nightmare may be a proper entity, a goblin as other goblins, whom either his particular elvish humour, or the law of his being, or some point of infernal economy or etiquette, moves to incubate on such persons as arr, by certain states of the nervous system, or certain spiritual or psychic aptitudes, brought into what the mesmerists call *rapport* with him. The congestion of the chest, torpor of the vital organs, spasmodic state of the midriff, may act like magnetism on the nerves, (as it is known that magnetism does produce

such torpor, congestion, convulsive action), and so destroying the balance of activities in our wonderful complex being, leave the inward sense to act unantagonized, unseal the mystic eye of the soul, open within us the communication with brighter or darker spheres, and bring us into converse with angelic or elvish intelligences, according as our tendencies at the time are upwards or downwards, or according as the causes which produced our entranced state were of a celestial character or the reverse.*

Now, there is nothing elevated about indigestion: it is neither saintly nor, in its unsaintliness, is it sublime. In general, it comes from eating too much, which is not a proceeding of a scraphic tendency, nor the first step of a movement heavenwards. And these affections of the epigastric regions are ordinarily the fruit of indigestion, wherefore the "sleep-waking" state into which they cast us—namely, that sleep of the outward and waking of the inward man—reveals to the eye of the latter a base neighbourhood. The nightmare does not come up into our sphere, but we spiritually descend into his. He is there already, while we are gorging ourselves, but we are not aware of him until the outward senses be sealed in torpor, and the inward world opens in its dim horror on the troubled eye of the soul.

We have met with people who believe that the beasts characterised by the Mosaic law as unclean are not so in a mere ceremonial sense, but in one that has its foundation in nature; in fact that such beasts are in a special wise liable to demoniacal possession. The cat is a long-recognised minister of the darker powers. Dogs and horses see ghosts, which, as we shall presently see, implies a capability of being possessed, and is, in fact, the next thing to it. What is more horrible than to come into "magnetic rapport" with a dog, through infusion of the saliva of the latter into your blood? For the saliva is a great me-

* Who knows but some thought, unconsciously framed in sleep, or some word, mechanically pronounced, by some perhaps accidental motion of the lips, may unlock the gates of a realm of enchantments and monstrous shapes—may summon with a fatal togeneity around your bed unearthly beings, aspects of darkness, the presence of which mortal senses cannot endure? May not we sometimes conjure in our sleep, and know nothing about it?

dium of magnetic influences, a conductor of psychic agency, wherefore, also, the moods of the soul have a marked operation on its physical qualities, making it a vehicle of sanatory virtue, or a deadly poison. Armstrong affirms that the bite of negroes, when enraged, produces obstinate ulcers and hydrophobia. Gaubius tells of a soldier who, being hit in the arm by a woman whom he had bitterly angered, died in convulsions; as also of a young Italian, who, in a paroxysm of anger, bit himself in the finger, and forthwith became rabid, and died. And Sauvage has recorded the case of a young maiden, who, by sheer intensity of irreful emotion, without any bite at all, of herself or another, man or beast, was thrown into a state exactly resembling canine madness. Even the mere sight of a person in hydrophobia has engendered the same affection in persons of susceptible temperament. Mease relates such a case, wherein the sufferer was a priest. A student of Wittenberg became hydrophobic, after he had seen, with heartfelt sympathy, a violent paroxysm of rabies with which a young maiden, already nigh in the last agonies, was seized. He was indeed restored, but for years laboured under a great weakness and uncertainty of the voice, as well as a painful dread of speaking in public. Themison experienced something of the same kind after attending a friend in hydrophobia, and seeing him die. An inward paralyzing terror took possession of him as often as he recalled to his memory the vivid picture of the suffering he had witnessed. Peter Frank, having merely touched with his fingers a person dying of hydrophobia, was, through the power of imagination, presently affected with symptoms of the disease; and a young physician, mentioned in the "*Journal Général de Médecine*, 1824," became rabid through a similar operation of phantasy, after the dissection of a child which had died of the bite of a mad dog. The like unhappy fate had a woman, through attending the death-bed of her husband under similar circumstances.

Thus mediately and immediately do dogs work us woe. Still every medal, says the Italian, has its reverse, and dogs, oftentimes our banes, are sometimes our antidote. An epileptic person, at

Paris, was cured by the sudden springing of a dog at him; but it would seem that the mental shock given to the man reacted with a physically destructive force upon the dog, for it fell down dead on the spot. Convulsions of children are often transferred to beasts of delicate nature, such as cats, which are brought into contact with the sufferers. All convulsive affections are propagated by sympathy. At the Charité, an hospital in Berlin, fourteen sickly women were taken with epileptic fits, at seeing a newly-arrived patient fall into such. At St. Roch, in France, in the year 1786, from fifty to sixty young girls manifested a similar effect of sympathy. But this time we have really digressed.

About other unclean animals are observable other marks of spiritual or necromantic aptitudes. The ape is manifestly a diabolical creature; and the idea of Doctor Adam Clarke is not without plausibility, that the form of this obscene brute yielded a lodging to the tempter in paradise: for the rest, there is no shape under which the nightmare is more apt to appear. The hare lends its form to the witch for her twilight fittings and scuddings to the place of some unhallowed rendezvous. And that the swine is a possessed or possessable beast we have too often not to be cited here. Now it is remarkable that the nightmare-visitations are oftener known to follow the eating of pork than, perhaps, any other supper. As if the fiend, which had housed itself in the living pig, had the power of oppressing and vexing the stomach into which the flesh thereof comes. As the ghost of one that hath not rest in death will often linger and sit by his new-made grave, so the demon which has been disturbed in his possession of a fat hog, haunts with a strange fondness the place where this latter lies sepulchred—the stomach of him, namely, that has supped upon it. Or is it, perhaps, not more probably so, that the unclean spirit enters into the same magnetic relation to the eater in which it had stood to the beast that is eaten? for possession is, say some, nothing else than magnetic relation between a devil, or between the soul of one that died not in grace, and a man living. And such a relation, but in a less degree of nearness and intimacy, is

also ghost-seeing! He who sees a ghost is but one stage removed from being possessed. Thus Novalis says, that "ghost-appearing were not possible without inspiration." The ghost which we see (the nightmare, for instance) is not without us, but within; yet not in our innermost, which were possession. Our own phantasy projects the apparition into the outer world, wherein it illudes us like a magic-lantern image, (for which reason also, the ghost is before you, turn which way you will); but that which mockingly thus, as spectre, appears to us from without, has in reality its site in the medial (not the central) region of our being; and the phantasy, beholding it, is as a lamp, and the outward sense is as a glass before it, whereby its image is thrown out, and appears, huge and threatening, on the wall of the phenomenal.

In the highly interesting Reminiscences of the Marquise de Créquy, which run over a period embracing nearly the whole of the last century, namely, from 1710 to 1802, are recorded two curious cases of nightmare, or of something like it, which we subjoin:—

"The Duchess of Devonshire was nightly afflicted by a nightmare in the following wise:—It was the apparition of a frightful ape, which suddenly rose out of the earth, and dragged her out of bed the moment her eyes were closed. Seizing her by the right arm, the monster stretched her on her back in the middle of the floor, having first, with one of his hind paws, shoved a cushion under the small of her back; he then came and squatted himself on her breast, where he remained motionless, his two odious hands spread out upon her cheeks, and stared, as it were, into the depths of her eyes till she awoke. In this manner she passed night after night, and was brought by such horrible sufferings into a miserable state of debility and emaciation. No physician could free her from this nightmare: Tronchin himself went to England for the purpose, but in vain.

"The celebrated Cazotte, author of the *Diable amoureux*, who had at this time become a member of the mystical order of Martinez de Pasqualis, heard of the affliction of the English Duchess. 'Chronic nightmare,' said he, 'often comes from abuse of magnetism; it may, also, arise from unskilful magnetic treatment. Unbelievers or mate-

rialists cannot heal *this* disease. It is not what people suppose.' And as he never answered questions, nothing more was asked or known on the subject.

"Cazotte was not seen for some time. It transpired that he had spent eight days in London, and the Duchess of Devonshire wrote to Paris that she was radically cured."

Cazotte, then, it would seem, had cured her: *how*, the second case gives us an intimation. We need not suppose that the Duchess was really dragged out of the bed, but that she seemed to herself to be so in the half-waking, soporose state which is peculiar to such morbid dreamings. And from the position in which she believed herself to be placed, namely, with the breast hanging backwards, one would be the more tempted to ascribe her disease to a congested state of the heart or lungs, which, reaching on the nerves of the head, stirred up the imagination to that ghastly activity. And the dreaming phantasy, having once, from some accidental suggestion, taken up the image of the ape, the same would afterwards, on similar suggestion, reproduce itself night after night. And so, no doubt, did the physicians of the time, pointed at by Cazotte under the designation of "unbelievers or materialists," explain the phenomenon. But it was just in reference to such explanations that the illuminated disciple of Martinez de Pasqualis said, "The thing is not what people believe it to be." It is not to be doubted that magnetism, by opening the inward eye, and by other influences peculiar to it, may, when used incautiously, have mischievous effects. What, but magnetism abused, was the witchcraft of the middle ages? For the rest, we have no evidence that the Duchess of Devonshire was addicted to the use of this power: it was, however, the period when Mesmer stood in the zenith of his reputation.

One would gladly have had a word more from Cazotte, who seems to have seen through the thing. But he answered not; he held it not far permitted, or he knew nobody would believe him.

The Comtesse Fanny de Beauharnais, aunt to the first husband of the Empress Josephine, who died at Paris, in the year 1813, was afflicted with a

nightmare, if it can be called so, of a more extraordinary nature than that of the Duchess of Devonshire. It is thus related by Madame de Créquy:—

“Madame de B. altered and fell away visibly. ‘It is nothing,’ said she to her friends, who expressed uneasiness about her; and when she was pressed on the subject, and could not turn it off with a joke, she wept for impatience. ‘In verity,’ said I to her, ‘one scarcely knows you for yourself, and I cannot conceive what is the matter.’

“‘If I were to tell you,’ replied she smiling, ‘I should be ashamed of myself.’

“‘Speak openly, dearest, or I can no longer believe in your friendship. Do we then shut up our heart from a heart that is ours?’

“Her complaint was a nightmare, of the same character as the Duchess of Devonshire’s. It could, however, be ascribed to no use or abuse of magnetism, for she had a mortal dread, an insuperable horror of magnetism. I might say she regarded it with execration, were not the word out of place in reference to a character marked by so much moderation as hers. I can assure you that she was, at all times, of the purest sincerity. Harboured, therefore, no suspicion of the truth of her recital, of which I will endeavour to omit nothing, and to which you may be sure I shall add nothing of my own.

“As soon as her women had left her bed-chamber, and her curtains were closed, she was sensible of a feverish oppression; she rang, but nobody came. She opened her curtains a little to avoid suffocation, and there presented itself the following strange illusion.

“First, she remarked on the hearth a clear coal-fire; she heard the folding-doors open, which connected her bedroom with the adjoining apartment; and hereupon she heard an obstinate, rasping cough.

“Now came into the room a very tall woman, miserably clad, ragged and filthy; her head was covered with a linen cloth, which yet did not prevent horns being seen on her forehead. Those horns were only a finger’s length, and like those of a young cow: they were not sharp, and one was somewhat shorter than the other, and appeared as if the end had been forcibly broken off, leaving only a stump. This very repulsive person went directly to the fire, which she began to stir.

“In the room, and chiefly about the bed, was a legion of frightful figures, which, in profound silence, changed themselves into formless things, and presented themselves again under new

shapes, with continually varying form and size.

“The hero of this nightly drama was a little monster of a child, which had the whooping cough; it coughed like a *diable enroume*—a devil with a cold (which it was)—and it was at length led into the chamber, with measured steps, with every appearance of great importance, and an infinity of precautions. It was conducted by a sort of medical devil, who in features resembled the Dowager Marquise de Beauharnais, and its retinue consisted of a multitude of demons, who lavished upon it caresses and endearments, befondlings and bow-fawnings, to no end. Among these goblin lackeys were no monstrous figures like those which floated every where in the chamber, and met the eye, wherever it turned, like a living ghostly tapestry; but there were faces, so diabolically foolish, so idiotic-parasitic, so abject, toady and lickspittle, that it was a thing to make one desperate. The young sufferer, whom they made sit on a sofa-cushion at the fire-side, was of the size of a child from five to six years old. He wore a habit of blue taffety, he was swollen like a boil, but very pale; his head was of enormous bigness; he had red hair, standing quite straight and stiff up from the roots, and you saw on his forehead buds of horns, which looked like snail-shells.

“Between the friends of this little monster and its physician (who was so like the Marquise de Beauharnais) there took place regularly every evening a noisy discussion, carried on with prodigious animation in an unintelligible language, broken in upon only by the fits of passion and the whooping of the little wretch with his cough. The proceedings became more and more confused and tumultuous, till all was uproar, hubbub, and fantastic chaos, in the course of which Madame de B. was dragged out of her bed. A kind of giant, with a white beard, lifted her up by the hair of the head, and, holding her in a perpendicular direction, impinged her again and again on the floor until her knees bent. Her legs were then laid back, and bent upwards with such violence, that the joints were put out, causing the cruellest pain in both knees; and the legs, doubled up along the back in this fashion, were made fast to her body by means of a small *chaîne à tourniquet*, of which they made her a kind of girdle. They did not omit to set both her hands on her hips, taking care at the same time to keep the arms well out from the body, in order to round them off into the form of handles. The next thing was to stuff into her throat, in a rude and quite inhuman

manner, white onions, roots of marsh-mallows, sticks of licorice, bundles of couch-grass, apples cut in four, and lumps of dried figs. To this were added brown honey and honey of Narbonne, which they brought into her mouth and gullet by means of wooden spatulas, and then came large handfuls of *quatre-fleurs*—whatever that is—which, as she said, choked her worse than all the rest. Her torment was only somewhat lightened when they let an extraordinary quantity of water down her throat by means of a leaden tunnel.

"They then took her by her two handles, like a paving-rammer (one would say like a coffee-pot, only that a coffee-pot of her shape and of such a capacity was never seen on earth), and put her on the fire to boil all the night, like a pipkin of *tisane*. 'No,' said she, with a sigh, and weeping at the recollection of her torments, even while the absurdity of the whole made it impossible for her not to laugh; 'no, never has mortal had to endure a misery like what I suffer night after night. I think I hear myself bellow for anguish: and then the tall woman begins and says—'Go, you foolish body! you are only too happy to suffer for this sweet angel!' Sometimes we have lectures or dissertations of that unworthy wretch of a physician, that enrage me outright—namely, when he undertakes to demonstrate to all those devils—while they laugh till the tears come in their eyes at the rareness of the joke—that I have nothing to suffer but what a water-kettle has to suffer as such, and am no more to be pitied than any other pipkin or pot, on the ground, as he says, that I have in me the requisite quantity of fluid, not to burn. 'Oh! if I had not supplied her with the mass of water required by the laws of physic to prevent a complete desiccation—*ce serait différent*—that would be quite a different affair! In that case, I grant you, she would have a right to complain; but you are all well aware that vessels filled with liquid receive no damage from being placed on the fire.' In short, it is enough to drive one mad, suppose one were really nothing but an earthen pot!—and just this hellish pedant, with his science and his self-complacency, is my worst torment, to say nothing of his likeness to my mother-in-law, which amounts to perfect illusion."

"Is it possible—is it really true," cried I, "that you can have so very odd and tormenting a dream with such surprising regularity?"

"I swear to you," replied she, "all these incredible, absurd particulars, and long talk, with which I have wearied you, about what I seem to myself to feel, to see, and to hear, are true to the

minutest details: the very same dream, the very same sufferings, await me, night after night. You know that I never tell stories, and you see how this kind of life has brought me down. I suffer so horribly from it all, that I am come to the determination not to go to bed any more."

It is a pity that Madame de B. has not told us whether the dream ever went so far as the pouring out of the decoction, and how the little sick devil took his physic. We are informed by a poet, whose name, as far as we are aware, has not reached posterity, that, •

"When the devil was sick,
The devil a monk would be:"

but that was, no doubt, a grown-up devil, and it would perhaps be too much to expect to find such very serious impressions in an imp of six years old.

Cazotte at last cured the Comtesse B. of her nightmare, and all that she could say of the means he used was, that he had pronounced certain forms of prayer, at the same time touching her hands. Perhaps he used the particular prayer which, as we know, our fathers had against this visitation, and which was termed the "night-spell." After his death, (he was guillotined in 1792,) his noble patient was visited, if not by the same plague, yet by others not less distressing, in consequence of which she had adopted the custom of sleeping in an arm-chair: this made strangers think her a little mad, but those who knew her better, did her more justice.

That the "spiriting," the infernal farce which visited this afflicted lady every night, was mere play of her own phantasy, is hard to believe. Hallucination and monomania are words which seem to say a great deal, but in reality leave the ground of such things unfathomed. That Madame de B., with the first feverish oppression, instead of falling into a healthy natural sleep, came into a condition of ecstasy, a certain half-sleep, (inter-somnium,) with opening of the inward eye—and that to this the lying in bed was more favourable than the sitting in the arm-chair, a position which lessened the afflux of blood towards the epigastric region—all this we are warranted to assume, and so far acquire a clear view of the matter, in its psychological and physiological aspects.

But let us not be blind to the connexion of the natural with the spiritual. The domain of evil as of good, the kingdom of darkness, as well as the kingdom of light, is every where close to us, and seizes the opportunity offered it of coming into play. Such opportunity is presented by various abnormal conditions of body. We have already suggested that physical causes, congestions, nervous disturbance, &c., may co-exist and co-operate with causes of a more mysterious nature. In fact, physical and spiritual conditions are not, by any sound philosophy, to be separated, though they are to be distinguished. As conceptions, they must not be confounded; but as agencies, they are never to be looked for or assumed apart.

But men cannot see the wood for the trees. Coleridge did not believe in ghosts: he had seen too many. Your unbeliever on principle will not believe even his own senses. Let a ghost appear to him—he will relate the occurrence to his friends as a “singular case of spectral illusion.” Let the ghost speak to him—he will tell you that “the case was the more remarkable, inasmuch as the illusion extended itself to the sense of hearing.” Let it sit on him, squelch him, pinch, or pommel him black and blue—strong in unbelief, even this staggers him not: he has his “congestion” to flee to, and his “plastic power of phantasy,” all very good as far as it goes, but which does not go far enough. Let him awake out of a nightmare dream, and with eyes open to all around him, see the fiend that vexed his slumbers still hovering near, as if reluctantly retiring from its hellish sport—will this sight convince him that his dream “was not all a dream?” Let Doctor Abercrombie answer:—

“The analogy between dreams and spectral illusions, is beautifully illustrated by an anecdote which I received lately from the gentleman to whom it occurred, an eminent medical friend. Having sat up late one evening, under considerable anxiety about one of his children who was ill, he fell asleep in his chair, and had a frightful dream, in which the prominent figure was an immense baboon. He awoke with the fright, got up instantly, and walked to a table which was in the middle of the room. He was then quite awake and

quite conscious of the articles around him; but close by the wall, in the end of the apartment, he distinctly saw the baboon, making the same horrible grimaces which he had seen in his dream, and the spectre continued visible for about half a minute.”—*Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers.*

• “The analogy between dreams and spectral illusions!” This is the very heroism of unbelief! What is a ghost to do, to get himself believed in? Once more we say, men cannot see the wood for the trees.

The reader doubtless knows the story of the lady whose lover came to her bed-side at midnight, and made known to her that he had in that hour been waylaid and murdered by a rival. The lady desired some sign which should certify her next morning that what she had seen in the night was no dream, whereupon the apparition laid its fingers upon her wrist. She felt as if branded in the place with a hot iron. The next morning the marks of the fingers appeared as if burnt into her flesh; and this mark she bore to the day of her death, so that she was obliged to wear a black velvet arm-band, to hide the ghostly token from curious eyes.

Here also, unquestionless, as in the case of Madame V., of N., the Provence parliamenteer’s wife, and the nun Emmerich, we shall be told of “the plastic force of the dreaming soul,” “the magic of phantasy,” “the poetic shaping powers,” “the miraculous artist within us,” &c., &c. The cases, evidently enough, are cognate. To the same family belongs the case of a lady, mentioned by Dr. Abercrombie, who, going into a dark room, distinctly saw before her the figure of death as a skeleton, with his arm uplifted, and a dart in his hand. He aimed a blow at her with the dart, which seemed to strike her on the left side. The same night she was seized with fever, accompanied by symptoms of inflammation in the left side; but recovered after a severe illness. To which we may add the case of a gentleman subject to epileptic fits, mentioned by Doctor Gregory, in whom the paroxysms were preceded by the appearance of an old woman in a red cloak, who came up to him, and struck him on the head with her crutch, upon which he presently fell down in the fit.

This old woman in the red cloak has, by the way, been seen by so many different persons, at different times, that we are almost forced to suppose her a real, objectively-subsistent entity. Dr. Dewar, of Stirling, tells us of a blind lady, who never walked out without seeing a little old woman with a red cloak and a crutch, who seemed to walk before her. And an apparition of just such an old woman, in a red cloak and with a crutch, is related with great minuteness in the "Diary of a late Physician." That it is the same old woman in all these cases we can doubt as little as that Dr. Abercrombie's friend's baboon is identical with the Duchess of Devonshire's ape.

But supposing all *such* cases to find their explanation in physiological and psychological grounds, and to be referable wholly to subjective influences, what are we to say to pins, needles, pieces of glass, &c. conveyed by spirits into people's bodies, out of which they afterwards come by the mouth, or otherwise? Will the "magic of phantasy" go the length of getting up a pin-manufactory in our inside? Is "the artist within us" a needle-maker? Does the "dreaming soul," perhaps, fabricate such articles of hardware out of the iron contained in the blood? Or do spirits, as Paracelsus thinks, "lay hold into man, without opening the skin, as the lightning acts on the sword without affecting the scabbard, or as a man can take a stone in his hand, and thrusting the same into the water, draw out his hand again, and leave the stone in the water, and yet no one sees the hole that the hand made, nor is there any indication that somewhat has been thrust in?" For men are, according to this writer, to spirits what water is to men: thus, men are a mean term between spirits and water, and we might say, if this were the place for a sorry jest, that men are the medium through which spirits and water often come together.

Pastor Rutzing, of Kleinau, in Altmark, tells us that the tutor of two young gentlemen, sons of the Count von Reuss, was so beset by an invisible power, when taking a walk with his pupils in the court of the castle of Köstritz, after dinner, that he "could by no means walk straightforward, but was hurried away with irresistible vehemence in a sidelong direction." This occurred more than once, so that he

was obliged to give up accompanying the young counts in their after-dinner walk. This might, perhaps, be accounted for on natural principles; but what are we to make of what followed? One day, as he passed alone through a room of the castle, he was suddenly forced by an invisible power to stand still. There was then driven through his foot by an invisible hand a wooden nail or peg, and that with such force, that he was pinned fast to the floor, and stood there unable to move from the spot, until, at his cries for help, some one came, and, not without some trouble, got him loosed. The poor man, who was personally known to Pastor Rutzing, continued lame all his life.

Was that imagination? The power of thought might have produced the hole in the man's foot, but where did the wooden peg come from?

After all, is it not a frightfuller thought that our own soul can people its environment with goblins and demons, than that such come near it from a sphere of their own? Were it not better for me to be able to say, when mopping and mowing fiends, or gibbering phantoms surround me—"These subsist apart from me—they have no part in me, nor I in them;" than to be obliged to think—"These are projected aspects of my own spirit, multiplied reflections of my inner self: they are creations of a power within me, over which I have no control;—yea, I myself am the abyss out of which they ascend, and which may yet pour them forth, myriads upon myriads, ever ghastlier, ever loathlier?" Heavens! are we, strictly speaking, nothing more than portals, spiracles of the infernal pit? Have we within us the true "devil's ladder," or well-staircase, winding down into bottomless gulfs and the "blackness of darkness," by which all shapes of night, all hellish spectres, all monstrous and malignant things, come and go between their world and ours? If we will not be afraid of ghosts, have we to be afraid of ourselves? To *this* has the march of intellect brought us? To come back with *this* message to us went the schoolmaster abroad? Then let such march of intellect, say we, end in a Russian retreat; and, as for such a schoolmaster—the reader and we will bar him out.

THE CLAIMS OF LABOUR.*

THIS is a thoughtful, well-considered, and thoroughly earnest book. It probably will do much good, for we know no writer who so fastens on the thoughts of his readers a painful and oppressive sense of the responsibility under which—whether we act or forbear from acting—we find ourselves placed, with respect to those in any relation of dependence of us. The effect of the book in this respect, is one wholly independent of the particular details of improvement, which it suggests, and is not unlikely to bring back to many readers the first feeling with which they have read Clarkson's History of the Slave Trade, or Foster's Essay on Popular Ignorance—works which, where they do not rouse the mind into sleepless exertion, actually dispirit and paralyze it by forcing on us the thought that we ought to be more actively employed in the warfare with the evils of earth than in indolently reading or writing books. It is the great praise of the author of this volume, that where the book is read, he is likely to rouse many fellow-labourers, to assist in the exertions in which he is engaged.

The attention of the employers of labour to the interests of those who are called the lower classes, is certainly far greater at present than it has hitherto been; but the separation between ranks of society is greater than ever. We are truly told, that the tendency of modern society is each day becoming more and more exclusive. The family circle is drawn "within narrower and narrower limits. The great lord has put away his crowd of retainers. The farmer, in most cases, does not live with his labouring men, and the master has less social intercourse with his domestics." In other words, the enjoyments of home are better understood, and it is the object of the author of this volume to impress on the higher classes, in these changed circumstances, the duty of

providing other comforts, in lieu of those which have been lost, for the humbler classes of society. They, too, should have their enjoyments; they should be so educated as to have the feeling of home-comforts awakened in their mind; they, too, should have their homes.

In every amelioration of the condition of the humble and the poor, our author sees a new development of the principles of Christianity. The humanizing spirit that has already triumphed over a hundred forms of giant oppression, is now, as at all times, making itself felt in many directions. The wisdom from above and from within, is making itself felt around. "Its voice may come out of strange bodies—such as systems of ethics or of politics. Men may call it as they please—it goes on, doing its appointed work, 'conquering and to conquer.'"

There can be no doubt, that public attention to the condition of the labouring part of the population, is now given in a degree before unknown. We speak not of charity, of poor-laws, or any of the means by which the state or benevolent individuals seek to assist the poor. We speak of direct attention given to the absolute rights of a class of men who have been too long neglected. Society has been roused into exertion on these subjects. Some late movements, for the purpose of providing public baths and places of exercise in the vicinity of great towns, give promise of better times approaching. There have also been several reports of parliamentary commissioners, on subjects connected with the health and well-being of the labouring classes, replete with suggestions for legislation. The object of the little book in our hands is, to distinguish what is properly the subject of legislative interference from that which we can do ourselves, and ought at once to do.

That our house should be felt by

* The claims of Labour. An Essay on the Duties of the Employer to the Employed. By the Author of "Essays written in the Intervals of Business." London: Pickering—1844.

our domestic servants to be their own home, and a happy home, is often in the power of the master or mistress. In a passage of great beauty, our author dwells on the cruel "force of unkind words" from a master or mistress—"upon those whose monotonous life leaves few opportunities of effacing any unwelcome impression." The ingratitude of the poor, and the impossibility of winning their attachment by any kindness, is often spoken of. Alas! in the expectation of a return of gratitude acting in any degree as a motive for kindness, there is some great mistake—some error that, when disentangled, will appear to have arisen not from the faults of the persons whom we wish to serve, but from some lurking selfishness of our own nature. But is the implied reproach true? We more than doubt it. The disproportion has to us always appeared to be in the other way. There are few passages of deeper truth in Wordsworth's poetry than that in which he describes an old man's sense of a very trifling service—

"The tears into his eyes were brought,
And thanks and praises seemed to run
So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done.
—I've heart of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With rudeness still returning.
Alas, the gratitude of men
Has oftener let me mourning!"

The true consideration, however, is not that of gratitude, where the question is not of favour but of right, and where the obligation is, after all, one of strict duty. If we more often thought of those, whom we call the lower classes, as in truth our superiors in most things—as fulfilling, in a much more perfect degree, the circle of duties to which they are called, than we ever, even in the flattery of imagination, contemplate ourselves as fulfilling ours—as our equals at least in intelligence, and, within their limited sphere, our superiors in every virtue, the growth of which is not intercepted among them directly or indirectly by ourselves—we should find it less difficult to realize to ourselves the thought from old Fuller, which furnishes our author with one of the mottoes to his book:—"And well may masters consider how easy a transposition it had been for God to have made him mount into the saddle that holds the stirrup; and him to sit down

at the table who stands by with a trencher." There is—or, may we yet say, *was*—an habitual feeling taught by parents in every act, and implied in all the usages of society, that there is an actual, essential, difference of kind between master and servant—that the rich and poor are not, in reality, children of the same family. What is sometimes called proper pride, was, or is, taught from so early an age as to seem almost a lesson of nature. It was never actually denied in expressed language, that the poor were human creatures—but the upper ranks proved by all their acts that they did not believe in any identity of nature with them; and, such is the slave-nature of the human mind, when utterly debased, that the doctrine acted on by masters, was not resented as a fraud upon man's rights by those who were the immediate, though not greatest, sufferers from the arrogant falsehood. Rich and poor alike thought of the possibility of individuals being elevated by cleverness of one kind or another, or good fortune, above the class in which they were first found—and the institutions of society seemed not absolutely unfavourable to this. To elevate the class itself was a dream that never seemed to occur to either. The tendency of professional life—the bar, the navy, the army—is to separate the individual from the rank to which he naturally belonged; and, where the condition of his relatives was humble, the separation, without any fault of his or theirs, soon became a final one; and how entire such separation becomes, is every now and then evidenced by the difficulty of ascertaining the links of relationship, when accidents of intestacy render the inquiry necessary. The church was, in some degree, an exception. In England, the clergyman taken from the mass of the people, is not unlikely to raise with himself the family to which he immediately belongs; still we cannot but regard the development of Christianity as very imperfect, which proposes as an object, rather the separation of individuals from the class to which they belong than raising that class. There is a passage of great beauty in the volume before us, quoted from the letters of an eminent manufacturer to Mr. Horner, in which it is wisely said—

"In all plans for the education of the working classes, my object would be, *not to raise any individuals among them above their condition, but to elevate the condition itself.* For I am not one of those who think that the highest ambition of a working man should be to rise above the station in which Providence has placed him, or that he should be taught to believe that because the humblest, it is therefore the least happy and desirable condition of humanity. This is, indeed, a very common notion among the working classes of the people, and a very natural one; and it has been encouraged by many of their superiors, who have interested themselves in the cause of popular improvement, and have undertaken to direct and stimulate their exertions. Examples have constantly been held up of men who by unusual ability and proficiency in some branch of science had raised themselves above the condition of their birth, and risen to eminence and wealth; and these instances have been dwelt upon and repeated, in a manner, that, whether intentionally or not, produces the impression that positive and scientific knowledge is the summum bonum of human education, and that to rise above our station in life should be the great object of our exertion. This is not my creed. I am satisfied that it is an erroneous one, in any system of education for any class of men. Our object ought to be, not to produce a few clever individuals, distinguished above their fellows by their comparative superiority, but to make the great mass of individuals on whom we are operating, vigorous, sensible, well-informed, and well-bred men." And again he states that his object is "to show to his people and to others, that there is nothing in the nature of their employment, or in the condition of their humble lot, that condemns them to be rough, vulgar, ignorant, miserable, or poor:—that there is nothing in either that forbids them to be well-bred—well-informed—well-mannered—and surrounded by every comfort and enjoyment that can make life happy;—in short, to ascertain and to prove what the condition of this class of people might be made—what it *ought to be made*—what is the interest of all parties *that it should be made.*"

Coleridge's theory was, we fear, too aristocratic. He urges, with anxiety, pleading for the people rather than pleading to them, or with them. He seems to grieve even at our not having the power ~~as~~ to conduct our arguments as to prevent their knowing

any thing of the discussions in which their deepest interests are involved.

Mr. Landor thinks most of the evils of the condition of society in our time arise from learned men not continuing to correspond, as in the middle ages, in something that was called Latin.

We have Coleridge's horror of popular oratory, or any pleading with the working classes, the success of which depends on calling men to abandon their duties even for one hour, or on the excitement of the passions; but our own experience has been uniform in the fitness of perfectly open dealing with all; nor have we ever met any man in any rank of society with whom entire truth was not likely to make its way. The separation between classes of men, and this pleading for men and not with them, is only likely to create or to perpetuate misunderstandings. What is there in the education or in the circumstances of the working mechanic to make him incapable of understanding the argument in such a volume as the "Results of Machinery?"

When Chalmers describes the effects produced on the well-being of a neighbourhood by those, who struggle against a hundred privations, rather than incur the debt to others, involved in receiving poor-law relief, are we to be told that men, practising the virtues of self-control and self-reliance, and thus exemplifying the feeling of independence, are incapable of following the train of thought which their own noble conduct has suggested, and on which they have been acting from the dictates of their own feelings and conscience? If there is one divine of the Church of England whose sermons appear to us, more than any others, distinctly and forcibly to bring out the true meaning of difficult passages of Scripture, it is Horsley. We have not his sermons at hand, but we well remember the delight with which we read his earnest appeals to hearers whom he described as unacquainted with any of the learned languages—as having but their English Bibles—and whom he addressed as persons fully as capable of appreciating his arguments, (even when they seemed to turn on points of minute criticism of the very words of Scripture,) as hearers of the more educated classes. In fact, when the attention of such persons can be engaged, it is

more entirely given to whatever the subject may be of investigation. There is less of conventional accommodation and observance necessary in the communication of truths to them. Our author refers to the divine teaching to show "how the highest things are addressed to all classes." This might be stated even with greater strength than it is—for to the poor those things are directly communicated, while, with the classes who would perhaps imagine themselves more capable of receiving instruction in its severest forms, the less perfect medium of parables is adopted. There would seem to be in their case a difficulty in looking at things in themselves which did not in the same degree exist in our Lord's humble followers. To the understandings of the poorer classes then, and to the more generous feelings of all classes, do we think that the reasoner on any subject may safely address himself, in perfect certainty of finding their strong sympathy with whatever is best in whatever he may bring forward. It should not, however, be forgotten that the generous feelings on which such reliance may be safely placed, are, from the very fact of their being easily excitable, not always acted on. Persons become distrustful of themselves and of the oratory which would call upon them to make any such sacrifice as involves continuing thought: and a hundred ugly vices, which we do not wish to look at distinctly, will assume disguises that reconcile them to our imagination. Want of human sympathy with distress, will call itself prudence; avarice assume the shape of regard for wife or child; and indolence, perhaps, content itself with weeping romantic tears at the spell of some builder-up of cottage fairy tales, or laugh with Lever at the drolleries of Irish life, or complacently regard itself as usefully employed in reading with much approbation this essay of our own, as we have known a serious family lulled to sleep by Wesley's sermon on "Early Rising." Meanwhile, removable evils are left without any attempt to remove them.

What we value most in this volume is its direct practical bearing. It is plainly the result of much thought—of thought sometimes conveyed in a form that may, perhaps, lessen its effect at a

first reading, but which will compel a recurrence to passages at first read with some impatience, and finally lead us to more entire agreement with the forms of instruction adopted, than we could have at all at first anticipated.

We allude to a marked peculiarity of our author's style, which is that of casting much of the new matter which he brings into proverbial and aphoristic forms. Does he want to cheat us into a belief that, what is truly original, has been, in reality, so long and so familiarly known, as to have moulded itself into forms, that assume its admitted truth? To enjoy, or even quite to understand the proverbs of a people, it is necessary to have lived among them. In other words, the proverb should express the result of a process of thought in which we have shared. It falls dead upon us till its truth has been in a hundred instances exemplified. On this account we think this volume will be valued most by those who are acquainted with the author's earlier works—who have become familiar with his style and mode of thinking. For our own parts, we are disposed to prefer a book written in a more conversational style, and in which, when any thing particularly good occurs, the reader thinks he has a right, from his going along cordially with his author through rough and smooth, as it may happen, to cry "halves."

Our objection to our author's measured style is applicable only to the early chapters; and if it were not a reviewer's business to discover faults, ("we are nothing if not critical,") might be better omitted. The two first chapters give some excuse for the observation. In the third this formality has altogether melted away, and a stream of easy thought flows on in natural and often very graceful expression. We have said that this is a practical work. The details of improvement which occur to an intelligent observer are of less moment than the effect which such a work as that before us may have in leading others to observe and act. Yet, the communication of such details is of great value. That which the master can do for the comfort of the members of his establishment, and which they cannot, without his aid, effect for themselves, is the subject of the third chapter.

The evil of imperfect ventilation in factories is first mentioned. It is clearly the duty of the master to provide against it. It is a case in which the workmen not only can do little for themselves, but a peculiarity of the case is, that health is likely to be injured without the cause being even suspected. Here is a case for legislative interference. The same necessity or fitness of legislation that every one admits in the case of party walls, exists here, and would probably be cheerfully submitted to. Regulations with respect to building need be looked to but in the first instance, and then the result of them remains for ever afterwards a great gain to health and morals. One of the first things an employer of labour, having a just view of his position, has to look to, is the health of his men. "It cannot be his duty to study only to make his fabric cheaper, and not to take any pains to see how it can be made to cost less of human life." The danger of children being over-worked is mentioned—and the duty of the master to consider how the periods for necessary recreation of the persons employed is to be apportioned. The thoughtless cruelty of those who superintend, and those who order the manufactures of millinery, is adverted to. The poor work girls are actually killed in endeavouring to fulfil the tasks exacted from them.

• The next topic on which our author offers suggestions, is the school-room. We have before said, that we do not think any particular suggestions are, or can be, of the same moment, as the spirit in which they are urged, and which is sought to be infused into the mind of the reader. In entering on this part of his subject, the author supposes the case of imperial Rome, or some such government, aiming at universal dominion, having been altogether successful. In such an empire time would probably have exhibited some such benevolent emperor as Trajan or Antonine. Suppose letters to have attained such advances as they have amongst us, can it be doubted that plans of national education would have been contemplated, and that in the way in which such a power, as we have imagined, executes its purposes, these plans would be carried into complete fulfilment, through the length and breadth of the empire, and that

Britain, in the imagined case, a member of that vast empire, would have participated in all such plans of improvement?—

"To say," adds our author, "that this would not have been a signal benefit to mankind would be idle: what we have to say against the despotic system is, that it absorbs private virtue, and suppresses private endeavour; that, though it may create better machines, it certainly makes worse men. Now then to bring these imaginings home; for they do concern us closely. My readers are, to a certain extent, educated; they will have gained by living in a free state; but if they continue to neglect the welfare of the great mass, in respect of education, can they say that this, the first layer of the nation, the *turba Remi*, might not almost wish, if they could comprehend the question, to live under a despot who would educate them, rather than with free men who do not? Are we to enjoy the singular freedom of speech and action, which we do enjoy in this country, and to expect to have no sacrifice to make for it? Is liberty, the first of possessions, to have no duties corresponding to its invaluable rights? And, in fine, ought it not to be some drawback on the enjoyment of our own freedom, if a doubt can come across our minds whether a vast mass of our fellow-citizens might not be the better for living under a despotic government? These are very serious questions; and the sooner we are able, with a good conscience, to give a satisfactory answer to them, the better. Till that time, let no man in this country say that the education of the people is nothing to him.

"But how strange it is that men should require to be urged to this good work of education. The causing children to be taught is a thing so full of joy, of love, of hope, that one wonders how such a gladsome path of benevolence could ever have been unfrequented. The delight of educating is like that of cultivating near the fruitful Nile, where seed-time and harvest come so close together. And when one looks forward to the indefinite extension that any effort in this direction may probably enjoy, one is apt to feel as if nothing else were important, and to be inclined to expend all one's energies in this one course. Indeed, it is hard to estimate the enormous benefit of enabling a man to commune with the most exalted minds of all time, to read the most significant records of all ages, to find that others have felt and seen and suffered as himself, to extend his sympathy with his

brother-man, his insight into nature, his knowledge of the ways of God. Now the above is but a poor description of what the humblest education offers.

"Let us now consider the subject of 'the school-room' more in detail. And the first remark I have to make is, that we should perpetually call to mind the nature of our own thoughts and sensations, at the early periods of life in which those are whom we are trying to educate. This will make us careful not to weary children with those things which we long to impress upon them. The repetition of words, whatever they may contain, is often like the succession of waves in a receding tide, which makes less of an inroad at each pulsation. It is different when an idea, or state of feeling, is repeated by conduct of various kinds: that is most impressive. If a child, for instance, is brought up where there is a pervading idea of any kind, manifested as it will be in many ways, the idea is introduced again and again without wearisomeness, and the child imbibes it unconsciously. But mere maxims, embracing this idea, would very likely have gained no additional influence with him from being constantly repeated—that is, at the time; for in after years, the maxims may, perhaps, fasten upon his mind with a peculiar strength, simply from their having been often repeated to him at an early period of his life. But at present this repetition may be of immense disservice. You cannot continue to produce the same effect by words, that you did on first using them; and often you go on hammering about a thing, until you loosen what was fast in the first instance."—pp. 83-86.

The question of religious education is touched with a delicate and forbearing hand. The author fears that our insisting on children's attendance at stated devotional exercises is not unlikely to render that wearisome to these young and volatile spirits, which we wish to make them love. This is plainly a question of degree, and we do not know to what extent we can describe ourselves as agreeing with our author. If he mean entirely to exclude children from family prayer and religious services, till they come to years at which they can be supposed to understand the passages of Scripture read, and the language of the prayers used by their parents or masters, we cannot but differ from him. The condition of all instruction requires assent to propositions not at first understood in their

full bearing. In the religious education of children, we have to think not alone of the present, but of the future; and while over-exertion of their faculties is to be guarded against, and what our author seems more to fear, weariness and impatience, we yet incline to think, that in the family circle at least, the attendance of the youngest children should be permitted, though, perhaps, not anxiously enforced. The questions which even very young children ask, and the true feeling of filial dependence which we often observe among them, on that Father, whose children we and they are, give the strongest encouragement not to shrink from very early instruction on such subjects. However, this is a matter on which nothing very definite can be said—so much depends on the child—so much, too, on the parent.

On this subject, however, we are not quite sure that we are altogether just to our author. His observations are expressed in very general terms, and seem of such extensive application as to be referrible to the education of children under all circumstances—indeed, we think, more naturally to suggest the consideration of the extent to which religious instruction should be carried in the domestic education of children, and how far they may be safely permitted to participate in the forms of family worship when of very tender years, than what, perhaps, the subject of our author's work ought to lead a fair interpreter to regard as his meaning. If his purpose be, as it probably is, to warn masters against countenancing a disposition which is too prevalent, to over-burthen poor factory children with devotional task-works, so as to make the Sunday, the day of God's rest, the most dreary and toilsome day in their week, we think he might have used even stronger language than he has done against what, as tending to deaden the feeling of religion in these young hearts, is assuredly a great evil. True religion is at any age most often a cheerful sentiment—in childhood is always so.

From this topic the next step in the essay is, the fitness of masters considering that the 'best things to be learnt are those which the children cannot be examined on—this more especially in schools for such children' as are from places which cannot be

called homes, where scarcely any thing like parental love sustains or informs them, and where, perhaps, confusion, discontent, and turbulence prevail."

It is recommended to encourage lessons in singing, among other reasons, for the very important one, that "it is not much mixed up with emulation." Accomplishments of a manual kind are also recommended to be taught, for reasons that will at once suggest themselves to all, and for one reason which it is probable that the kind-hearted writer of this book will be the first to suggest to many. These accomplishments "will come in hereafter to embellish a man's home, and to endear it to him."

The next section we transcribe; indeed no part of this book admits of easy abridgment. There is seldom or never a word too much, and the colouring of the words tells of much that does not appear on the surface. The most valuable part of the instruction in this book, and still more in a former work of the same author is that which is thus suggested:—

"THE PLAYGROUND.

"This is a place quite as important as the school-room. Here it is that a large part of the moral cultivation may be carried on. It is a great object to humanize the conduct of children to each other at play-times, without interfering with them, or controlling them too much. But we have before gone over the motives which should actuate a teacher in his moral guidance: and it needs only to remark, that the playground is a place where that guidance is eminently required, and where the exigencies for it are most easily discerned.

"Those games should not be overlooked which are of a manly kind, and likely to be continued in after life. This brings us naturally to think of the playgrounds for children of a larger growth. Hitherto there has been a sad deficiency in this matter in our manufacturing towns, and almost every where else. Can any thing be more lamentable to contemplate than a dull, grim, and vicious population, whose only amusement is sensuality? Yet, what can we expect, if we provide no means whatever of recreation; if we never spare our own pleasures with our poorer brethren; and if the public buildings which invite them in their brief hours of leisure are chiefly gin palaces? As for our cathedrals and great churches, we mostly have them well locked up, for fear any one should

steal in and say a prayer, or contemplate a noble work of art, without paying for it: and we shut people up by thousands in dense towns with no outlets to the country, but those which are guarded on each side by dusty hedges. Now, an open space near a town is one of nature's churches, and it is an imperative duty to provide such things. Nor, indeed, should we stop at giving breathing places to crowded multitudes in great towns. To provide cheap locomotion as a means of social improvement, should be ever in the minds of legislators and other influential persons. Blunders in legislating about railroads, and absurd expenditure in making them, are far greater public detriment than they may seem at first sight. Again, without interfering too much, or attempting to force a 'Book of Sports' upon the people, who, in that case would be *resolutely dull* and lugubrious, the benevolent employer of labour might exert himself in many ways to encourage healthful and instructive amusements amongst his men. He might give prizes for athletic excellence or skill. He might aid in establishing zoological gardens or music meetings, or exhibitions of pictures, or mechanics' institutes. These are things in which some of the great employers of labour have already set him the example. Let him remember how much his workpeople are deprived of by being almost confined to one spot; and let him be the more anxious to enlarge their minds by inducing them to take interest in any thing which may prevent the 'ignorant present,' and its low cares, from absorbing all their attention. He has very likely some pursuit, or some art, in which he takes especial pleasure himself, and which gives to his leisure, perhaps, its greatest charm: he may be sure there are many of his people who could be made to share in some degree that pleasure, or pursuit, with him. It is a large, a sure, and certainly a most pleasurable beneficence, to provide for the poor such opportunities of recreation, or means of amusement, as I have mentioned above. Neither can it be set down as at all a trifling matter. Depend upon it, that man has not made any great progress in humanity who does not care for the leisure hours and amusements of his fellow-men."—pp. 92—95.

The suggestions on the subject of education are followed by a section—certainly the most important in the volume—entitled "The Workman's Home." Think of all that is expressed by that word "home"—and estimate the delicacy and truth of feeling

which suggests to the author the use of this happy word, home, and which makes him throughout this section speak of the comforts and blessings which the very word is sure to suggest.

• A builder would have spoken of the houses or cottages—a mere utilitarian of the dwellings of the labourer. They know little of the power of language, who do not feel all the appropriateness of the true English word, home. It has been said that this word, and the word “comfort,” have no equivalent in any other language. ‘To say this would be little, as we believe the assertion to be true of almost any word whatever, even of those used to express natural, and what would seem unchangeable, relations; but the meaning of those who thus expressed themselves was probably this, that the feeling connected with the words was so peculiar to the natives of England, as to have it actually impossible to express it by any form of words derived from the language of other countries—perhaps, too, there was in their minds the accompanying thought, that domestic civilization was understood and felt by the English alone. On the creation of the feelings expressed in the words home and comfort, but chiefly in the first of these words, depend the character, nay, the very nature—shall we not say so?—of man. Our very humanity seems to depend on the feeling. We are not disposed at present to take any illustrations from the Nomad tribes, or from the circumstances either of savage or barbarian life. A less deceptive way of considering the subject is to look around us on the pictures of wretchedness which even in the most favoured parts of these islands, are every where to be found. Consider for a moment the difference between the dweller in some sordid hovel, and the man accustomed to the decencies of life. In the first case, self-respect, the parent or the nurse of every human virtue, if not altogether extinct, is yet wounded, and scarce able to live. A sentence, which we have before quoted from this volume, written in a very affectionate spirit, which urges the fitness of instructing the poor in some manual art, the effect of which may afterwards re-appear in the embellishment of their habitations, will at once lead us to feel that the man, fa-

miliar with the thought of neatnesses of furniture and dress, is, even because of these tastes, likely to become a prudent man. He will feel it not so much a question of personal comfort, as of the degradation of man's nature, to live in the sort of wretchedness in which the savage would, were it not for the imperious calls of mere animal appetites, dream out his beastly existence. In Ireland we have seldom been more affected than in going into a poor tradesman's cottage where every thing looked singularly clean and neat. On entering into conversation with the woman of the house, we were told by her of the exceeding distress and discomfort of every kind in which her family had lived, owing to her husband's continual drunkenness, and of the entire change created by his having given up the whiskey shop. “He has his home to come to now in the evenings,” was her expression. This was in the early days of the great reform effected by one good man. In this case, as in others, the comfortable home which, when his wages ceased to go for whiskey, the poor man's wife was enabled to create for him, completed the work which Father Mathew had begun. “If civilization,” says our author, “does not show itself in a man's home, where else is it likely to take much root with him? Make his home comfortable, and you do more towards making him a steady and careful citizen, than you could by any other means.”

It is nonsense to say that this can be done by the poor for themselves. Their houses are built not by themselves, but for them by their employers. Our author urges that a better class of houses should be built, and that structural arrangements often extending to a whole street, as, for instance, in the case of drainage, and in which, even when they are confined to single houses, the actual occupant of the house cannot almost by possibility effectively interfere, should be provided for by the legislature—in some cases by compulsory enactment, in others that discretionary powers should be more extensively given than at present, to local authorities. Extracts of several parliamentary reports are given—some of the most fearful interest. From the Hand-loom Weavers' Report of 1842, we transcribe an important sentence:—

"The man who dines for £6, and clothes himself during the year for £5, is probably as healthily fed, and as healthily clad, as if his dinner cost two guineas a day, and his dress £200 a year. But this is not the case with respect to habitation. Every increase of accommodation, from the corner of a cellar to a mansion, renders the dwelling more healthy, and, to a considerable extent, the size and goodness of the dwelling, tends to render its inmates more civilized."

The Sanitary Report tells us, that "the annual slaughter in England and Wales from preventible causes of Typhus, which attacks persons in the vigour of life, appears to be double the amount of what was suffered by the allied armies in the battle of Waterloo." The Hand-loom Weavers' Report of 1841, states, in the year 1838, a variation of the annual mortality in different districts of the metropolis, amounting to one hundred per cent. The comparative mortality of the unhealthy districts was traced to the presence of impurities, the want of ventilation, and the bad construction of the houses.

"It appears," says Dr. Southwood Smith, "that in many parts of Bethnal Green and Whitechapel, fever of a malignant and fatal character is always more or less prevalent. In some streets it has recently prevailed in almost every house; in some courts, in every house; and in some few instances, in every room in every house. Cases are recorded in which every member of a family has been attacked in succession, of whom in every such case several have died; some whole families have been swept away. Instances are detailed in which there have been found in one small room six persons lying ill of fever together; I have myself seen this, four in one bed, and two in another. The room of a fever patient in a small and heated apartment in London, with no perfusion of fresh air, is perfectly analogous to a standing pool in Ethiopia full of bodies of dead locusts. The poison generated in both cases is the same; the difference is merely in the degree of its potency. Nature with her burning sun, her stilled and pent-up wind, her stagnant and teeming marsh, manufactures plague on a fearful and large scale. Poverty in her hut, covered with her rags, surrounded with her filth, striving with all her might to keep out the pure air, and to increase the heat, imitates

nature but too successfully; the process and the product are the same; the only difference is in the magnitude of the result.

"But the magnitude of the result in London, if that magnitude be estimated by the numbers attacked, is not slight. From returns received from the Bethnal Green and Whitechapel Unions it appears that during the last year there occurred of fever cases,

"In Bethnal Green Union, 2,084

"In Whitechapel Union, 2,557

"Total, 4,641."

—pp. 99, 100.

From Mr. Chadwick's report, the state of Edinburgh and Glasgow was even worse. From the Sanitary Report, the condition of large classes of tenements in the manufacturing towns of Lancashire is described. Mr. Pearson, the medical officer of the Wigan Union, tells of the prevalence of fever, which he ascribes to the filthy condition of the town. Many of the streets are unpaved, and almost covered with stagnant water, which lodges in holes, into which the inhabitants throw the refuse of all kinds of animal and vegetable matters, which, as they undergo decay, become prolific sources of malarial, rendering the atmosphere an active poison. Of the town of Stafford, there are parts without any drainage; the houses are built without any regard to ventilation, or to any thing whatever it would seem, but ensuring the greatest possible return, for the smallest outlay. The houses consist of two small rooms. The family work, in the day-time, in the room in which they sleep by night. There is no provision made for refuse dirt. It is thrown down in the front of the houses, to putrify. A part of the town of Stockport is described as consisting of forty-four houses, in two rows, and twenty-two cellars, all of the same size. The cellars, dark, damp, low, six feet between the ceiling and floor, are let out as separate dwellings. The street, between the two rows, is seven yards wide, in the centre of which is the common gutter, or, more properly, sink,—into which all refuse is thrown. It is a foot in depth. Thus, there is always a quantity of putrifying matter contaminating the air. At the end of the rows is a pool of shallow, stagnant water,

and a few yards farther, part of the town's gas works. In many of these dwellings, there are four persons in one bed.* The accounts of country districts is not more favourable. We cannot go into details; but the total absence of drainage round cottages was found to be the most general cause of the malaria prevalent in these districts at all seasons, and that often makes itself felt in malignant diseases of a contagious character, calling on the fears, for their own safety, of those who cannot be awakened in any other way to attention to these removable evils.

In 1842, there were eight thousand inhabited cellars in Liverpool—the occupants were estimated at from 35,000 to 40,000. In Great Britain, in each year, there is required an increase of 50,000 new tenements, "a number equal to that of two new towns, such as Manchester proper, which has 32,310 houses; and Birmingham, which has 27,268 houses."† Shall there be no care, on the part of the legislature, as to the building of these houses? Shall it be left altogether to the accident of individual prudence?

The extent of legislative interference is a question of considerable difficulty. Suppose the expense of building cottages materially increased by new regulations, the labouring classes may, by the increased rent of cottages, be driven to the occupation of rooms—a change, in every respect, for the worse. In an old country, already densely covered with houses, the regulations most desirable may be attended with inconvenience, such as to render it almost impossible to carry them into execution. These difficulties are felt and stated by our author; still he thinks much good may be done by some simple building regulations of a sanitary nature. Much may be done indirectly, all of which is nearly sure to be good. He suggests lowering the taxation on building materials—a proposition hardly to be disposed of without something more of information on the subject than the book gives us. Another suggestion we feel less difficulty in adopting, that of modifying the

window tax with a view to benefit the dwellings of the poor.

Mr. Biers, a witness examined before the select committee of 1842 on building regulations, says that he was in the habit of putting in each building, as erected, what are called lancet-lights, for ventilating cellars and larders. These being for parts of the house not occupied as dwelling apartments, were not charged for; but a more stringent survey included all such lights, and charged them as windows. The consequence was, that in the houses already built, these necessary openings for ventilation were stopped up, and none placed in the houses built after it was proved they were taxable. Here is a case in which it is probable that the tax was once never in the contemplation of the legislature. Direct injury was done to the health; and even considered as a matter of finance, the expense in all probability fell upon the state in some other form.

We feel more pleasure in the parts of the book before us, that press their duties on individuals than those which suggest plans of legislation. When the first is strongly felt, the other is sure to become unnecessary, or, where necessary, soon to follow. The difference of building a small row of cottages back to back, which it will be hard to ventilate, and which must be without the most obvious household requisites, and that of building a row of cottages, each of which will have a yard at the back, will be about twenty-two per cent on the outlay. This difference, or rather the want of thinking on the matter, has, in thousands of cases, determined the health and morality of the inmates. The greater outlay necessary for building superior cottages would be more than compensated by increased rent, or, which is the same thing, rent more regularly and securely paid. This consideration is urged by our author, who, however, gives full credit to the proprietors of the land on which cottages are built, and to the owners of the capital expended in building, for views of benevolence which might interfere with their seeking to make, in all cases, the most of their property, in the hope that build-

* Mr. Bayner's Report.

† Sanitary Report.

ing a better class of houses for the poor may not end in an isolated act of benevolence, but may indicate a mode of employing capital likely to be followed by others. Then follow a few words on the allotment system. It has been tried at Leeds by Mr. Marshall and Mr. Gott. It has, too, been recently tried in the manufacturing districts to ascertain its results. Our author anticipates from it, to the working man himself, an additional means of support. It would tend to endear home to the working man—it would provide a pleasing change of employment for him in good times—it would not render him so listless when out of work—and it would give him an additional topic of conversation, and an interest in various things which he might never otherwise have felt the least concern for.

"Moreover, it amuses and occupies the little ones in a family, and it leaves less temptation for parents to employ children too early in factories or workshops, when they can find something else for them to do which may be profitable. In this respect, indeed, any improvement in domestic comfort, or any additional domestic pursuit, is likely to be beneficial, as it enlarges the sphere of household duties, and creates more reasons for the wife and children being left home.

"Again, as there is hard labour to be done in a garden, this allotment system might occasionally prevent the sense of an almost unnatural dependence being so much exhibited, or felt, when the children are employed in some factory and the grown-up people are not. This is one of the greatest evils that at present attend the state of manufactures. Some of the advantages which I have reckoned above, as likely to be connected with the allotment system, are trifling things; but small impulses, all tending one way, may lead to great results. The main objection which, I suppose, will be taken, is that to make allotments in crowded districts is scarcely practicable. Some beginning, however, has been made at a place so crowded as Leeds, and at any rate, in any future building arrangements, room might be left for allotments of land, which would also secure many advantages with respect to the sanitary condition of the people. It may be remarked, too, that any manufacturer, who possessed cottages with allotments to them, would have an easy mode of rewarding good behaviour. Such cottages would be eagerly sought after by the men, and might be

given, in preference, to those of good character.

"Is all this romantic? Is it inevitable, that the suburbs of a manufacturing town must consist of dense masses of squalid habitations, unblest by a proper supply of air, light, or water; undrained, uncleaned, and unswept; enjoying only that portion of civilization which the presence of the police declares, and presenting a scene which the better orders hurry by with disgust? Or, on the contrary, may we not, without giving ourselves up to Utopian dreams, imagine that we might enter the busy resorts of traffic through extensive suburbs consisting of cottages with their bits of land; and see, as we come along, symptoms every where around of housewifely occupations, and of homes which their humble owners might often think of with pleasure during their day's labour, looking forward to their return at evening with delight? The richer classes, even those low down in the scale of wealth, mostly struggle to secure some portion of country air for themselves: surely they might do their best to provide for the working man something like a change from the atmosphere of the factory, or workshop, in which he must pass the greatest part of his day throughout the whole year.

"Against what I have said above, it may be urged that it would prevent the workman from living near his work. In many cases this may be an inconvenience, but I do not imagine that, in general, it can be proved to be an insurmountable, or even a very serious, objection."—pp. 119-122.

The effort to abridge this volume is doing it great injustice; and in no part do we feel this so much as in what he says of the town where great manufactures are carried on. To improve and embellish it ought to be one of the objects of the great manufacturer. The place where he resides, and where his business is carried on, is surely to be regarded as a part of his house, and should be contemplated with a home affection. The feeling, against which our author would contend, is that which makes the employer of labour think of some scene distinct from that in which his works are, as more properly his home than the town in which they are carried on. Did he think of the town as a part of his home, he would feel interest in the erection of churches, hospitals, buildings for the display of works of art, and all that tended to elevate the sentiments or improve the

condition of his men. Public baths and public walks for the recreation of the inhabitants would claim his attention. Loan societies, too, as a means of assisting the provident, and not as one of the forms in which improvidence is prolonged, or, by the exaction of usurious interest, is punished. The beauty of towns will, among other and better reasons, be regarded by him as one of the means of attracting to them the wealthier classes.

It is hard to pass to details; but among evils easily removed he regards smoke as one. Mr. Cubitt's, the great builder's, evidence on the subject, before the sanitary committee, is quoted. Competition drives the manufactories to work as cheaply as they can. A man gets up a steam-engine, and sends out an immense quantity of smoke;—perhaps he creates a great deal of foul and bad gas: that is all let loose. Where his returns are one thousand pounds a month, if he would spend five pounds more, he would make that completely harmless. He works as cheaply as he can, and the public suffer beyond all calculation. Here, surely, supposing the manufacturer's calculation perfectly just, and that such a saving can be effected by poisoning a neighbourhood, the interference of the legislature, to save the public a charge which falls upon them many thousand fold, is absolutely called for; but the calculation of the manufacturer is founded in mistake, and he is a loser by his mismanagement. The evidence of Mr. Ewart, admiralty inspector of machinery at Woolwich, who was examined by the same committee, is, that if the fire be properly managed, there will be a saving of fuel. The extent of smoke denotes the extent to which combustion is incomplete. The West Middlesex Water Company, by diminishing the smoke of their furnaces, save one thousand pounds a-year.

The state of sewerage, the imperfect supply of water, and other circumstances connected with ventilation, are next examined. In reply to the argument that many or most of these evils are referrible to this being an old country, the necessary consequences of our dense and over-crowded population, and the circumstances of property in such a country as England, evidence is given of things being just as bad in New York. The inference is, that these

are matters which cannot safely be left to people themselves. The legislature ought to take care of matters so essential to the health of all. The fact that ill health is connected with imperfect drainage and want of ventilation, well established as it is, and almost obvious as it appears when pointed out, is an inference of scientific research. The structural arrangements which would guard against such evils cannot be safely left to the people themselves.

Social intercourse between different classes of society is dwelt upon as among the best means of improving the humbler classes. To what the author says, we would only add, what perhaps is implied, that the improvements will probably be reciprocal. The education of females for domestic life is forcibly suggested by the evidence of a sensible man, examined by one of the parliamentary committees:—

“Children during their childhood toil throughout the day, acquiring not the least domestic instruction to fit them for wives and mothers. I will name one instance, and this applies to the general condition of females doomed to, and brought up amongst, shop-work. My mother worked in a manufactory from a very early age. She was clever and industrious; and, moreover, she had the reputation of being virtuous. She was regarded as an excellent match for a working man. She was married. She became the mother of eleven children; I am the eldest. To the best of her ability she performed the important duties of a wife and mother. She was lamentably deficient in domestic knowledge. In that most important of all human instruction, how to make the home and the fireside to possess a charm for her husband and children, she had never received one single lesson. She had children apace. As she recovered from her lying-in, so she went to work, the babe being brought to her at stated times to receive nourishment. As the family increased, so any thing like comfort disappeared altogether. The power to make home cheerful and comfortable was never given to her. She knew not the value of cherishing in my father's mind a love of domestic objects. Not one moment's happiness did I ever see under my father's roof. All this dismal state of things I can distinctly trace to the entire and perfect absence of all training and instruction to my mother. He became intemperate, and his intemperance made her necessitous. She made many efforts to abstain from shop-

work; but her pecuniary necessities forced her back into the shop. The family was large, and every moment was required at home. I have known her, after the close of a hard day's work, sit up nearly all night for several nights together washing and mending of clothes. My father could have no comfort here. These domestic obligations, which in a well-regulated house (even in that of a working man, where there are prudence and good management) would be done so as not to annoy the husband, to my father were a source of annoyance; and he, from an ignorant and mistaken notion, sought comfort in an alehouse.

"My mother's ignorance of household duties; my father's consequent irritability and intemperance; the frightful poverty; the constant quarrelling; the pernicious example to my brothers and sisters; the bad effect upon the future conduct of my brothers; one and all of us being forced out to work so young that our feeble earnings would produce only one shilling a week; cold and hunger, and the innumerable sufferings of my childhood, crowd upon my mind and overpower me. They keep alive a deep anxiety for the emancipation of the thousands of families, in this great town and neighbourhood, who are in a similar state of horrible misery. My own experience tells me that the instruction of the females in the work of a house, in teaching them to produce cheerfulness and comfort at the fireside, would prevent a great amount of misery and crime. ~~There would be fewer drunken husbands and disobedient children.~~ As a working man, within my own observation, female education is disgracefully neglected. I attach more importance to it than to any thing else."—pp. 144, 145.

Education is enforced, by exhibiting from Dr. Cooke Taylor's "Tour in the Manufacturing Districts" statistical tables, showing the degree of instruction, age, and sex of the persons tried and convicted in Manchester, in the year 1841. They show that a very small degree of instruction leads to the prevention of crime; but this is so obvious, that we own we feel distrust of sustaining it by evidence of the kind, and think that the tables might have been better omitted.

We have now done what we proposed. What we have said, and the extracts which we have given, will, we

trust, do something to introduce this volume to some, into whose hands it has not yet come. It is impossible that any one can read it without learning much of the good which it is so easy to do—which, alas! it is also so easy to leave undone. In the world, perhaps, there is not a spot where more can be done by any one individual than in this Ireland of ours.* We do not mean to discourage far-reaching speculation, or to think lightly of any one movement for either the physical or the moral amelioration of our people—but is there one of our readers who may not himself, at once, and without delaying for the doubtful participation of others, add almost infinitely to the happiness of those around him, by acting in the feeling that he and they are the children of the same parent? This first great truth, which, stated in words, seems to be but a truism, is, in act, all but universally denied. The most fearful sign of the times in which we live is the increasing alienation of the classes of society. This can alone be removed by the belief, which will not be slow of growth, where it ought to grow at all, that the feeling of friendly brotherhood does in reality exist—that masters think not of themselves, compared with their workmen, as an exclusive and privileged order of beings, but as man and man. Confidence will soon grow up. It will be felt by the labouring man, when he sees the employer of labour occupied in providing for his workmen's comforts, as his duty and his delight, that such employer is his friend, and the prosperity of such a man will form a part of the pride and happiness of every person in his establishment. Books, such as we have been reading, may or may not be adequate expressions of the feeling in which they originate, but they are evidence to all of the existence of such feelings; and we cannot despair of true kindness of feeling arising among the different classes of society, when such works prove to the persons employed in operative labour how deeply the consideration of their comforts interests their employers.

A.

* See Dr. Kane's "Industrial Resources of Ireland," the most useful book ever published on Ireland. See also Mr. Naper of Loughcrew's "Suggestions for the more scientific and general Employment of Agricultural Labourers," 1844. We look with much anxiety for the Report of Lord Devon's Commission.

SKETCHES FROM THE ANTIQUE—FOURTH AND CONCLUDING SERIES.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

NIOBE.

Upon the mountain's ample brow
 The mother with her children stands ;
 They gaze upon the scene below,
 The rocky wastes, the cultured lands.
 Young eyes delighted, wander wide
 O'er hill, and dale, and orchard fair ;
Hers hath a more concentrate pride ;
 Her treasures are beside her there.

From babyhood to youth's bright glow,
 From infant's grace to woman's charms,
 She sees them gambol round her now,
 The youngest nestling in her arms.
 Forgive her, Gods ! if mother love
 Hath swelled too near immortal pride ;—
 Forgive her, if your joys above
 She hath disparaged or decried.

Unshadowed yet by cares or fears,
 That morning on the rocky mount,
 Seven hardy boys of varying years,
 Seven lovely girls her heart can count.
 She does not mark the rising cloud
 Afar the horizon's light deform ;
 She dreams not that its murky shroud
 Veileth for her a fatal storm.

It glooms, it bursts, a tempest wild ;—
 The frightened shepherds of the plain
 Thought not of such this morning mild,
 Such sudden storm, such bursting rain.
 To them 'tis but a fearful hour
 Of summer thunder ; but that stir
 The matron knows enfolds the power
 Of vengeful gods, let loose on her.

What others deem the lightning's flash,
 In fiery arrows round her flies—
 She heareth in the thunder-crash
 The laugh of mocking deities ;
 And round her falls that clustering group,
 Like leaves shorn sudden by the wind ;
 She cannot shriek—she scarce can stoop
 To such o'erwhelming woe her mind.

But when the infant near her heart
 Dies with a low convulsive wail,
 Then do her arms asunder start—
 Then back she rends her flowing veil.

"One arrow more ! one other dart
 "In mercy through this naked breast !
 "So with the loved shall I depart,
 "And sudden grief have sudden rest."

It may not be, and still she stands
 Amidst her fallen hopes alone,
 With streaming eyes and clasping hands,
 Already stiffening into stone.
 Days pass, the dead are borne away,
 An honoured grave at last to fill :
 She followeth not the precious clay—
 The changed stands wildly weeping still.

Go to the mountain when the light
 Of the full sunshine streameth down,
 A rocky pillar meets your sight,
 A rivulet trickling from its crown ;
 But in the twilight, or the beam
 Of mellowing moonlight, ye shall see,
 As through the shadowing of a dream,
 This is the stricken Niobe.

THE FLIGHT OF DÆDALUS AND ICARUS.

In the mazy labyrinth which his own design had planted,
 Suffering for the evil deeds by his connivance done,
 Like some weird magician kept within a cell enchanted,
 Captive lay the cunning Greek, companioned by his son.

Destined for their prison was a small and curious chamber,
 Seven-sided, seven doors, and seven windows round ;
 Yet in vain the captives to each window-niche might clamber,
 Which would open with hinge and latch was scarcely to be found.

Even to the builder of that labyrinth surprising,
 The entrances and windings his cunning skill surpassed ;
 Only by their watching of the bright sun at his rising,
 And marking how his beams went round they found the way at last.

Yet with dauntless brow, and a courage never shaken,
 Dædalus the sire kept still entrenched his heart,
 Never did so vigorously his scheming spirit waken,
 As when so loudly called upon to exercise his art.

Pondering on his hopes and fears, with brows all sternly knitted,
 For hours and hours, his teeming brain gave birth to many a shape ;
 Images of liberty, of watchful guards outwitted,
 And all the plans that seemed to give a promise of escape.

But Icarus, the guiltless son, with head all sadly stooping,
 On his hand his pallid cheek, would sit the livelong day,
 In the prison labyrinth too long inactive drooping,
 Longing for the woods, and hills, and waters far away.

If he roused a moment, 'twas to climb unto the casement,
Drinking in the prospect of the rocks and distant sea ;
Then to turn again with looks of sorrowful amazement,
That even his soul, one moment, could go forth so glad and free.

They are framed, those curious wings, unquestioned and unhidden,
All the means of speedy flight are thus at last secured—
Icarus can scarcely keep his joy's o'erflowing hidden ;
Dædalus knows well how much hath yet to be endured.

'Tis the earliest, greyest dawn—the island yet is folded
Deep in slumber ; even the guards sleep soundly at the doors ;
Now are fixed those wondrous wings, so marvellously moulded,
And from the open window now their venturous framer soars.

And taking courage from his flight through the untroubled ether,
The hesitating son unfolds his buoyant pinions too ;
Forth the fugitives have fared triumphantly together,
Marvelling how well they cleave that tideless ocean through.

Higher still and higher have the freed-from-bondage risen,
Taking courage as they hold unchecked their onward flight ;
Now a speck amidst the hills appears their hated prison—
Now amidst the distant haze hath vanished from their sight.

Still the early clouds of mist lie white around the mountains,
Scarce the freshening breath of morn the slumbering forest thrills—
Nought disturbs the eternal sound of ever-gushing fountains,
And the morning star beholds her image in the rills.

O'er the spicy myrtle groves a brooding scent is floating,
Of incense that through night's still hours from their recesses creeps—
On the blue Ægean specks are here and there denoting
Where rocking in his anchored bark the weary fisher sleeps.

And o'er that blue Ægean, despite its vast dangers,
The fearless voyagers hurry on, on wings that never flag ;
While the sea-eagle, curious, sweeps in circles round the strangers,
Then screaming dashes downwards to his eyrie on the crag.

Upwards glides the round red sun above the eastern billows,
'Turning to gold the horizon's rim and heaving main beneath ;
And greeting eyes of ocean nymphs upflashing from their pillows,
Make the waves glitter as at noon, when sweeps the zephyr's breath.

Not a mist or cloud is left to promise shade or shower—
Pilgrims of the air to you such shadow were a boon ;
Onward with your utmost speed before the sun hath power !
Wings like yours have cause to dread the burning test of noon.

Now the distant shores of Crete fade to a cloud behind them ;
Faintly outlined far before another country lies,
There a refuge and a home, the fugitives may find them,
'Midst the clustering vineyards, and beneath the cloudless skies.

As the racer to the goal, the father onward presses,
Nor sees, at first, less cheerily his comrade keeps his way ;
It is not that a feeble heart the gentle youth possesses,
'Tis no capricious lingering that causeth this delay.

But a thousand sudden fears have risen to assail him,
 As the hot radiance of the sun more hotly pours around;
 Already he begins to feel those wings untimely fail him—
 Already casts an eye of dread down to the blue profound.

Ah! no groundless fears are these; already those false pinions
 Slide away, and downward dives the victim to the wave,
 Caught perchance by ocean-nymphs to Neptune's own dominions,
 But never seen to rise again above that crystal grave.

Vainly in Italia's land the father builds an altar
 To the great Apollo's name, that wondering crowds admire;
 Still he sees that graceful youth on faithless pinions falter—
 Still their waxen sinews melt before the day-god's fire.

Vainly in Sicilian courts the artist wise is cherished
 For the busy marvels wrought by active hand and brain—
 Still his soul regretfully remembers him who perished
 In the 'whelming waters of the blue Ægean main.

ACHILLES CONTEMPLATING THE CORPSE OF PENTHESILEA.

They have lifted up the dead,
 From the gory battle-field;
 Raised is her graceful head,
 And pillowed on her shield.
 The helmet is unlaced,
 That pressed upon her brow;
 And down, even to her rounded waist,
 The unprisoned tresses flow.

Of the strong, but snowy hand,
 The fingers they unclasp;
 They have loosed the broken brand,
 That filled its stiffening grasp.
 And the corslet on her breast,
 Whence slow the dark blood flows,
 As if she felt how hard it pressed,
 They carefully uncloze.

The spasm of the pain,
 That wrung the suffering clay
 At the moment she was slain,
 From her face hath passed away.
 But that those features still,
 One sole expression keep,
 You might think, unscared by dreams of ill,
 The maiden doth but sleep!

Leaning upon his sword,
 With both his bloody hands,
 The battle's fiery lord,
 The bold Achilles stands.

'Twas he who laid her low ;
 Like lightning through the storm,
 His flashing falchion gave the blow,
 That marred her peerless form.

Before her beauty's power,
 He feels his heart relent ;
 His crime, within the hour,
 Hath brought its punishment.
 Whilst pity, love, despair,
 All sudden, o'er him swept,
 Above that corse of beauty rare
 The conquering hero wept.

" Oh, this had not been so,"
 The heart-struck victor cried,
 " If thou, one hour ago,
 " Hadst thine harness laid aside !
 " More powerful than thine arms,
 " Thy beauty had been seen,
 " And vanquished only by thy charms,
 " Thy captive I had been !

" Take from her helm and crest,
 " Bind up that fallen hair ;
 " And, on her bleeding breast,
 " Compose her fingers fair !
 " Thou more than shield or spear
 " From a warrior's heart hath won ;
 " For thou hast brought from its depths a tear,
 " O matchless Amazon !"

CUPID'S VISIT TO THE FORGE OF VULCAN.

Beneath the steepy mountain, with its mantling veil of snow,
 And belt of everlasting pines, he sees the furnace glow ;
 He hears a distant murmur, like the sound of rolling waves,
 That rush upon a rocky beach, and search its secret caves ;
 He hath left the rosy bowers where his smiling mother dwells,
 And all for sport that he may see his father's gloomy cells—
 The caverns where, by night and day, still sounds the loud turmoil,
 And where without or stop or stay the swarthy Cyclops toil.

His glossy hair hangs clustering above his laughing eyes,
 Where the concentrated radiance of the summer noon-day lies ;
 His rosy lip is archly curled, dimpled his cheek with mirth,
 And his warm, plummy wings are furled as he glides along the earth ;
 And though so rugged is his path, strewn with sharp stone and thorn,
 Though naked, his immortal feet can travel on untorn,
 And the hot vapour, hovering round with pestilential breath,
 Bears to his guarded pulse no blight of sickness or of death.

He pauses by the lofty arch whence smoke comes circling forth,
 An entrance that was never found by ought of mortal birth ;
 He hears the ringing of the strokes that on the anvil fall,
 He hears the swart slave's shouting, and his father's louder call ;

As lightly as a graceful bird would o'er the ocean dip,
He steals on tiptoe forward, with his finger on his lip ;
Ah ! needless is the caution, for an army rushing in
Would scarcely have its trampling heard above that deafening din.

Oh ! the roar of that stupendous forge was louder than the blast
That rendeth down the forest trees, as it sweeps all conquering past :
Oh ! the clangour of the hammers at every ponderous stroke,
Was heavier than the thundering fall of some primeval oak.
Only the mighty walls around unshaken ; could sustain
The echo of that mingled sound, and fling it back again ;
Only in *Ætna's* ancient caves such uproar could ascend,
Nor out into the upper air a sudden pathway rend.

And yet in measured time each stroke fell on the heated bar,
And thus, like giant music, broke upon the ear afar ;
And every glittering shower of sparks the hammers brought to life
Showed how the walls were hung with arms, for safety or for strife,
And lighted up each grimy brow, and the fiery eye that shone
Beneath it ; for each sinewy smith was furnished but with one,
But that was like the flashing star, whose fierce incessant glare
Shines all the night supremely bright, when summer fills the air.

And now, amidst those workmen grim, the venturous pilgrim stands,
Unseen, 'till his soft fingers press his father's sturdy hands ;
The uplifted hammers fall not—the sounding blows are hushed,
Only the forge-blast rushes on, as ever it hath rushed ;
Each eye on the intruder turns, unknown to all save one,
And he, half proud, half angry, turns in wonder to his son ;
Then in a voice, where father-love subdued the tone severe,
" How now," he cries, " pert urchin ?—my child, what brings thee here ?"

" Borne on the breath of whispering winds, and of the murmuring waves,
I heard a tale of treasures kept within my father's caves :
" I heard of shields of matchless proof, like that to Pluto given,
" I heard of javelins, by whose power rocks are asunder riven ;
" I heard of sceptres powerful as that vast trident wrought
" For Neptune on his ocean-throne ; and here I have been taught,
" Oh ! my dread father, that ye forge the thunderbolts of Jove :
" I want to prove against them all a weapon framed by Love."

In mute astonishment all gazed on the intruder bold,
But from his quiver forth he drew a slender dart of gold ;
And while a half-contemptuous laugh around was heard to ring,
He took his bow, and fitted it, still smiling, to the string ;
And while they wondered much to see his fearlessness of proof,
He aimed it at a polished shield suspended from the roof ;
Far flew the glittering fragments !—aghast the master stands,
And the wily marksman danced for glee, and clapped his dimpled hands.

So shattered he the sceptre—so shattered he the spear,
And cleft the very thunderbolts, 'till the gazers thrilled with fear ;
Then spake again his sire—" My boy, no farther need we prove
" That never armour may be forged invincible to Love.
" Go tell thy beautiful mother, of the conquests of thy dart,
" And pray that she will heal its wounds, once planted in my heart ;
" For well thou know'st I left the world her beauty doth adorn,
" To shun the sting of darts like these, barbed by her ruthless scorn !"

CANILLA.*

No silken slave of luxury—no pampered child of pride—
 And yet unto a royal house the maiden is allied ;
 No pettish airs—no regal frowns disturb her brow serene,
 And yet the nursling of the woods is destined for a queen.
 In forest haunts with merry nymphs and hardy hunters shared,
 On simple food, in simple ways, was fair Camilla reared ;
 'Neath canopies of stately trees surpassing kingly halls—
 Lulled by the music of the breeze, and birds, and waterfalls.

Tall was her graceful form—her limbs were cast in beauty's mould,
 And lustrous were her azure eyes—her hair of sunny gold ;
 And as in beauty, so in speed to none Camilla yields,
 For never foot as light as her's flew o'er the flowery fields.
 The heavy ears of ripening wheat, as o'er she passed elate,
 Bent not so much beneath her feet as by their own rich weight ;
 The waters, as o'er lake and stream she skimmed with graceful bound,
 Scarce rose above her sandals to the instep's arching round.

Even as the bee and butterfly perch lightly on the bough,
 So lightly fell her little foot upon the flowers below ;
 As scarcely ruffling ocean's breast, the sea-bird glances by
 So o'er the glassy waters did the maiden's footstep fly ;
 'To Dian's service in her youth a dedicated child,
 Ah, had she ever thus been left to flourish in the wild,
 In harmless warfare had she ranged the forest far and wide,
 And victor but in sylvan sports, had happy lived and died.

But she is decked in royal robes, and throned, and honoured now,
 Though heavily sometimes she feels the circlet press her brow ;
 And she must lead to hostile realms an armed and dauntless band,
 And woe for those who chance to come near her own conquering brand !
 Alas that death so suddenly hath crushed that fearless heart !
 That Aruns there should find a mark for his ignoble dart !
 But Dian loves her votary still, although so long estranged,
 And by the huntress goddess is the fallen queen avenged !

HYMN TO MORIS.†

Daughter of endless Night !
 Mysterious offspring of mysterious shade,
 Who meet'st not mortal sight
 In any imaged form of flesh arrayed ;
 We build a temple here,
 But in what shape shall we thy power enshrine ?
 What image shall we rear,
 That our bowed hearts may venerate as thine ?

* Queen of the Volsci, and celebrated for the speed and lightness of her foot. She was reared in the woods, and dedicated to Diana, but afterwards ascended the throne, and, after engaging in several successful battles, was slain by a soldier named Aruns, who, in revenge, was killed by Diana.

† The ancient goddess of death.

Through every day and hour
Thine acts are manifest—thy work is done ;
Earth thrills beneath thy power,
Alike 'midst winter storm or summer sun.
Still is thy message sent—
Still from thy viewless hand shoots many a dart ;
Nor hath thy mother lent
One of her stars to show us what thou art.

The goddess of the dawn
Sheds her bright smile upon the eastern hills,
Whilst on the grassy lawn
The wakeful shepherds watch by peaceful rills.
The goddess of the flowers
Leaves her soft breath upon the balmy wind,
Or, from the rosy bowers,
Looks laughing forth upon the busy hind.

The huntress goddess flies
With buskined feet along the mountain's breast,*
Startling the heavy eyes
Of the tired hunter from his midnight rest.
But thou, who dost possess
A power more dread, more universal sway,
All vague and bodiless,
Hauntest all living things by night and day.

We look for thee in vain,
In the dim twilight, where all shadows rise,
Upon the spacious plain,
Or darkly hovering between earth and skies ;
Or 'midst the leafy shades
Of the thick forests when the moon is low ;
But whilst thy rule pervades
All things, thy deeds are all of these we know.

To other deities
We bring our offerings, chosen each with care ;
But thou hast sacrifice
Of every kind, and taken every where.
Well, goddess, might'st thou laugh
At our poor gifts of herds, or corn, or wine,
Who life's best springs dost quaff,
And when thou wilt, canst make all nature thine.

Strange thoughts will sometimes steal
Into our bosoms when we think of thee ;
Strange doubts we might reveal,
If that such doubts were not impiety.
What if thou only art
An emanation from a power supreme !
But a dependent part
Of some great whole—some universal scheme !

What if from some deep source
Of wisdom and benevolence shall flow
Events in every course,
Of death and life—of happiness and woe !
Pause, oh ! presumptuous thought ;
Already dost thou take too wild a flight ;—
Bow, as thou hast been taught,
Before th' unseen, though mighty, child of Night !

ROBERT BURNS.

First Article.

LITERARY censors have long taken a distempered pleasure in trying to terrify our intellectual youth from the pursuit of poetry. Not the most hapless children of the wretched, say they—

"Not beggar's brat, on bulk begot,
Nor offspring of a pedlar *Scot*,
Nor boys brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of bridewell, or the stews,—
Are so disqualified by fate,
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he, whom Pæcebus, in his ire,
Hath blasted with poetic fire."

And, among the multitude of examples for ever in their mouths, of penury pursuing the footsteps, and disappointment corroding the minds of men of poetic genius, there is no name oftener dragged up, with all its dreadful accompaniments of want, drunkenness, and self-torture, than that of Robert Burns.

Swift, whose bitter words we have quoted, had really no belief in what he wrote, beyond that sort of scornful eredit which a witty man will give to the grotesque creations of his own humour. He knew, as well as any man, the privileges and rewards of the poet; but there are conventional subjects of affected bitterness among the satirists, just as there are of affected admiration among the panegyrists; and the lot of the poet has been a theme for forced pity ever since the appetite for scurrility raised satire to a permanent place in literature. Swift's lines, of course, have no reference to Burns, who, probably, was not born at the time of their composition; but they carry on their front the mark of that contempt and hatred for Scotland and the Scottish people, which, just before the generation of Burns, flowed in a torrent of obloquy from so many of the ablest pens of the age—and out of which, under God, it was Robert Burns' sincere and generous eloquence, speaking in melodious strains of love, and hope, and courage, that first raised his drooping country, and in the proud position which she has ever since maintained, still crowns her with the

freshest, and perhaps the most enduring, of all the intellectual wreaths yet won for her by her children.

Men, much too readily, adopt as maxims the sententious epigrams of wit; and where "*Scot*," for a whole century, had been made the rhyme and catch-word of every thing that was tersely sarcastic, pungent, and ridiculous, as well as of much that was admirably provocative of contempt and dislike—it speaks more wonderfully than perhaps any other instance of the power of song, since fabulous times, that, mainly through the instrumentality of that literary genius evoked by Burns, a single half-century should have seen such feelings totally dispelled, and their places occupied by a sincere esteem and generous admiration. We who, in Ireland, occasionally smart under the petulance of our small metropolitan wits, so powerless in comparison with the satirists of the reigns of Anne and the First and Second Georges, ought to draw a lesson of patience and courageous hope from the example. Our Poet has not yet arisen. Many eyes, and many eager, affectionate hearts were once turned to Moore, in the hope that, at last, the hour had come, and the man; but taste sickened, and freedom dropt a tear, when we saw the ingenuous muse of the *Melodies* apprentice himself to the vile arts of a lying and spiteful theology. The noble utterance was stopped, and the national hope crushed back to its sources. But let us sing "*Craigstown's* growing," and cherish our hope in the language of our encouragers:—

"Oh, Lady Mary Anne looked o'er the
castle wa',
She saw three bonny boys playing at
the ba',
And the youngest, he was the flower
o' them a'.
O! my bonny laddie's young, but he's
growing yet!"

God, to the contemplative man, gives few more signal encouragements to virtue, than the power with which he has invested the words of the poet, speaking the sincere utterances of the

soul, in allaying the splenetic heats of faction, and even in composing the bitter objurgations of theology. Where almost an angel from heaven would be disregarded in the obloquy and clamour of party or sectarian warfare, if a true poet arise, and speak according to his mission, he will undoubtedly be heard—even, as in old times, the bard could put an end to the battles of the Gauls, by shaking his chain of silence between the hosts. That such a man will some day arise among us, as Burns, sixty years since, arose among the Scotch—or as Beranger, in our own generation, has arisen among the Parisians—it is as reasonable, as it is consolatory and cheering, to expect; for, perhaps, no where in the world have so great a multitude of men, at any one time, been set thinking and striving to express great thoughts, as among ourselves, during the very year in which we write; and of the various manifestations of poetic genius with which the past exciting period has been rife, those to which alone the public admiration has fully responded, have been such as expressed generous and noble sentiments; while any pieces affecting the satirical and denunciatory vein so much in vogue a century ago, have met with no commendation beyond the suspicious applause of the devotees. In London, on the contrary, a frivolous and ill-conditioned sort of badinage has sprung into popularity, hardly energetic enough to be deemed satire, yet, too petulant to pass for railery—a sure sign of decaying taste, and of an unhealthy morality.

The Scotch, for much of the severity which they experienced at the hands of the wits of Queen Anne's and the two succeeding reigns, had mainly to thank the offensive extravagancies of their clergy. The "Tale of a Tub" was written, as much for the ridicule of Jack, as for the censure of Peter; and had it not been for the arrogant pretensions of the Presbyterians in the latter parliaments of Anne, we, probably, would never have heard of the loaf forced down Martin's throat, in lieu of a shoulder of mutton—or of the supernumerary tags to my Lord Peter's small-clothes. In the history of John Bull, the same feeling breaks out in the derogatory character of Peg, and in Jack's antics,

insanity, and suicide—while throughout his verse satires, Swift never misses an opportunity of avenging his polemical quarrel on the beggarliness, the dirtiness, and the selfishness of the Scotch people.

Johnson, a man of too candid a magnanimity to exaggerate in any thing, did not affect to conceal, speaking of their pretensions to learning, an opinion, perhaps more damaging, in consequence of its measured impartiality, than the severest sarcasms of those who denied the obnoxious race all credit for either civility or knowledge. "Men bred there," says he, speaking of their universities, "cannot be expected to be often decorated with the splendours of ornamental erudition; but they obtain a mediocrity of knowledge, between learning and ignorance, not inadequate to the purposes of common life, which is very widely diffused among them, and which, countenanced in general by a combination so invidious that their friends cannot defend it, and actuated in particulars by a spirit of enterprise so vigorous that their enemies are constrained to praise it, enables them to find, or make their way to employment, riches, and distinction."

Wilkes's hostility to the administration of Lord Bute, not only revived in the pages of the anomalously-named North Briton, the old labels of the time of Elizabeth, but let loose on the devoted countrymen of the Tory premier the whole ferocious energy of Churchill, whose mind had so thoroughly contracted the habits of the bully, that he never assails an enemy of his own with half the fury that possesses him when espousing the personal or political quarrels of his friend. Nothing but the exhaustion of a desolating war could have kept the Scotch quiet, under the sting of Churchill's Prophecy of Famine: nothing but the utmost brutality could have dictated so cruel a libel. Yet, the introductory part of it is little worse than some of Swift's, satirical pictures of the coarseness and brutishness of his own poor countrymen. May the conclusion yet be as applicable to us, as heaven, changing the words of the mocker into unexpected reality, has actually made it to those whose poverty and feebleness it was designed to aggravate!

"Long have we borne this mighty load
 of ill,
 These vile injurious taunts, and bear
 them still;
 But times of happier note are now at
 hand,
 And the full promise of a better land.
 For us, the earth shall bring forth her
 increase,
 For us the flocks shall wear a golden
 Fat barns shall yield us dainties of our
 own,
 And the grape bleed a nectar yet un-
 known.
 For us, the sun shall climb the eastern
 hill,
 For us the rains descend, the dews
 distil.
 When to our wishes nature cannot rise,
 Art shall be taxed to grant us new
 supplies.
 For us, the oak, shall from his native
 steep
 Descend, and fearless travel through the
 deep;
 The sail of commerce, for our use un-
 furled,
 Shall waft the treasures of each distant
 world;
 For us, sublimer heights shall science
 reach;
 For us, their statesmen toil—their
 churchmen preach," &c. &c.

All these bitter taunts are now
 reality; and of Churchill's libel, the
 most popular in England of all the
 pungent effusions of that era, the only
 portion that remains likely to escape
 oblivion, are the ironically-meant,
 though really reasonable, lines of ex-
 postulation which the satirist addresses
 to himself:—

"Oft have I heard thee mourn the
 wretched lot
 Of the poor, mean, despised, insulted
 Scot;
 Who, might calm reason credit idle tales
 By rancour forged, where prejudice
 prevails,
 Or starves at home—or practices
 through fear
 Of starving, arts that damn all con-
 science here.
 When scribblers, to the charge by
 interest led,
 The fierce North Briton foaming at
 their head,
 Poured fresh invectives, deaf to candour's
 call,
 And injured by one alien, railed at all;
 On northern Pisgah, when they take
 their stand,
 To mark the weakness of that Holy
 Land,

With needless truths their libels to
 adorn,
 And hang a nation up to public scorn,
 The generous soul condemns the frantic
 rage,
 And hates the faithful, but ill-natured
 page."

It kindles a good deal of indignation
 to see respectable satire engaged in the
 cruelty of running down a race of
 brave men, who had fought and bled
 for their opinions. A Russian bard,
 insulting the misfortunes of the Poles,
 would not employ his pen to a harsher
 purpose, than that of Churchill, in
 exulting over the Scottish people,
 prostrate after the battle of Culloden.
 Satire, never amiable, assumes its
 most repulsive aspect when it assails
 the weak. However it may serve as a
 vehicle for shrewd remark, and some-
 times for the terse maxims of worldly
 wisdom, this style of composition is
 precluded by its very nature from ever
 rising to a true philosophy; and, per-
 haps no other department of literature
 has furnished the material of so much
 that is unjust and imaginary, in our
 estimates of the morals of different
 states of society, as this particular
 shelf of the professed satirists. After
 all, it is but a poor ambition, to point
 only the shafts of censure, laying up
 an armoury for combative or scornful
 spirits to draw upon, for the weapons
 of ridicule, contempt, or denuncia-
 tion—but furnishing no happy thought
 for the encouragement of virtue, the
 consolation of affliction, or the increase
 or preservation of any genuine or holy
 joy. The freaks of a splenetic humour,
 and the wrathful ebullitions of scorn,
 resentment, and insensate hate, have all,
 from time to time, clad in the splendours
 of genius, passed for the just indig-
 nation of morality; for private enmity
 is almost always the motive, public
 depravity the apology, of these bitter
 spirits. Armed with whips for the
 individual backs of Titus and Sempro-
 nius, they proclaim a mission to lash
 the vices of the age—and while indulg-
 ing the animosities of personal, or na-
 tional bad blood, challenge the appro-
 bation due to a generous zeal for the
 public morals. We do not include
 Swift among these hypocritical pre-
 tenders to a public censorship. Whe-
 ther animated by just anger, blind
 fury, or mere spleen, Swift assailed
 the objects of his hatred or contempt

with proud and fearless personality, smiting his real or supposed enemies with gigantic force, and scorching up with fiery sarcasms the smaller game who crossed his path, without deigning a word of any such pharisaical excuse. But his hatreds often were unreasonable—and of them all, none more so, than this furious enmity to the Scotch. The homely dogmatism of an unlettered ministry ought not to have irritated, for it could not have surprised, a well-read divine, and experienced student of mankind. Their affectation of a morose sanctimony might have provoked an allowable railery from one, who was conscious how much the tranquillity of the church is promoted by the agreeable address of the clergy—but it could never justify that excessive ridicule, which reaches at religion itself, past the follies of its professors. At home, in the venality and servility of the then Irish parliament, his fury had a more legitimate excuse—and here, his verses are as affluent in all that can best express an honest contempt and just indignation, as those of Juvenal himself. Still the reputation of the mere satirist is not an enviable one; and we own, we would rather have written the Birthday Odes to Stella, than the Legion Club—and would rather, with John Milton, have failed in translating the little gem, “*Quis multâ gracilis*,” than boast with Gifford, a triumphant success, in making Juvenal speak all his coarsest sentiments in the purest English.

While upon the subject of the Satirists, let us for a moment assume the part of Brother Gerund, and say a word to our younger clergy, whose zeal for religion sometimes betrays them into an unconscionable use of those extravagant pictures drawn by the ancient satirists of Greek and Roman manners. Let us suppose the case our own, and that in some future state of society, it should become an object with an equally learned and influential class of teachers, to draw debasing comparisons between us and the members of some future new-light communion. Place in the hands of such men the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, the comedies of Fielding, and the satires of Churchill, and there is no enormity of Greek or Roman vice which they may not fasten on

English society since the Reformation, just as plausibly as we attach the same charges to the audiences who witnessed the *Clouds* and *Frogs* of Aristophanes, or to the literati who indulged in the perusal of Catullus. We do not believe Churchill's satire of the “*Times*,” no more do we believe Juvenal's picture of the manners of the Roman matrons. They had both the same inducement to exaggerate, strengthened in Juvenal's case by the diseased pleasure which he manifestly took in describing the vices he execrates, and without some share of which, we do not believe his translator could ever have toiled through the foul labour of his version, perfect as it is in all the proprieties of whatever is most improper. Both, as professed satirists, lay under the necessity of colouring their grotesques up to the standard vividness of earlier lampoons. The morbid appetite excited by the Rosciad would not have relished any picture of Apicius less abominable than the terrible pen of Churchill has drawn it—

“Why mourns Apicius thus—
 —his stomach palled
 And drowned in floods of sorrow? Hath
 fate called
 His father from the grave to second life?
 Hath Clodius on his hands returned his
 wife?
 Or hath the law, by strictest justice
 taught,
 Compelled him to restore the dower she
 brought?
 Hath some bold creditor against his will
 Brought in, and forced him to discharge
 a bill? &c. &c.
 No—none of these—his debts are still
 unpaid—&c. &c.
 His wife is still a —, and in his power,
 The woman gone, he still retains the
 dower:
 Sound in the grave (thanks to the filial
 caro
 That mixed the draught, and kindly sent
 him there)
 His father sleeps, and till the last trump
 shake
 The corners of the earth, will not
 awake.” . . .

And this parricide, dishonoured by his wife, this cheat, glutton, and whatever else more detestable satire has denounced on the persons of monstrous villains, is the type in Churchill's “*Times*,” of the English nobleman of the last century; just as Lausella in the Latin scold stands for the Roman

lady of the age of Tiberius. For our part, we give as little credit to the Italian, as to the English railer. "Apicius, we know, was the personal and political enemy of the one satirist. Lauffella, or Lauffella's husband, may well enough be presumed to have given cause of similar personal hostility to the other. Ingenuous young priests, and ye candid deacons, take this into account, as often as you feel tempted to flatter the self-esteem of your hearers at the expense of those who are dead and gone, and have left no one to speak a word on their behalf—except when now and again the words of eternal truth and justice fashion themselves into poetic form, in the verses of such a man as the wise and loving ploughman, whose name we have placed at the head of this paper, and who has sung even for your instruction—

"Oh, would some power the giftie gie us,

To see ourselves as others see us,
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,

And foolish notion :

What airs in gait and dress wad lee us,
And even in devotion."

Burns was a ploughman—not a menial servant, but the driver, first, of his father's, and then of his own plough—an occupation of which no man living on the earth, from which God has said, man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, need be ashamed. From the kings and sovereigns of the world, to the beggar by the way-side, all who pray for their daily bread, depend, under God, on the ploughman ; and the occupation which in former times exercised the heroic hands of Ulysses and Cincinnatus, still exists unchanged as the basis of all national and individual prosperity. All the pursuits of agriculture are in this sense heroic, being still the same with those practised in heroic times by the chiefs and sages of the early world. Mark how Ulysses glories in his skill in rural labour—

"Forbear, Eutymachus: for, were we matched

In work against each other, thou and I,
Mowing in spring-time when the days
are long ;

I with my well-bent sickle in my hand,
Thou armed with one as keen, for trial's
sake

Of our ability to toil, unfed

Till night—grass still sufficing for the
proof—

Or, if again, it were our task to drive
Yoked oxen of the noblest breed, sleek-
haired,

Big-limbed, both batted to the full
with grass,

Their age and aptitude for work the
same,

Not soon to be fatigued ; and were the
field

In size four acres, with a glebe through
which

The share might smoothly glide, thou
then shouldst see

How straight my furrow should be cut,
and true."

And mark how nobly from the
plough the warrior rises to feats of
arms, and the king to the expression
of his princely indignation :—

"Or, should Saturnian Jove, this day,
excite

Here battle, or elsewhere, and were I
armed

With two bright spears, and with a
shield, and bore

A brazen casque well fitted to my brows,
Me, then, thou shouldst perceive ming-
ling in fight

Among the foremost chiefs, nor with the
crime

Of idle beggary shouldst upbraid me
more.

But thou art much a railer, one whose
heart

Pity moves not, and seemst a mighty
man

And valiant to thyself, only because
Thou herd'st with few, and these of
little worth.

But should Ulysses come, at his own
home

Again arrived, wide as these portals are,
To thee at once too narrow they should
seem,

To shoot thee forth with speed enough
abroad."

The ploughman's occupation is comparatively solitary, especially where a small farmer can yoke no more than a single plough ; but in the tillage season, although each man may be alone in his field, yet the fields around him are all, more or less, alive, and in the pauses of his occupation the small farmer, guiding his own team, may hear from every hill and valley the voices of his neighbours encouraging their cattle, "where busy ploughs are whistling thrang," than which neither town nor country affords a more cheerful music. The labour of directing the plough is

by no means so severe as that of many other rural duties ; and besides the freshness of the open air, and the cheerfulness of early hours and active exercise, an exhilarating and wholesome gas rising from the newly opened soil, fills the lungs of the ploughman with life, and flushes his cheek with healthy vigour.

The labour of the mower, in which Ulysses also boasts his ability, is far more toilsome : fitter for the broad-backed, strong-joined, and sedate middle-aged man, than for a young brisk worker. But Burns was from his youth a big-boned, stout-built, and vigorous man, and at the scythe could tire out all competitors ; though we can hardly imagine a more ungenial task to a youth of his temperament. There are few more perfect pictures of patient unconquerable toil, than that of the mower standing for the length of a summer's day at this monotonous continuous labour, swaying the upper part of his body from side to side with the successive strokes of his scythe, while his lower limbs advance him by slow degrees into the thick meadow. Professor Wilson, that illustrious countryman of Burns, from whom our poet's memory has received so many eloquent and beautiful tributes, has somewhere presented a wonderfully striking picture of two sedate middle-aged men mowing together without emulation, but without intermission, except to whet their scythes—it being piece-work—from grey morning to grey twilight, the scene varied only by the coming of their wives with their humble fare at meal times. Reading it, one scents the moist grass with all its bleeding juices, and half feels the grasp of lumbago across the loins. How these men work for their bread ! What excessive toil to be allowed the privilege of life ! How strong and patient is the labour of love !

Next to the toil of the mower, that of the shearer is, perhaps, the most trying in point of physical endurance ; but the shearer's labour is wonderfully lightened by the charm of society, and the fecund mirth of the harvest-field. Burns, who learned to meditate at the plough, learned to love with the sickle in his hand. In the barley-field, too, his youthful heart acknowledged that other noble passion, equally indigenous in the manly breast, but

which brings no remorse, since even its excess is virtue :—

The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
Among the bearded bear,
*I turned the weeder-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear !*

Of all the shows and mottos displayed at the Ayr festival, that splendid and affecting tribute to Burns's memory, of which we must speak so much hereafter, none so instantaneously raised the suffusion of affection to the people's eyes, and evoked from their breasts such thundering shouts of acclamation, as these ingenuous lines, in which Burns confesses how his youthful love of country followed him into his daily avocations, and invested even the weeds of the field with a sacred inviolability.

At a time when threshing-machines were unknown, the flail was another instrument of toil with which the hands of every young man in Burns's station of life were necessarily familiar. There is a cheerful racket and bustle about this labour that makes it one of the most agreeable occupations of a countryman's life. The rattle and clatter of the flails, the leaping sheafs and the scattering grain, make the barn where two or three pairs of threshers are at work, as animated and as noisy as the smith's forge itself—another favourite resort of the young labourer—when its sparks are showering about under the noisy din of the hammers, and “Burnewin comes on like death at every chap.”

“Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel ;
The banie, brawny, ploughman chiel
Brings hard ower hip wi' sturdy wheel
The strong fore-hammer,
Till block and studdie, ring and reel
Wi' dinsome clamour.”

Such are the main occupations of the labouring farmer—a sort of life for which it would be a blessing if society permitted the rest of mankind occasionally to exchange the wasting head-work of their trades and professions. How different the enjoyment of repose arising from wholesome labour in the open air, and the lassitude of mind and body that follows the close occupations of the citizen ! Our nobility and gentry, ashamed to be seen between the stiffs of a plough, or digging with the

spade, purchase a fatigue not half so sweet or natural from their costly field sports. We could imagine a new and better Grafenburg for the invalids of luxury, where the discipline of a farm would oblige the patients to do farm-work and to keep country hours, and where the wealthy *ennuie*, paying for the liberty of making the earth yield her increase to his own hands, would earn a content of mind and wholesomeness of body that he now seeks for in vain with his dog and gun, or even with his rent-devouring pack of hounds. In no healthier or happier state need any youth of Burns' temperament have desired to be brought up, and under no more favourable opportunities for cultivating that insight into the human heart, and that quick perception of characteristics and manners with which he was so bountifully gifted. About this period of his life—putting out of sight that miserable time which he spent at Irvine, learning the flax-dressing business—there can be no question.—Apart from the occasional dependency caused by his father's straitened circumstances, he was as happy as any man with the aspirations of a poet could be, and he was fast learning to express these aspirations, and to win the applauses of the world. Let us pause here, and while the prospect is still fair, and the clouds high, contemplate the sort of scenes among which young Burns' hours of relaxation were passed. It is said we have a picture of his father's own household in "The Cotter's Saturday Night." This we doubt, though Allan Cunningham affirms it. The poem was a tribute to Aiken, the brave defender of Gavin Hamilton, when the sour zealots of Mauchline would have visited that worthy man with ecclesiastical censures for allowing his servant girl to fetch in some dug potatoes from his garden of a Sunday morning; and as Burns had used a reprehensible freedom in espousing the quarrel of his friend, bringing religion itself into contempt in his exposure of the hypocrisy of "Holy Willie." "Daddy Auld," and the rest of the bitter promoters of that illiberal charge, "The Cotter's Saturday Night" was written, as it would appear to us, to show that, however he might hate hypocrisy and assert a strong contempt for Calvinistic dogmas and discipline, Burns could

exhibit as profound a reverence for the ordinances and exercises of religion, unalloyed by sectarian animosities, as any man; and this he has done in as sweet strains as have ever been consecrated to the holy services of family worship either before or since. No religious man, be his theology what it may, can read the "Saturday Night," without a fervent glow of affection for his brethren of mankind, and a holy love, mixed with an awful fear of God. But we apprehend the piece was written more as a vindication of Burns to himself and to those who loved him, and felt that blasphemous abuses of the holy name were far from his heart, than as a picture of any actual scene on which he could look back with agreeable recollections. In fact, the Cotter's fire-side wants cheerfulness, not to say mirth. The father, "mingling a' wi' admonition due," is drawn with an excess of severe gravity that casts a degree, if not of gloom, at least of constraint, over the whole picture. The mother boasting "her weel-hained kebbuck" to Jenny's shame-faced but happy lover, gives occasion for the only touch of humour in the piece, and truly it is as dry as the gude wife's own bannocks. The opening of the poem, too, is loosely constructed, and evidently never drawn from any individual scene in nature—leading the mind about with devious images, and mixing up a picture of "miry beasts retreating from the plough" with the indications of spade-husbandry, and these again with a somewhat disconnected image of a moor and a cottage beneath the shelter of an aged tree, which, if you imagine it a single tree, only adds dreariness, and gives no shelter, and is, in point of fact, the undisguised "line for rhyme" of the stanza. A similar discrepancy appears in the picture of youthful love, which the illustration carries away from the scene whence the idea originates, and the month of November, to an interview of lovers beneath a milk-white thorn, scenting the gale of a May evening in some sunny valley. Then the introduction of lines and couplets from other poets, such as the picture we have just mentioned—"hope springs exulting on triumphant wing," and "an honest man's the noblest work of God," betoken anxiety, and that the writer felt he was on his stilts. Besides, we must

own the quantity of religious service is excessive. First, the father inculcates the fear of the Lord; next, he reads the Psalm—Dundee, or Martyrs, or Elgin; next, he reads the sacred page, Genesis, Kings, Job, Isaiah, the Gospels, or Revelations; next, he prays with his family; and, finally,

“The parent-pair then secret homage pay,
And offer up to heaven the warm request;”

—in a word, ten stanzas of religious services to five of human affection, while the main chafin of the piece unquestionably gathers round the latter. But for Jenny's sweet confusion—her mother's prudent anxiety—her lover's ingenuous shame-facedness, set at ease by the father's acceptable crack of “horses, pleughs, and kye,” all comprised within the limits of a single stanza, the piece would want a good half of its beauty, while much of the insipid enumeration of the sacred books and Psalm-tunes, occupying so considerable a part of the rest of the poem, might be omitted, without depriving the reader's heart of any virtuous or holy emotion, or his mind of any intellectual acquisition. But the “Saturday Night” was a piece which might always be safely praised; and many who have felt, but dare not acknowledge, their obligation to Burns for his bold vindication of common sense and humanity elsewhere, have discharged their consciences by bestowing an excessive and strained admiration on this beautiful but, we think, over-rated poem. Our object here, however, is not so much to criticise the piece as a work of genius, as to show our reasons for believing it not to have been the representation of any scene with which Burns' youth was habitually familiar. His own father's household it assuredly cannot have been meant to represent; though William Burnes's picture may have been, and probably is, to some extent sketched in that of the austere old man “mingling a' wi' admonition due,” for, by all accounts, Robert's father appears to have been a most impotent exhorter, in season and out of season; and the result is plain to be seen in the early dissipation into which

his son plunged, to escape the congenial austerities of a household in which innocent amusements were regarded with disapproval, and where a sanctimonious gloom was the child's best recommendation to the smiles—if old William ever smiled—of the parent. But the household itself it cannot represent, for none of William Burnes's family ever went out to service, nor was he ever in the condition of a cotter, nor was there any young girl, “woman grown,” at that time, to be visited by a lover in the little group that used to gather round his respectable but sombre hearth.

Old William was certainly an extraordinary, though morose man, and we think much mistaken in his notions of the education of young people. He was from Kincardineshire; had come to the neighbourhood of Ayr in the capacity of gardener to Provost Ferguson; had raised himself to the condition of a small farmer, holding a plot of about seven acres, on which, chiefly with his own hands, he had built a house—of course a cottage and mud-walled—but by no means a hut; on the contrary, it consisted of several apartments, and afforded all the accommodation which a small farmer's family could reasonably require—very much the same sort of habitation, we would imagine, as that of Mr. Carleton's father at Prillisk. But this humble man, in addition to a perfect and profound acquaintance with the Scriptures, was possessed of very considerable secular knowledge, of a strong turn for moral and physical philosophy, and an ardent desire to impart the advantages of literature to his family. For this purpose, he and some neighbours united to employ a tutor to attend their children, taking the maintenance of the teacher in turns. To this well-disposed but conceited pedagogue, called Murdoch, we owe the grudge of having taught Robert that smattering of French which so foppishly and absurdly marked his prose composition in after life. To him also we owe the very exaggerated estimation of William Burnes's character, which has led so many writers to regard him, not only as wholly blameless for Robert's follies, but as a pattern for all parents. Murdoch got into communication with Walker, the author of the “Memoir on the Irish

Bards" in 1799, at a time when Burnes's fame had attracted universal attention, and when the tutor might hope to share in whatever commendation was going. It will easily be understood how he would make the most of his subject, declaring that, within William Burnes's mean cottage, "dwelt a larger portion of content than in any palace in Europe!" and appealing to the "Cotter's Saturday Night," which he must have well known represented no such scene, in confirmation of his assertion. His praises of old William are unbounded: "An excellent husband," "a tender, affectionate father," "never saw him angry but twice," and "he was by far the best of the human race he ever was acquainted with," &c. &c.; though, in the midst of Murdoch's laudations, it is perfectly plain that every one in the house stood in awe of him, and Robert himself declares that he early felt himself the object of a positive dislike, which he ascribes to the morose old man's vexation at his going to the dancing-school. Looking around us in life, we see almost as many young men ruined by excessive austerity as by excessive indulgence at home. If old William's hearth had been more cheerful, Robert would have had fewer attractions at the ale-house. But our principal quarrel with him is this: that at one time he appears to have succeeded in making Robert something of a hypocrite. We speak of the letter from Irving beginning "Honored Sir," and affecting a religious unction, which we strongly suspect was assumed for the occasion. If we be right in this, what a positive sin this mistaken old man has to answer for, in debasing, even for a time, so manly and ingenuous a mind, and one from which every base pretence was so abhorrent. But, to return to the "Saturday Night," we repeat, we think it was a picture which Burns felt he ought to draw for his own justification, and which he drew with more regard to what a jealous puffy would consider the Scottish peasant's hearth ought to be, than what it really was. We find a picture of the sort of scene in which we think it infinitely more probable Robert used to spend his "Saturdays at e'en," in Doctor Keith's pleasing little poem, "the Farmer's Ha'," for which we are indebted, among so

many other acceptable gifts of knowledge, to Messrs. Chambers, in one of their exceedingly cheap and generally well-selected publications, though in this particular instance we find our poem associated with other pieces, the sordidness of which, in our estimation, greatly overbalances their merit of humour:—

In winter nights, whae'er has seen
The farmer's canty ha' convence,
Finds a' thing there to please his cen,
And heart enamour,
Nor lings to see the town, I ween,
That houff o' clamour.

Whan stately staeks are tightly theekit,
And the wide style is fairly steekit,
Nae birkie, sure, save he war streekit
For his lang hame,
But wad gie mair for ae short week o't
Than I can name."

The lassie aye the gloamin hail,
For syne the lads come frae the flail,
Or else frae haddin the plough-tail,
That halesome wark;
Disease about they dinna trail,
Liko city spark.

They a' drive to the ingie cheek,
Regardless o' a flam o' reek,
And weel their meikle fingers beek,
To gie them tune;
Syne sutor's alson nimble streek,
To mend their shoon.

They pu' and rax the lingle tails, 't
Into their brogues they ca' the nails;
Wi' hammers now, instead o' flails
They mak great rackets,
And set about their heels wi' rails
O' clinkin tackets.

And aye till this mishtriven age,
The gudeman here sat like a sage;
Wi' mull in hand, and wise adage,
He spent the night;
But now he sits in chamber's cage,
A pridefu' wight!

Then, after describing the "lasses," who

"With unshod heels,
; Are sitting at their spinning wheels,"

while the "auld gudewife" reeling the yarn, keeps exhorting the bizzies to their work, and "redds them up I trow fu' weel," as auld gudewives we suppose will continue to do while the world goes round, the rhymster introduces us to that indispensable

character in such scenes, and prescriptive butt for the rustic wit of the kitchen, the tailor.

But he's a alee and cunnin loun,
And taunts again ilk jeerin clown;
For, tho' no bred in borrow town,
He's wondrous gabby,
And fouth o' wit comes frae his crown,
Tho' he be shabby.

Two other important characters, at least in their own eyes, are the "house dog," and the "gudewife's cat," the former of whom, a cynical colly,

Full oft towards the door does look
Wi' aspect crouse;
For unco folk he canna brook
Within the house.

While baudrons, with a grave consciousness of her position,

Purs contentedly indeed,
And looks fu' long,
To see gin folks be taking heed
To her braw song;

which leads to a discussion on the weather, interrupted by the arrival of the pedlar:—

The chapman lad, wi' gab sae free
Comes in and mixes i' the glee,
After he's trampet out the e'e
O' mony dub,
And gotten frae the blast to dree
A hearty drub.

He tells them he's weel sorted now
Of a' thing gude, and cheap and new;
His sleekit speeches pass for true
With aye and a';
The pedlars ken fu' weel the cue
O' Farmer's Ha'.

He hauds his trinkets to the light,
And speirs what they're to buy the night;
Syne a' the lasses loup bawk height
Wi' perfect joy,
Cause lads for them coff broach sae
bright,
Or shining toy.

An unwelcome visit from the gauger now causes no small consternation; but he finds nothing, and goes off "wi' his finger in his cheek." Next appear the beggars, and give our auld gudewife a fine and seasonable opportunity

of at once administering a smart rebuke to the pride of the "hizzies," and gratifying her own benevolence.

The gauger's scarcely frae the door
Whan beggars they come in galore,
Wi' wallops flappin in great store,
Raised up in cairns,
And birns baith ahint and 'fore
O' greetin bairns.

Quo' they, "We're trachled unco sair,
We've gaue twal mlie o' yord and mair,
The gait was ill, our feet were bare,
The night is weety;
And gin ye quarters hae to spare,
Oh, shaw your pity!"

The lassies yamour frae their wheel,
"There's mony a sturdy gangrel chiel
That might be winnin' meat fu' weel,
And claes an' a';
Ye're just fit to mak muck o' meal,
Sae swith awa'."

Auld luckie cries, "Ye're ower ill set,
As ye'd hae measure, ye sould met;
Ye ken na what may be your fate
In after days—
The black cow hasna trampit yet
Upon your taes!"

"Gie ower your daft and taunting play,
For you and they are baith ae clay;
Rob, take them to the barn, I say,
And gie them strae,
There let them rest till it be day,
And syne they'll gae."

Presently John, the head ploughman, returns from the smith's forge full of news:—

He thus begins: "What's this aye
There's sad wark in America,
The folk there dinna keep the law
And wad be free;
Nor o' King George hae any awe,
Nor taxes gie."

I wish our folk soon home again,
And no to dander 'yont the main,
Because I dread the King o' Spain,
And wily France,
Will seek the thing that's no their aim,
And lead's a dance."

But now, while all are commenting on John's political speculations, the gudeman himself

Comes ben the house,
Whilk o' their gabbin makes a truce;

The lads and lasses a' grow dounce,
 And spare their din;
 For true's the tale, "Weol kens the
 mouse
 When pussie's in!"

Brose-time has at length arrived:
 the swankies help the lasses to "link
 off the pot;" supper is spread, they
 pull their bonnets over their faces, say
 grace, and fall to:—

Oh, here are joys uninterrup',
 Far hence is pleasure's gangrene cup;
 Clear-blooded health tends ilka sup
 O' simple diet;
 But fies awa, frae *keepin' up*,
 And midnight riot.

When supper's ower, and thanks are
 gien,
 Mirth dances round wi' canty mien;
 In daffin, and in gabbin keen,
 An hour they pass;
 And ilka lad, wi' pawky een,
 Regards his lass.

But Morpheus begins to chap,
 And bids them a gae tak their nap,
 And when they've sleepit like a tap,
 Then rise to wark,
 Like Phoebus out o' Thetis' lap,
 As blythe's a lark!

We find in the same collection a
 very graphic picture of the scenes at
 harvest time, written in the same me-
 sure by a farmer of the vicinity of
 Edinburgh, about A. D. 1786, the
 year of Burns' greatest poetical exer-
 tions. The piece is of considerable
 length, and deals with a great variety
 of characters—Highland folk, and
 "Embrugh wives," and the house-
 hold corps and cotters of the neigh-
 bourhood. The Highlanders put us
 much in mind of our own poor country-
 men.

O' these some frae Lochaber come,
 Lang thretty miles ayont Tyndrum;
 And some frae Mull; and ither some
 Frae wild Lochell,
 Where mountain goats and roebucks
 roam,
 And Camerons dwell.

Frae Keppoch's and Glengarry's lands
 There comes a power o' special hands;
 Or eastward thence, where Curie stands
 By Rannoch Loch,
 Comes Struan's clan, and numerous
 bands
 Frae Badenoch.

Oh! much behauden the Lowdons are
 To this supply o' reapers rare,
 Without their aid ill wad we fare
 In time o' need;
*Industrious folk beyond compare
 In har'at indeed!*

The farmer now proceeds to mar-
 shal his reapers in the field:—

The hamelan' servants tak the lead;
 The cotters niest come on wi' speed;
 And niest to them the Embrugh breed,
 A randy race
 Of ill-tongued limmers, that exceed
 In want o' grace.

To spur them on, and haud them gaun,
 Behind is placed the Highland clan,
 Led on by Malcolm, honest man,
 Wha taks his gish,
 And cries, when they a-clatt'rin stan',
Curish, curish!

The shearing begun, individual
 character begins to display itself.
 Malcolm is a "laudator temporis
 acti;" the "Embrugh wives" vain-
 glorious, and full of excuses for being
 reduced to manual labour; but in the
 charms of discourse a discharged pen-
 sioner, one of the household corps,
 soon takes the lead:—

But nane sae many braw things says
 As does the Chelsea-man, whose phrase
 Exceeds them a', and wins the bays;
 He shows them scars
 Which he, in George the Second's days,
 Gat in the wars!

For to his colours he was staunch,
 In time o' battle ne'er did flinch,
 But bravely fought in field or trench:—
 At Fontenoy,
 He wi' Duke William fought the French;
 The brave old boy!

Sometimes he'll speak o' Minden plain,
 Where siccan heaps o' French were
 slain;
 For he did bravely mak campaign
 Wi' Ferdinand,
 And there saw Granby glory gain,
 That gallant man!

The reminiscences of the gallant pen-
 sioner are presently interrupted by
 a "wicked flyte" between two of the
 "Embrugh wives," whose hostilities
 having been appeased after a long
 altercation, for neither is willing to
 "yield the threep," the ambition of an
 eager reaper to outstrip his fellows ex-

cites the emulation of the next shearer, and so the contagion spreads till the whole field is involved in the fury of the *Kemp*. In this grand strife of who shall shear fastest, the never-failing tailor occupies the post of honour, giving and returning the gibes, usual on such occasions, with infinite spirit, though with no very refined wit. Indeed the play upon words is of the most artless kind, and the words themselves of a strange and barbarous rusticity.

A windy taylior leads the van,
A clean-hough'd nimble little man;
And sair this nettles wabster Tam,
And gars him girn;
He vows he'll ne'er rest till he can
Wind him a pirl.

The blasty smith does brook it ill
That he maun stand sae *studdie* still;
For sair it gaes against his will
To lose the strife,
And a' for fault o' pith and skill
O's glaikit wife.

Yet her tongue *clinks* through a' the
field:
She sair misca's the supple chield,
And aye casts up whate'r's been steal'd
By *Prick-the-louse*;
And yet, for a' that, he'll no yield,
But gabs fu' crouse.

He says, "Her manners need a *patch*,
(For this her tongue is an ill *scratch*),
Her borders ne'er with his will *match*;"
And then he jeers,
That he could mak' as quick despatch
Wi' his auld shears.

Auld Tamie Speals, the Cowan-wright,
Now strives 'gainst him with a' his
might;
But he is dung clean out o' sight,
"His *edge* is gane,"
The taylior, jeering, bids him hight,
To *grinding-stane*.

Then he sic *measures* does display,
And *skreeds* sic *blads* o' corn away,
That he had fairly gained the day,
But that a sutor,
Most manfully about does lay,
A tough auld fouter.

He strives as't had been for his *last*,
And a' his airs about does cast,
That now he had him surely past,
As clean's a *tingle*;
The taylior now *clips* lang and fast,
He's in a *pingle*.

But the kemp is attended with a

grievous wastrie of the grain, which they shake from the ears in their eagerness to grasp great handfuls, and the older reapers make their protest, Auld William exclaiming feelingly against spilling the "gude food."

"To shear sae foul is ill to brook,
For better corn ne'er come ower hook;
I'ge warrant they'll be in ilka stook
Four pecks and mair."
Synce he does to the *pickle* look—
"Tis wondrous fair."

Then doth auld Highland Malcolm say,
That they sud also mind the *strae*,
To cut him laigh, for he'd be wae
To waste gude fodders,
For nowte and horse their food maun
hae,
As weel as idlers.

The harvest concludes with a "kirk," and supper, at which Auld William says grace, and the Chelsea Warrior wins great applause as toast-master. The *matériel* of humour is abundant, but the writer has no charm of expression. He shows the scene, as it actually appeared, in which Burns joked, and jibed, and kemped, among his fellows, but he cannot make us feel how young Burns felt, or see the picture, as young Burns saw it, with his poet's eyes. To learn this we must hear Burns himself speak, who has told us these feelings in strains of unequalled picturesqueness, tenderness, and fervour, in his "Vision." This noble poem has one, and but one fault. The ambition of fine writing has introduced into its machinery a set of agents, imagined, it would appear, after Pope's gracefully-insipid *gnomes* and *sylyphs* in "The Rape of the Lock." We wish them heartily back at Twickenham, or, if he did not get them there, at a further place. It was written after Robert had been to Edinburgh, and the pedants had begun to whisper in his ear that his muse had affected a too rustic simplicity. They could not understand the tender humanity of such pieces as the address to the Mouse and the Daisy, or the world of feeling and philosophic humour that lies in the brief compass of "The dying Words of poor Maillie;" but they felt that Burns was a poet, and they fed their vanity with the idea of what they would make of him in the stilted forms of poetry

which were at that time the models of taste in the school of Blair. They thought they had caught the making of a laureate in whose future odes, epodes, and epics, the world was to recognize the forming hands of teachers, as illustrious in their pupil's reflected brilliancy as the pupil himself. Hence came those uneasy efforts at genteel satire, at tragedy, and at classic ode-writing, in strophe and antistrophe, which appear among Burns' poems, like so many fops among young country fellows at a game at football. Such an incongruity we find in that band of genii introduced by Coila in the "Vision." Coila, herself the local Muse, is stated by Burns to have been imagined on the idea of Ross's Scotia; but the introduction of such a being has from time immemorial been privileged in the machinery of pieces of this kind. Probably the more immediate hint for the details of Coila's appearance—her wondrous robe, luminous with seas and rivers, and shadowy with waving woods and dusky mountains, as well as for the tone of mingled rebuke and encouragement in which she addresses the poet, was taken from the opening of Hector Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy," a work of which several translations were then, and still are, accessible to reading men throughout Scotland.

We will not spoil the "eximia latinitas" of Boethius by attempting to render his musical periods in our dissonant English; but we will afford the reader, who possibly does not often look into the "Consolations," the pleasure of weighing one or two of those melodious sentences in his tuneless ear:—

"Hæc dum mecum tacitus ipse reputare querimoniamque lacrymabilem styli officio designarem, astitisse mihi supra verticem visa est mulier reverendi admodum vultus, oculis ardentibus, et ultra communem hominum valentiam perspicacibus, colore vivido atque inexhausti vigore. . . . Vostes erant tenuissimis filis, subtili artificio, indissolubilique materia perfectæ. . . . Quarum speciem veluti fumosas imagines solet caligo quædam neglectæ vetustatis obduxerat. Harum in extrema margine II. in suprema vero Θ legibatur intextum; atque inter utrasque litteras in scalarum modum gradus quidam insigniti videbantur, quibus ab inferiori ad superius elementum esset

ascensus. Eandem tamen vestem violentorum quorundam scinderant manus.

. . . . Tuno es ille, ait, qui nostro quondam lacte nutritus, nostris educatus elementis, in virilis animi robur evaseras? Atqui talia contuleramus arma quæ nisi prius abjecisses invicta te firmitate tuerentur. Agnoscisne me?
. . . . Itaque ubi in eam deduxi oculos intuitumque defixi, respicio nutricem meam, in cuius ab adolescentia laribus versatus fueram, PHILOSOPHIAM."

In like manner POESY, in the person of Coila, the local Muse of Ayr, breaks in on the desponding solitude of Burns, just as he is about to make the rash vow of abjuring those pursuits which had brought him so much intellectual and so little worldly reward. But how different the manner of their introduction: the Roman, without more preface than the tears and groans of a wounded spirit, all at once aware of the presence of Philosophy standing by his bed-head; the Scot, painting every thing *ad unguem*—the fatigue of his body after a day's wielding of the "thresher's weary flinging-tree"—the discomfort of the poor apartment—the restless rats squeaking in the thatch—the pungent smoke spewing from the fire-place, till the atmosphere of the spensæ was all one "misty, mottie clime"—and the succession of desponding thoughts and galling comparisons between his own poverty and insignificance and the purse-proud ease and consequence of the world's minions, till, in the bitterness of his spirit, he has heaved up his hand to swear the impious vow—

When click! the string the sneck did draw,

And jee! the door gaed to the wa',
And by my ingle-lowe I saw,

Now blazing bright,
A tight, outlandish hizzie braw
Come full in sight.

This is the Muse. The abruptness of her entrance, and its agreement, in all respects, with that of an ordinary earthly visitant, strikes the reader, perhaps, as inconsistent with the dignity of the occasion. But consider how such a mood of mind as Burns had then fallen into lowers the standard of every thing. He was about to abjure the dominion of mind, and swear allegiance to the world. He saw every

thing with his newly-opened eyes of "carth, earthly." He saw the Muse, "a tight, outlandish hizzie," with a taper leg, and he prepared to hail her with the coarse welcome of a self-consulting earghly nature. But look again—

Green, slender, leaf-clad, holly boughs
Were twisted gracefu' round her brows;
I took her for some Scottish Muse

By that same token,
And come to stop those reckless vows,
Would soon be broken.

Ye needna' doubt, I held my whisht
The infant aith, half-fogmed, was crusht.

And now it is plain that this is no vi-
sitant to be gazed at only through the
gross medium of sensuous admiration:

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew,
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling,
threw

A lustre grand,
And seemed to my astonished view
A well-known land.

Here rivers in the sea were lost,
Here mountains to the skies were tost;
There tumbling billows marked the coast
With surging foam;
There, distant shone art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

With musing, deep, astonished stare,
I viewed the heavenly seeming fair;
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet;
When, with an elder sister's air,
She did me greet.

The Muse has come to rebuke her recreant son, to remind him of the dignity of his calling, of the rewards he has already obtained in the promotion of virtue, and the friendship and applause of the good, and of the exquisite delights of which his youthful spirit had been made a partaker, through her means, when otherwise his soul would have hardened and grown callous to every purer enjoyment in the sordid routine of daily labour. This is a noble design, and full of the deepest philosophy; and we like the way in which Burns carries it out, even more than we do the ostentatiously didactic, though beautiful and true, sonnet to the same effect by Wordsworth: "The world is too much

with us." Burns asks for no classical recollections, no associations of learning: enough for him to have been blest with the happiness of feeling nature—enough for him to have experienced the sweetness of love, the glow of patriotism, the aspirations after fame. No man whose breast has ever owned a spark of poetic feeling, can read this exposition of Burns' youthful raptures, without being thrilled to the soul with keen delight:

With future hope I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways;
Thy rudely-carolled chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes;
Fired at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar,
Or, when the North his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.

Or, when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherished every flowret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth,
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general-mirth
With boundless love.

When ripened fields and azure skies
Called forth the reaper's rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

When youthful love, warm-blushing,
strong,
Keen-shivering, shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to the tongue,
The adored name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild, send thee pleasure's devious way;
Misled by fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven;
And yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven.

I taught thy manners painting strains
The loves, the songs of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends,
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

To give my counsels all and one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;

*Preserve the dignity of man
With soul erect,
And trust, the universal plan
Will all protect.*

Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thine humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor king's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ormatching thine—
A rustic bard.

In these delightful stanzas, rising and culminating as they proceed, until, towards the conclusion, they attain a pitch of beauty as lofty, perhaps, as any other poet has ever risen to in the English language, Burns rapidly sweeps away all the gloomy impressions made by his earlier reflections—the atmosphere grows clear around us—the walls of the spence spread and widen—the roof springs aloft—and, when at last the Muse binds the holly round his beaming brows, we see before us, instead of the weary and careworn thresher, eaten up with indigence and self-censure, the poet, conscious of the dignity of his office, rich in the rewards of enthusiasm, and radiant with the light of pride and joy,

“Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star,
Seen through the sapphire heaven's deep repose!”

Moments like these repay years of anxiety and toil; sentiments like these retrieve heaps of folly and piles of irreverence. Minute criticism may quarrel with some inelegances of the expression, and an exacting logic may discover some wants of complete sequence in the construction; but the ever-recurring, happy thought, brought directly home to the breast, in simple, manly language, cures every thing.

The perfection of eloquence is fervid thought in direct language; of poetry, fervid thought in language at once direct and harmonious.—The man who has heart and downrightness cannot fail to be eloquent. He who has heart and downrightness, and an harmonious ear, if he but deal sincerely with himself, will sing sweetly and truly the songs that come home to the human breast. If to these be added imagination and learning, he will not only touch the hearts, but will

away the minds, and inflame to noble aspirations the spirits and the souls of men. Whether from between the stilts of the plough, or from behind the weaver's beam, or from the desk of the poor mechanical clerk or school-master—whoever feels the generous emotion, and is conscious of the perception of rhythmical harmony, and will suffer his thoughts, without fear or question, to clothe themselves in whatever utterances they may find at hand, may send them forth with this fearless certainty, that if they fail to reach the hearts and souls of men, it is neither because *he* wants wealth, nor station, nor influence, but because either *they* want argument, for which his reasoning faculty must bear the blame, or harmony, for which his own ear is answerable, or vitidness, of which a weak imagination has been the cause; for if they be not defective in these points, and have sincerity and fervour, they must succeed. There is no common hall in the world where such universal equality, in every thing but song, is recognised, as in the court of Apollo. The highest seat here is occupied by the blind Ionian beggar—princes and nobles content to sit immeasurably below—kingdoms and nations proud, from generation to generation, of having sent forth a single occupant of a place at his feet. Low down, far below the feet of Homer; and the feet of those who sit at Homer's feet, Burns has got his place; but Scotland now would not, for millions of money, abandon her proud privilege of pointing to her son sitting even there.

If, then, it need but this to be a poet, how comes it, you will say, that so few have been deemed worthy of the name, and that even in the rank occupied by Burns, he sits with a band of not more than two or three companions? Is it not, then, a simple thing to be good?—and yet how few attain to virtue!—a simple thing to be as little children?—yet how few are real followers of Christ! Truly, it would appear that in the very simplicity of both lies that which makes both so very hard of attainment; for society sits round a man, looking at him on every side; this may make him odious, that ridiculous; whatever he says or does out of the common, will be scrutinized by the rules of a jealous,

exacting, and form-serving system. To speak freely in the face of such an audience, a man must be both single-hearted and courageous—confident that what he says is for the promotion of something good, and conscious, in his utterance of it, of no cowardly compromise with his own spirit; and to this he must add the vividness of bold or beautiful imagery, the charm of melodious numbers, the fruit of knowledge, and, above all, the form and sequence of just argument, or he will be no poet. Poets therefore are, and ever will be, few in number, though the number of those who possess some or other of the poetic faculties be very great, and to all men the field is open to run the glorious race.

Of the faculties requisite to success in poetry, that of just reasoning is the one most frequently found wanting; but Burns in this had no deficiency. His thoughts succeed one another in just and logical series, in the midst of his most fervid sentiments and most vivid imaginations. Reasoning on the social anomalies which he bravely protests against, you find his views distinguished by strong mother-wit, and brought home by unimpeachable arguments. This is the faculty which we would wish to see chiefly cultivated among those on whom the furnishing of a future poet for this country will probably be cast—the middle classes of the Irish. Judging from the specimens of native song and satire, of which we are acquainted with a great abundance, we incline to believe this the main desideratum. There certainly is no want of fervid feeling, nor of musical or rhythmical perception. Neither courage nor sincerity are deficient. But imagination halts—probably for want of knowledge—and the just sequence of thought is not there. Therefore, these pieces generally want variety and intellectual force. We speak now of the native remains in the Irish language; but if we extend our observations to those beautiful and spirited effusions, in which the same mind has expressed itself in English, we perceive a great and most cheering difference. • Probably no more just se-

quences of thought are to be found in the whole round of lyrical literature than in the *Melodies of Moore*. No orator, with all the art of rhetoric, could build up a more perfect fabric of thought than the *Harp of Tara*. In the compass of two stanzas, it unites the demonstrative, the reflective, and the illustrative elegancies of rhetoric, and brings all home to the breast of the reader with a combination and completeness equal, in its way, to the peroration of a speech of Demosthenes. In some other lyrics, too, not unworthy of Moore, which the vehement agitation of the minds of men during the last two years has called forth in *The Nation* newspaper, a fervour even more glowing than Moore's own has been combined with an almost equal eloquence and justness of arrangement. In the great majority of the latter pieces, however, the prevalent fault of the older Irish effusions is glaringly conspicuous, and in too many of them the bloodthirstiness combines with the barbarism of 1641. Still, some of them are finer than any thing in the same style since Campbell; and the prospect of our at length seeing an Irish bard equal to those who sustain the lyrical honours of the sister country grows clearer and nearer in their lustre.

If any, either of these or of the other gifted youth of Ireland, feel the strength and sincerity that is needed for the attempt, let them not be frightened back by the terrorism of Swift and the satirists. We have seen Robert Burns, the example generally selected of all that is most calculated to deter genius from the pursuit of poetic fame, happier in the little smoky spence of Mossgiel than God suffers most mortals to be in the world's loftiest stations. We shall pursue the subject to the end, and hope to show the ingenuous young men on whom we depend in our efforts for the literary advancement and renown of the country, that even in Burns' days of deepest degradation, it was not his genius that brought the misery, that ought to bear the blame, or that should now deter others from emulating his unaffected and manly strains.

THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN—A TALE OF 1760

CHAPTER XXII.

R E P E N T A N C E .

And if religious tenderness of heart,
 Grieving for sin, and penitential tears
 Shod when the clouds had gathered, and detained
 The spotless ether of a maiden life;
 If these may make a hallowed spot of earth
 More holy in the sight of God or MAN;
 Then o'er that dome a sanctity shall brood
 Till the stars sicken at the day of doom.

WORDSWORTH.

Oh! maid, unrelenting and cold as thou art,
 My bosom is proud as thy own!

MADEIRA DILLON O'MOORE, (for Carleton had not forsaken his first love,) had not knelt for one agitated minute—the beating of her heart was not still, nor had her quivering lips yet acquired the mastery of speech, when, with a faint sound, the door of a small aperture was withdrawn, and, separated still by a grating, the austere visage of the confessor became visible, almost touching the face of the young penitent, and exhibiting a character of grave, passionless attention. What a subject for a picture, if the painter's art could describe it!—the two countenances that then met together. One, upon which every passion, every attainable enjoyment, and almost every enduring sorrow, had left a witness of its presence—and over which penances almost commensurate, were human satisfaction possible, to the sins for which they were to satisfy, had drawn the semblance of an enforced composure; this, seen through the little wicket bars, in a dim recess, enlightened, one might say, by the lustre of eyes, on which mortification had exercised its power in vain;—the other, marked by agitation which had never before been experienced—a countenance framed for gentle joys, and which it would be hardly too much to say, felicity itself had fashioned—a face, whose serene and joyous character, care, or disappointment, or grief had never clouded—and which, now, in the first anguish of a young life, received, and manifested in its complex expression, notices of all that the

heart which looked through it was capable of experiencing. In the face of the priest were the traces of a stormy life past, and of the rigid repose which waited on the season of its decline; in the maiden's, there was the prophecy of a troubled life to come—it seemed as if retaining the last looks of happy girlhood, and suffering to mingle with them notices of coming disaster and passion, and of the struggles in which virtuous principles triumph.

There was a pause of silence while the lady strove for power to speak—and the confessor, who saw the effort she made, waited until it was successful. At length, she spoke, faintly indeed—but with the distinctness which, whether the intonation be rapid or slow, often characterises profound emotion. "Pardon, father," she said, "I do not come to you to confess, I come for counsel—rebuke—and, oh, for protection."

The wise ecclesiastic saw that this case was to be no ordinary and formal interchange of confession and absolution; and he, at once, adapted himself to the emergency. Without expostulating against the irregularity with which the young penitent addressed him, or using any expression which might disturb the connection of her thoughts or feelings, he paused for a moment after she had ceased, and finding her silence continue, he said, in a manner to invite further confidence—

"Proceed, my daughter—from what do you desire protection?"

"From all that may be feared," was the whispered answer, "from God and man, father. I have profaned this sacred temple by the thoughts with which I entered it, and I tremble to think of departing. I came here, not to meet God. Oh, even on this blessed night, I forgot him. What am I to be, if I have brought down his curse? What am I to be, if in his anger he forsake me? Who shall protect me against myself?"

And she sobbed vehemently. When her agitation had ceased, the confessor resumed—

"Be composed, poor child, God is merciful, even to offence like yours—accept your remorse as a proof of his favour; but see that you reveal yourself, that nothing which ought to be told, remain unspoken. You came here, you tell me, not with pious thoughts—not to meet God in prayer. You came to meet a sinner—one who, I assume is here, or was to be here, in no better frame of mind than your own; do you know is any such person now in the church?"

"Oh, yes; but his sin is not great as mine," she answered, half turning her face round, as if to look behind her, and then, with a shudder, averting it again; "yes, he is here—I saw him! I saw him! How! oh, how shall I escape!"

There was a brief pause—the confessor remaining silent, as if in thought.

"Hear me, father," she recommenced; "hear me with patience, for my heart is deeply wounded. Never, till now, did I know how dreadful God is. I entered into his holy house, to keep my promise to one who had conjured that I would meet him—I entered, father, with folly and fear in my mind—but oh! there is a presence here! there is an influence that fills the consecrated space! and even the heart of sin is sensible of it. My first thought was to fly; but I had entered eagerly, and as I looked round to retire, he was at a pillar near me—his face was averted, but I dared not pass him; I dropt on my knees, trembled, and bowed my head, striving with myself to pray; I dared not; I could not. Was I not alone in the whole congregation? Were not all raised and pure in their devotion? How painfully their hymns of joy sunk

on my guilty heart. But oh, when I lifted up my eyes, as if even I would seek pity from heaven, I saw above the altar, the mother and the crucified Son; then was my hour, not of darkness, but of light and terror; it was a vision, father, not a picture—and words were spoken in my heart, 'behold whom thou dost condemn and persecute.' Oh, father, I was sinking, dying—and in that moment, I saw you, and by an impulse, may heaven have sent it, I came to you for mercy."

She ceased, and the confessor, too, remained for some time silent. After, it would seem, deep reflection, he said—

"Daughter, you must be in a state of more composure and recollection before you can partake the sacrament of penance; you shall speak to me as a friend, a father, and I will counsel you. Hereafter, you may have the privileges of devotion; you must now be satisfied with humbler blessings. Retire, my child, I will speak with you presently."

She heard him with terror, not less than gratitude.

"I tremble," said she, "to be for a moment unprotected. I am observed and beset. Oh, father, counsel me."

"Did you," said the confessor, "come here alone, quite alone?"

"No, father; I have one faithful servant, she has accompanied me, but she is feeble. The sense of sin is very timid; and although I have good hopes that I would not yield again to idle thoughts, I shrink from the fear of trial—I cannot bear to be further shaken."

"Is your attendant near at hand—can you discern her?"

The penitent looked hastily back.

"She is near, father, I saw her this moment, her eyes are upon me."

"Rise, my child, let your companion attend you—pass instantly through the entrance next but one, on the right to this chair—on the left you will find a door, which will open at a touch, enter, close the door, and do not open until you hear the ask admittance; let your attendant remain with you."

She arose, and, at a sign, was joined by her attendant. Together, they passed rapidly through the doors designed by the confessor, and with beating hearts shut themselves into the

room where they were to remain for a brief space prisoners. The moment the penitent arose, Carleton was in motion, but he was late; the portal through which they passed conducted directly through a porch to one of the great gates of the church. Many persons were there, entering and departing, when he had reached the inner door, through which he passed eagerly, leaving her whom he sought behind, while he rushed forward through the crowd, first pursuing some receding groups, and then returning to take his place on the steps of the gate, and to examine in vain every passing figure. Foiled in his expectations, he was returning again to the church, and had reached the entrance, which he was about to pass, when De Mortagne arrested him.

"A little less passion in your speed, my friend, and a little more composure in your looks, would be in better keeping with the time and place; your most unserene highness is agitated—what wild purpose possesses you?"

"I am on my way to that dark friar's den."

"What!" exclaimed De Mortagne, interrupting him, "to drag the struggling monster in to-day? Not now—take my word for it—such a thing will not do yet; all in good time. Don't think of it at present."

"I am not quite so mad, but I must have a word with that same confessor."

"So—is it so? I cry you mercy—you will amend—are you ready to confess?"

"No, by heavens! but he shall confess."

"Oh, now I understand. You will learn where he has spirited away that charming penitent."

"Yes; I shall post myself at his door, and it will go hard with me, but I shall have some satisfaction from him."

"It will go hard with you, of that you may be sure—for a stranger, you appear to be very little curious as to your lodging amongst us. What! force yourself upon an ecclesiastic, and call him to account for acts done in the confessional! To beard the lion in his den would be sobriety, in comparison with such a prank. Do you not know that we have laws of sacrilege? No, no, keep your passion down, and your courage up for a time

when it may be useful. No, do not interrupt me; I understand all you can say—and I feel, perhaps, as warmly as you do, but not so madly. I tell you, if you speak but one word to this formidable abbé, you will give him power over you; I mean, if you speak it to him here. He will provoke an explosion of temper; in half-an-hour, you will be in a dungeon; there to-night, and where to-morrow, as your wild poet says. I am sharing in your madness while I remain here. We are observed. Pray, walk a little out of the throng; let us leave this holy place, even for a few minutes, and you may return, if I do not satisfy you that it is useless and unwise to do so."

Stunned and overcome, rather than persuaded, Carleton at length gave way, and continuing their whispered dialogue, the two speakers left the church.

The confessor, on whose seclusion no penitent dared to intrude, soon left the confessional, and joined Madeleine and her attendant, in the chamber to which he had directed them. The story disclosed to him was of a kind which the reader may so easily have anticipated, that he would not thank us for the details. That Carleton should have sought out Madeleine, until his perseverance was rewarded by success; that he should have gained over her attendant to his interest; that billets, serenades, followed, and all those fond attentions of a worship, which borrowed its devotions, more from the character of the lover than the habits of the times; all this, the reader will regard as matter of course. He can fancy, too, the pretty, but not very alarming petulance of Madeleine's chiding with her maid, when a perfumed billet was, from time to time, placed in her way, or when her slumber was broken, as Annette stole to her chamber, and awakened her to the serenade. He can fancy how the lady listened, although she chid; and how, ever so small a portion of her curtain withdrawn, told that the rich voice of her obsequious lover was not unheard, or his attentions unregarded. All this, the reader has, no doubt, divined—and we think it better to leave it with him, we not having the grace or skill by which a twice-told tale would be recommended. Neither shall we enter into detail as to the tactics of an

ambitious aunt, to ensure that in this, as in other instances, "the course of true love never should run smooth."

Suffice it to say, that she tried a second time the experiment of a sudden removal; that Carleton's enterprise and perseverance were again successful; and that she sought to escape his importunities, by lodging herself and her fair ward in a quarter of Paris where they had not previously resided.

Scarcely had she become settled in this new abode, before Carleton reappeared, not in his proper form, but in a guise scarce less effectual, that of an epistolary form. It is not necessary to recite the expressions in which he strove to awaken interest and compassion in Madeleine's gentle heart. Only for a moment to see her—once to hear her voice—would be bliss; even to be rejected, would have some touch of comfort; and memories would follow it, from which the brief term of life which was to follow would draw a solace. As the somewhat haughty aspect of the young lover rose before her at the spell of his billets, and seemed to soften into tenderness and humility before her influence, the young beauty softened too. Annette was permitted to encourage him; to appoint a trysting-place on the bridge; to name the church where his prayer might be indulged.

All this was done, or suffered, rather, in the light-heartedness that thought no evil. If any thought looking beyond the moment, dawned on her mind, it was in the vague form—would her father recognise, or receive the suitor as an acquaintance? But this was so faint in the remote distance of her mental horizon, as to be scarcely discernible. No grave thought or purpose was in her mind, no passion in her heart—she would speak a word of compassionate farewell, and acquit herself, by it, of every obligation to her persevering lover. With such feelings she entered the church of St. Germain—the revulsion of thought and heart which she experienced there, revealed to her powers of mental suffering, of which she had been wholly unconscious.

"I had hardly entered the church," said she, as she concluded her story, "when I felt that my sin was grievous; and if God himself had become visible, I do not think I could be more

agitated, than at the sight of that blessed picture. Oh, it may well be that he did appear; and that what was to others only an image, was the Lord himself, and his adorable mother, to my heart and spirit. In that moment of dismay, you appeared—a murmur of voices arose near me, in it I heard your name; I heard no more, but that was enough; often before I had heard my dear father mention you, and I felt that I could not be wrong in imploring your protection."

"I am known to your father? Have you any doubt or fear to say who he is? Do not fear, daughter—if you are unwilling that I should know more of you, keep your secret. What has passed to-night shall be forgotten. If you have confidence in my desire to do you service, and in my discretion, you will not suffer from it."

"I have no fears—my father is the Count Dillon O'Moore."

"A friend with whom I have often taken counsel—he is not yet arrived in Paris?"

"No, reverend father, but he has directed that I should await him."

"I hope to see him and you again. Now, I will have the happiness to escort you home. A carriage is in waiting at the outer gate, can you walk so far?"

When she had expressed her thankful readiness, the priest threw a cloak around him, over his robes, and conducted the lady and her attendant, walking by their side, to the carriage, handed them in, and entered after them. He was not unobserved. Carleton saw him and his escort—just as they reached their carriage, he had reached it also. "Perhaps," he said, when first he saw it, "the carriage is her's." Some such suspicion, scarce acknowledged, was in his mind, and he arrived in time to have it verified. The feeling it awoke was one of bitterness.

"I am her sport," said he. "She has chosen a worthier than me. So, farewell Madeleine, you shall not have another opportunity to insult a heart you are unworthy of."

Meanwhile, when the coach where Madeleine and her companions were seated, reached its destination, a surprise was prepared for them—no less than the appearance of Madame La Comtesse awaiting them. She had

retired to rest at an early hour, and was awakened to receive a letter from her brother, of which a special courier was the bearer. This she still held in her hand, and her mind was, as could be collected from her glances at the missive, evidently disturbed by it. The little embarrassment caused by the unexpected appearance of De Burgh gave way before the influence of his manners and the remembrances recalled by his references to incidents of past days, and mysterious hints as to schemes in which they both still held an interest; and when Madeleine retired, Madame La Comtesse detained the confessor, and made him the depository of the secret that troubled her. She had attained, as she confidently believed, the point at which success in her great schemes was certain. The prince had received a miniature likeness of Madeleine, and vouchsafed to express, in the strongest terms, his royal admiration of her beauty. He had declared, too, his fixed determination to visit aunt and niece, in the coming week, at Fontainebleau; and, after many disappointments at Varangeville, and elsewhere, when the meeting with his royal highness was now certain, and the result of it not doubtful, as, although *now* above such vanities, the Abbé de Burgh, having seen Madeleine, must be aware, when she expected the return that a rational man might make to a disinterested friend, who had spent almost a life in endeavouring to render him service—"how was she confounded by an expression like that?" cried she

passionately, showing De Burgh the letter.

"I warn you against your insane and unfeminine expedition. If you disregard my warning, I forbid my daughter to accompany you. I am hastening to Paris, to relieve you from all further care of her."

Tears and sobs gushed forth in disordered abundance, as the lady thought of this rude rebuke. "I will retire into a convent," said she, in one of the intervals of her clamorous sorrow—and the confessor took his leave, with the usual professions of consideration, but without expressing condemnation or approval of her world-renouncing intentions.

Madeleine did not experience, that night, the peace of mind which moralists insist waits upon a good action. Severe as was the struggle in which she conquered herself, repose did not follow it. Stranger still, her very conscience seemed to take up a tone of reproof against her, and to become an accuser on the part of Carleton. How must he feel and think of her? What must he have suffered? What desperate act may he have done? Poor Madeleine!—her night was not peaceful—nor her rest salubrious. At times she sunk into uneasy slumber, even from sorrow—and started, scared from sleep by the fearful visions it called up around her. Carleton's cause lost nothing in Madeleine's heart, by the wrong she thought herself guilty of having done him, in her transient paroxysm of conscientiousness.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A PETIT SOUPER, AND DE MORTAGNE'S APOLOGY.

O noctes, conseqne Deum :

Cervius, hæc inter, vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas

HORACE.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,

So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

COWPER.

Bullen! it plunged, and slowly sank!

BYRON.

THE banquet hall of Madame de Valmont was not quite deserted, nor did it wear that air of sadness which a modern lyrist has ascribed to such

scenes when the power of solitude is upon them. The fair hostess did not tread her hall alone. A few chosen friends remained; and a visitor, permit-

ted to look in and listen, who saw a gay party grouped round an antique fire-place, while massive logs of resinous wood sent forth mellow gleams, that were to the light of the banquet-hour what the moon is to the clearer but more prosaic light of day, would be strongly disposed to believe the true enjoyments of the evening about to commence, when its more garish gainties had ended.

"What," said Madame de Valmont, "can explain your friend's absence? The Vicomte de Mortagne did not use to be a loiterer."

"I apprehend, Madame la Comtesse, de Mortagne's early attendance was always choice rather than politeness. I would conclude his absence is compulsory."

"Monsieur de Beaumont defends the absent," said a beautiful Blonde, with a smile. "This is indeed a rare benevolence."

"Do you not observe, dear Cecile," said the Countess, "that he contrives to make his generosity a compliment to the present. His explanation of de Mortagne's usual homage attests his own sensibility to our attractions. It has another advantage. If the traitor can give no good excuse for his offence, his advocate has taught us to show no mercy; thanks, good sir, I mean to show none. I wished much for Monsieur de Mortagne, while the Rosicrucian was in his mysteries and revelations. A word or a look from our friend has a chill of his enchantment, that no enthusiasm feigned or felt can resist. He has failed us, but he has not frozen our good spirits, and he has left us, I hope, an appetite—here comes the summons."

A door opened at the end of the salon, and disclosed a smaller chamber brilliantly lighted. Thither the hostess and her fair friends were duly marshalled, and the select company took their places at a supper-table, where there was little of idle splendour, little of ornament that had not some obvious use, but where every thing was arranged with a simple elegance, and where, without preparation elaborately luxurious—luxury was sufficiently consulted for those who are satisfied that at a small supper-table the second best thing shall be the good cheer.

It is well known that the *petits soupers* of Paris, before the disastrous

events in which the last century terminated, had acquired what in later days would have been termed an European reputation. If the salons set the tone of public opinion throughout France, the soupers governed the salons, constituting as it were an esoteric principle for them. Vanity, perhaps, never manifested its presence more amiably than in those charming re-unions. Literature, politics, religion, "the court, the camp, the grove," all things that be, tendered their contributions to enrich them—no subject so abstruse or grave, no sentiment so sacred, as to be exempt from their jurisdiction. Every man who hoped for success or distinction, felt that these were the arenas in which he was to achieve it—his studies, his observations, his reflections, all had reference to them; and he acquired insensibly the habit of considering every thing that engaged his thoughts, with a view to the aspect in which it would be most presentable in the little coteries, whose present celebrity was to be attained. As to posthumous renown, it was a species of limbo for which few would care to sacrifice a good reception in the circles where bright eyes reigned influence. They were the Parisian tournaments of the eighteenth century—tournaments where intellectual gladiators would often have been betrayed into vehemence, or confirmed in rancour, but for the power of an ascendancy equally conspicuous, perhaps, in times of old, but not conspicuous in the same salutary results. Under the graceful sway of female influence, the more odious passions were compelled to hide themselves; the excitement of competition was freely indulged, and jealousy or ill-will no further tolerated than as they could add zest to it. "Come, that is well on both sides"—"Who has been at a reading of the new tragedy?"—or, "Monsieur, will you oblige us by repeating that spirited epigram"—has often afforded a desirable pause to two impassioned rivals, who felt that they were committing and exposing themselves, and who, but for some such happy interposition could not have recoiled from an unseemly contest, and recovered their composure. Thus was the company a kind of orchestra, in which the hostess was found generally to preside with admirable taste and discretion. It was a compensation to woman for the law

which forbade her to reign on the throne. Even on the throne her power was felt, but her authority was acknowledged in the salons. There her guests were instruments which she governed, from which she produced a harmony, each in orderly obedience to her command, yet with the spirit and charm of voluntary wit "discouraging most excellent music." In a word, every thing, except heart, embellished these lively soirees, and even heartlessness, carefully guarded as it was, had its pleasing effect. It rendered the wit, like stars that shine brightest in a frosty atmosphere, more keenly brilliant, and it prevented the freedom of the entertainment from overstepping the lines of prudence or politeness, and degenerating into excess.

The salon of Madame de Valmont, although not one of those which had attained the highest distinction and celebrity, yet partook of the characteristics of the time; the conversation at her table was a graceful mixture of sprightliness, if not wit—and good sense; and under an explosion of light laughter, at one of the liveliest sallies of the evening, de Mortagne made his entry unobserved, and surprised his fair hostess—bending the knee in playful homage beside her.

"You!" cried she, "faithless and truant—so late and so daring."

"A suppliant to your august clemency, although more daring than you have even yet imagined."

"What new treason? Come, tell all your guilt before you sue for forgiveness. Enough, and more than enough already to be pardoned and punished. First, you fail in true allegiance—deserting my soiree, and leaving me exposed to the perils of magic which woman can least resist—magic that can add to the charm of mystery, the attraction of being new, and the boast of being prohibited. You leave me to encounter the shocks of repulsion and sympathy, forsaken by the trusty counsellor and friend, whose wisdom was to shield me from all evil influences. Next you grieve me with your indifference, contemning my *petit souper*, and make it too plain that it would give you no concern had the sorcerer bewitched me, or changed me into a sylph. And now that you appear, some horrid crime untold, unimagined, has still to be pardoned—perhaps, to be re-

pented of. Come, sir, tell us your crime."

"He is in the antechamber, madame, an English gentleman, a friend of Lord Annadale. Will it please you to pronounce my doom or my pardon, when you have seen the extent of my daring. May I introduce my friend? I defer the explanation of my boldness until some future hour, when the tediousness may be less annoying."

At a sign of indulgence, Monsieur de Mortagne left the chamber, and presently returned, introducing Carleton, who, notwithstanding all he had suffered, paid his compliments gracefully, as he took the place assigned him near Madame de Valmont.

"Your voices," said she; "shall Monsieur de Mortagne be pardoned, as a grace for the amiable addition he has made to our society?"

"Pardon, pardon," cried out several voices.

"But," said the beautiful blonde, "with a reserve that, to the best of his abilities, he accounts for his tardiness."

"Do you require a true narrative of his proceedings while he was guilty of absence?"

"No, no, madame, we are not so extravagant. Let him explain; if he romance, let his story be pleasant in proportion as it is not true, and it will amuse us into pronouncing a general pardon."

"What an idea," said de Mortagne, looking round into every face, "my fair and good friends please to entertain of me. I shall explain, and my explanation shall be true. I was not at your soiree, Madame la Comtesse, because I was"—here he made a pause during which every face betrayed impatience and expectation, at length he completed the sentence in a voice subdued to a whisper—"at mass."

"At mass! at mass! What! turning devout, is that your explanation?"

"An explanation not to be admitted," said the lady who had pronounced his sentence. "Monsieur le Vicomte promised us truth. What he has given us is neither pleasant nor true; he should have been here before the mass commenced; this after-thought of devotion shall not serve his purpose. It is an involuntary acknowledgment that he is wholly without excuse—an acknowledgment not entitled to fa-

vour, for it wants the touching recommendation of remorse. Judge, ladies, with me, has Monsieur de Mortagne the look or manner of a true penitent?"

"Oh, madame, as to penitence, I renounce it, on principle. Indeed I had little taste for it at any time; but since I became a man, I have discarded it from my list of tolerated weaknesses. Penitence—it is the sound of a conscience that goes too slow. If your clock will not strike the hours in proper time, better it should be silent. A man who orders his life wisely will make it become so. I like repentance in a fine Corregio. Your blue eyes, madame, would give captivating interest to such an expression. It does not suit me; I discard it. But as to my explanation—my after-thought, as Madame de Launy terms it, it is just, although it applies more properly, madame, to your after-party. My excuse for the soiree is—an accident. I was hastening from St. Denis, over roads, as you can well believe, on which ice has done its office. My misfortune was almost matter of course. One of my horses fell. I spare you details, and merely add, that when I arrived at my hotel, it was too late to avail myself of the privilege to wait on madame."

"And so you proceeded straightway," said his fair persecutor, "to return thanks for your preservation—from the soiree or the fall—which was it? It shows a good disposition to have been thankful for either. At least it shows that gratitude is not in so bad repute with you, as remorse."

"By no means, madame. Gratitude! it never harmed mortal. It is an un-presuming quality; and when a strong passion or interest is in the way, will accept an excuse or a denial. I admit gratitude—if admits of management; but there is only one course to be taken with repentance. It bears none but bitter fruits, and must be rooted out. But, returning to my explanation:—I threw myself on your clemency, with a fixed purpose, to win it by truth alone. There is a charm in a resolution of this kind which I would not willingly dissipate. Even for me, madame, novelty has attraction. I did not go to the church to return thanks to God, or saint, or man; but I said, I will follow this crowd, and enter where it enters—perhaps I shall find some-

thing to relate to Madame de Valmont which may win me indulgence and favour. This was my reason for entering St. Germain l'Auxerrois to-night."

"Well, and—the success? What face or figure will you describe, to make the portrait of it a compensation for your long absence?"

"Alas! madame—none. If I did notice any thing worth describing, it has passed from my memory. I was reminded of an incident in my early life—a danger, an escape, and the cost of it. The whole scene came upon me with a power that caused every thing around to be forgotten. If you can grant indulgence to such a story of by-gone days, it will make me happy to relate it."

"Relate—by all means—relate."

"Well, madame, to commence. In the year of grace seventeen hundred and something, when I was in Ireland——"

"In Ireland—you a resident in Ireland?"

"Yes, madame—even in Ireland."

"But do tell us, how came you to be an inhabitant of that country? Was it for pleasure or for improvement? I never knew that you had written of it—I have not heard you speak of it."

"Nevertheless, madame, I was there. I directed the recruiting service."

"Mystery within mystery. What can you mean?"

"Simply, madame, what I have the honour to say. You are aware that we have had in our army many soldiers of fortune from Ireland, and that we have at this moment Irish regiments in our service. We recruited for them in their own country. I see, Mr. Carleton, you look rather sceptical. It is the simple truth. And more—the practice was overlooked—connived at, perhaps, by some of your ablest ministers. What are we to do, said they. There is a reservoir of treason in Ireland—hundreds of thousands who, by the very laws of their being, will resist the laws of the land. Surely 'tis as well they should be drained off—that the reservoir of peccant humours shall be exhausted. They will be no less mischievous in Ireland than in Flanders or France; while the difference will be, that

France must pay if she take them away, while she has their services for nothing if we detain them at home. This reasoning, Mr. Carleton, is my own. I merely suppose it to be that of your statesmen. I did not reason so while I was acting as, in some sort, your enemy; but reflecting since on many circumstances connected with my recruiting performances, I have come to the conclusion that our activities must have been overlooked of set purpose. However, it was to be explained, we were for a time so untroubled in our vocation,* that we recruited and sent off our men with little care or caution. We knew the traffic in human lives was contrary to law, but felt as if it were sanctioned by custom.

"A time came when we had the excitement of opposition and danger to season our enjoyment. Men enlisted with a fear of the rope—they hang, at least they used to hang, with reasonable liberality in Ireland—and in receiving and disposing of them, we were forced to be on the alert, to evade sharp pursuit, and to adopt uncouth disguises.

"I travelled once for some days in company with—perhaps I should say in attendance upon—a drover—not one who was of dignity to drive oxen, or even sheep—my associate was a merchant of swine. I accompanied him in the appropriate costume—by no means, I can assure you, an inviting one—but it had the merit of not inviting pursuit. The very slowness of our march favoured us; and many a time they who were in quest of us—of me rather—passed on with a word or two to my companion, who was spokesman on each occasion, and left me unmolested. After this fashion my trusty associate conducted his drove and me, in safety, to the halting-place, where our ways were to separate.

"It was a habitation rude enough; portion of an old round tower, perched boldly on a high and precipitous rock projecting into a great lake connected with, I believe, the largest of the Irish rivers—the Shannon; I think, it is called. A narrow road, a kind of isthmus, of some hundred yards in length, connected this little peninsula, on which the tower was seated, with the main land. The whole was considerably elevated above the river, and,

in the neighbourhood of the tower, descended to it with an abruptness that was little less than perpendicular. A boat was to be provided for me in the morning after my arrival, and I was to be conducted into a place of greater safety. I was by no means sorry that my partnership (as the English merchants say) in the swinish multitude was dissolved, especially when, towards the end of our last day's journey, a mounted traveller, unattended, while conversing with my companion, threw some sharp glances towards me. To his questions I was proof; my partner answering for me that I could not speak English. "I was modest enough you observe, to think it possible that a foreign accent might betray me. Still I thought the over-curious traveller was not over-satisfied, and felt well pleased that the days of the disguise I then wore were numbered. You shall see by the result that my alarm was better founded than my security.

"At the earliest dawn of a morning in June we were startled out of a short slumber. The enemy were upon us, not actually at our fortalice, but discernible at a distance and approaching. I must do the Irish people the justice to say that, fanciful as they are, their imagination is of the kind which is most convenient; instead of exhausting itself in magnifying a danger, however formidable and sudden, it helps them to expedients by which they escape from it. My boat had arrived about midnight, and no more was necessary than that I should reach it in time. To retard the progress of the military party, my partner in the swine affair, routed up his heavy charge and drove them before him to the long causeway, which connected our fortress with the main land. Three men who had met us at the tower were left with me. The eldest offered to conduct me to the boat. The path to it, he said, wound along the side of the hill—I might escape the notice of the military—I might also be observed. If his honour (this is one of the titles conferred rather liberally by the Irish people) would not think it too much trouble, there was a rope-ladder by which I could descend directly from the tower, and enter the boat without an instant's exposure. Observe, I pray you, the phrase 'too much trouble.' The delicacy of savage life is

beyond all praise. He knew as well as I knew myself that the correct word would be, not trouble, but danger. He had an instinct to teach him that it would not be the proper word. I soon set him at ease. No man should engage in an adventurous life without having a steady head. Giddiness, physical giddiness, has often defeated great exploits, and brought many an enterprising career to a sudden and disastrous close. I set my friend at rest. He proceeded, with much despatch, to uncover an aperture in the floor of our rude apartment, and showed me, at a sufficiently appalling distance beneath, the still, dark water. Across the orifice I saw two thick iron bars extended. A ladder of rope, attached to them, was uncoiled, and I heard the splash as it fell into the river. My poor friend remained for a few seconds looking down, and as he raised his face it was pale with consternation.

"'There are two boats, colonel, dear,' said he, 'and one of them is the enemy's.'

"He was right—closely drawn to the bank—so closely as to be effectually covered by the high rock, which rather retreated than sloped out as it approached the river—we could see, by the side-view which our station afforded us, a boat, with one man holding the oars, and two with military great-coats, and armed as soldiers. The scheme was well laid. The inquisitive traveller had seen, no doubt, more than he affected to observe; and the secret of our fort, too, had been discovered. I was to be arrested by the party coming in front, or, if I ventured by the postern, I was to be intercepted on the water.

"What was to be done? I had a brace of pistols; but against the arms of the soldiers they were, in any case, poor weapons, and at our present distance from them, they were wholly useless. Could we—from our commanding eminence—could we sink the enemy? Oh! how I wished for heavy shot, or mighty stones to send down upon them. The wretched abode where we passed the night was utterly naked and desolate—it afforded no moveables of use for our purpose. There was no parapet on the ledge of rock which we might overturn. Still we would not give up life or liberty without an effort.

"All that I have had the honour to describe to you, passed so quickly, that my partner of the preceding day had not entered on the road from the tower when my old friend and I came forth to struggle for deliverance. Our design was to loosen and tear down some large fragments of the decayed masonry, carry them to the verge of the platform, and precipitate them on the unsuspecting sentinels. My swine compeller turned back from his way. The soldiers were yet a good way off, and, before he wandered forth to interrupt them with his ungracious drove, he thought that, for a few minutes, he could 'lend a hand,' as he expressed himself, to assist in killing their friends in the boat.

"Well, madame, we set to work with right good will, although with implements ill-adapted to our purpose. We proceeded slowly, painfully, I may well add, vexatiously. If you are toiling prosperously, you will often deprecate any partnership in your labours; but if you are unsuccessful, it provokes you much to see persons, whom you would not, perhaps, ask to assist you, busy in their own pursuits, and taking no thought of your perplexities. In such an emergency as mine, a trial of this kind was very sharp. While we toiled as only those, who strive for life against minutes, can toil, my fellow-labourers praying for assistance from the saints, and I cursing the masons who had done their work so mischievously well, a boy or youth, of about sixteen years of age, active and strong enough to be useful, was amusing himself in the double enjoyment of tormenting us, and worrying two monstrous beasts, who had separated from their amiable companions, and whom he was labouring by means of ropes thrown round their heads, to bring back to their place in the drove. I was angry, I confess. Once I was strongly tempted to waste one of my two shots on the urchin; but I felt that both might have a better employment, and I thought it possible that the lad's father, who laboured energetically with me, would not approve of the vengeance I wished to inflict on his provoking offspring.

"The wretch, too, had his own trouble. The more earnestly he tugged, the more obstinately the sulky brutes retreated. At last, in their

backward march, they neared the verge of the rock where there was a sheer descent to the water. Suddenly a thought of the boy's intent flashed on my mind. While we toiled wearily and in vain, one man had remained with him, and this man I saw hasten to the tower, and peer out cautiously through the aperture. Words were interchanged between him and the boy, and a slight alteration in the posture of the swine effected. I could wait no longer—I hastened to the tower, and there the whole plan was open before me.

"On the verge of the precipice, with heads landward, tails pendant over empty space, there stood the two colossal creatures. Directly under them was the boat. The boy had done his part, and would now have the catastrophe duly accomplished. 'Father,' said he, 'Denis, leave those stones at rest; they will be at rest whether you like it or no, and come here where you can do some good.' With hands uplifted in wonder, the men obeyed and stood beside the boy. 'Now, James, darling,' cried he to my companion in the tower, 'is all right—is the aim sure?' 'Surer than a miser's money—surer could not be,' was the reply. 'Then,' said the boy, 'God send Saxon George's sodgers an easy death.' Not another word was spoken. 'The catastrophe was effected in speechlessness, so far as man was concerned. The boy tugged passionately at his ropes—the brutes, as is their wont, stubbornly retreated. Their hind-legs passed over the precipice. There was the struggle of a moment, but only a moment. The weight of the monsters, and a little aid from the father and son, promptly decided the affair. Down went the elephant-like monsters—a horrid avalanche—on the unsuspecting ambush. A man had risen in the boat—perhaps hearing faintly the far-off cry of the creatures in their last struggle. From my post of observation I could see his countenance as he beheld the descending masses. The expression was of pure amazement—a bewilderment of faculties so absolute as to banish thought and even fear. Strange how the vision of an instant shall stamp an image upon the memory such as can never be obliterated. I never saw such an expression of face before or since, and if I were a painter I could trace it as accurately, though

not with the same delight, as I could yours, madame. Almost in the act of rising, he was struck down; one mighty ruin plunged him into the water, and overturned the boat as he fell. The second shock was unnecessary—it merely accelerated the catastrophe.

"My rope-ladder was now made fast, and I hastily descended. As I reached the lowest steps, I could perceive that there was some commotion in the boat. I saw but the conclusion of it. One only of the crew had risen from the river depths. Hurt and helpless as he was, he would have found mercy, had he been in other attire. The regimentals proved his ruin. At the moment I stepped off the ladder, his fate was decided. The last blow was mortal. The water was bloody around him—his hands slid off from the side of the boat, and with his eyes in a wide and ghastly stare, his face upturned, and almost as dreadful in a paleness where death seemed anticipated, as where the red blood was rushing over his hair and shoulders—he slowly sunk.

"We gave little time to watch or think of him, but pulled our way vigorously across the river. When we stood out a little from the bank, we could see what passed on the isthmus. My friend, the proprietor of the swine, had chosen his fate with me. He and another of the party were with us in the boat, while the drove were left in charge of the boy who had so distinguished himself, and of his associate in the achievement. We could see that they had reached the mainland without meeting the military, and soon after we were safe in recesses at the other bank of the river, where danger, in the shape of the Elector's soldiers, was little likely to reach us."

The story was received with indulgence, and with the expressions of pretty horror and interest, meet for the narrator's encouragement. It was followed by questions which had been retained in suspense during the recital, for explanations of incidents which the auditory were not prepared fully to understand. At length it was remembered that one important matter was left untold.

"You said that the story was suggested to you this evening. How was that? Where is the connection between a midnight mass at St. Germain

l'Auxerrois and the drowning soldiers in an Irish river?"

"An accidental circumstance. Simply that, in the church of St. Germain, this night I saw the hero of the feat."

"Dear, what a prize. Be amiable Monsieur de Mortagne—give us a sight of this wild boy."

"Boy, madame. You forget"—and de Mortagne glanced a look towards a large pier-glass—"you forget that we do not retain boyhood, or even first-youth, all our lives. It is some time since my hero became entitled to write himself down a man."

"And you knew him—you knew him?"

"Certainly—circumstances like those in which I made acquaintance with this youth's face, gave a deep impression on the memory. Besides, I have seen him in Paris since the time of his Irish exploit."

"The when and the where, pray—another story?"

"Ah, madame, that is my secret. Instead of the story, I shall endeavour to render an Irish expression intelligible, and beg your indulgence to it. Unhappily, it was one of those untranslatable witticisms, called puns. Monsieur Carleton, I daresay, knows enough of the colloquial English spoken in Ireland to understand it. One of the boatmen, after pausing from his exertions, both of his craft and party—rowing and killing—leaned complacently on his oars, and looked up with a contemplative expression towards the high cliff; then, while a shade passed over his face, he said, with perfect seriousness—'Paddy, many's the good slip of a pig you bought and sold in your time; but, by my soul, you never saw so purty slips as them a while ago; no, nor so well sold. Two soldiers and a Christian paid down for a couple of slips of pigs.'—The same word in the Hibernian dialect of English means a fall and a species of swine. It is a name for the animal itself, as well as for the accident which the expression seems to denote.—'Ay,' replied Paddy, 'I did not bring my pigs to a bad market at all.' This was the only moral drawn by my companions from the event of the morning—the only epitaph on their victims."

"Thanks for your explanation. If we happen to apprehend your Calenberg too slowly for enjoying the wit of it," said Madame de Valmont—"at

least it is valuable as a trait of character. You have satisfied us, too, that you will preserve your mystery.—Agreed—the secret shall remain your own. It is indispensable, indeed, in the rôle of every impostor. Signor Barbarini, who discoursed with so superb and mystic eloquence, insists that even nature would not have half her present attractions, if she were not careful to withhold her principal secrets from all but the deserving. Pray, Mr. Carleton, has this new science found favour in your land of thought?"

"I do not know, madame, that it has revealed its treasures to our present generation. Something of the kind was once introduced amongst us, but it did not flourish. It was not left to itself, or to such favourable influence and agencies as might have promoted its growth—but died of a satiric poem. We now know the magic which accommodates itself to the necessity of labouring for a livelihood, more through the pictures of our poets than on its own showing."

"Here with us it has scarcely reached the dignity to provoke satire. I wish we had had the gratification to receive you at an earlier hour—Monsieur de Mortagne, too—but he has acquitted himself, and denies us an excuse to fail at him. Well, we may, perhaps, have better fortune on another evening."

"And why," said de Mortagne, "will madame leave her gratification dependent on a 'perhaps?' Is not this somewhat too much in the bourgeois fashion? Why not visit the sage—this Sydrophe!—so your Butler, Mr Carleton, calls him—"

Who deals in destiny's dark councils,
And strange opinions of the moon tails.

May we not visit him? If I am not mistaken, your poet, Monsieur, proves that even the pious may take such liberties."

"Yes—he does, but on a principle somewhat equivocal, and rather too comprehensive—not less than that

The godly may allege
For any thing their privileges.

But, indeed, to do the cause and the poet justice, he employs an argument more precise and pointed, in order to prove that men

To the d——l himself may go,
If they have motives thereunto.
'Fur,' he reasons, 'as there is a war between
The d——l and them, it is no sin
If they, by subtle stratagies,
Make use of him as he does them.' "

"You hear, Madame de Valmont," said de Mortagne, as he explained the passage. "What better justification could we need for a visit to your sorcerer of the salons? But I do the gentleman injustice. No doubt he would reject the name of sorcerer—the meanest appellation he would condescend to accept would be that of magician."

"And the difference—what is it?"

"Much—very much—not less than the difference between master and slave—between good and evil. Magicians, free of their craft, are masters of the spirits of air. Sorcerers, by the terms of their compact, are slaves to the spirits of earth. Magicians are free to exercise their authority for good—sorcerers have hired themselves to work evil. Magicians belong to the race of those who are said to have visited Messiah in his cradle—sorcerers make their closest approach to superior power, when they hold their Sabbath of Beelzebub. The spells of sorcerers are sins 'ugly and venomous'—and those of magicians, like your own, madame, are charms."

"Well, now that you have charmed away my scruples, if I had any, may I exert my power to charm? May I command your presence for Monday? Shall we have your escort, gentlemen?"

A general assent was given.

"And, Monsieur de Mortagne, come without a prejudice—you are sceptical, I know, in matters more certain than the fire philosophy."

"Alas, madame, you misapprehend me. My scepticism arises out of my belief. I have a firm conviction that there is a religion born in us—the element which unites our being with that of another world; it is because in received forms of religion I find this primeval principle disowned or disregarded, that I am an unbeliever. My firm conviction is a real religion of the heart—a religion of heaven—of God—makes me a bad Catholic. As to charlatans like this, I beg your ladyship's pardon, of whom you speak, they are the agents through whom the neglected cravings of the spirit assert

and avenge themselves. Of these cravings the Catholic religion is afraid—the world of pleasure or business will not pause to hear them; but most hearts are conscious of them, and because religious systems do not allot them a recognised place and occupation—because they are uncared for in the spirit—left without rule, or scope, or plan, they seem to show mysteries when they are observed, and prepare the way for jugglers to travel and profit by."

"Can it be Monsieur de Mortagne we have heard," said madame; "has he come to mysteries and revelations?"

"Monsieur de Mortagne, madame," he replied, "is better, or perhaps I should say, worse than you may have thought him. If possible I am more averse to the philosophy, as it is styled, of the day, than to our poor gew-gaw religion. Believe me, if I could discern an honest intention and a believing heart under the gaudy ceremonies of the church, I would at least tolerate a religion which could boast of faithful worshippers. Even as it is, I think it better than a philosophy—what a name!—that weighs humanity by the pound, and thinks of man only as an organization of physical substances. Against them both I would take up the quackery that appeals to the superstitious, that is to say, the neglected spiritual affections—the heart's mystery within us. Your Rosicrucian may be, as others of his tribe who have thriven, a knave. No matter, his success is a proof that there is something within us better "than has been dreamed of in your philosophy." A better philosophy will in due time arise. Meanwhile I accept these juggleries as presumption that the general heart of man expects it. Empiricism, in material things, was once a harbinger of chemical science, (among alchemists, the dupes of their own fancies were more numerous); now, I would hope it is preparing the way for a true science of the human mind. Madame, I shall be charmed to have the honour of attending you on Monday, and Monsieur Carleton, who has already bowed his graceful acceptance of your invitation, will be, I am persuaded, happy to join the party."

And thus the company separated.

ANTHOLOGIA GERMANICA—NO. XIX.—MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ABOUT five years back, as our readers may remember, Ferdinand Freiligrath published his first volume of poems. It was a rather wild and clever affair—all seas and sand-spouts—whales and buffaloes—Hottentots, Troglodytes,

"—Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Did grow beneath their shoulders,"

and it produced, accordingly, an extensive sensation. The German people were electrified by it. The king of Prussia placed its author on the pension list. Most miraculous fact of any, even the reviewers praised it! A few transcendental cynics, alone, laughed in derision, but their mirth met no response, for there really were in the book,

"Thoughts that did often lie too deep for merriment."

In short, it succeeded. The originality of such an idea as that of poetising topography and natural history, took the public by surprise; and Ferdinand was in a fair way of making his fortune.

He had formerly been in trade: here was now a golden opportunity for him to regain the position he had forfeited. He might go back to the shop, and set up in the huckstery line under the brilliantest auspices. However, he did no such thing. He had other views than could be obtained from inspecting the interior of a butter-firkin. His grand ambition was to take the shine yet brightlier as an author. He would bring out another book, all wild-cats and hurricanes again, but still not quite the same as the former; and so he sat down, with half-a-hundred weight of paper before him, to think how he should manage *that* job.

The Westphalian tea-unions, meanwhile, were nearly as anxious as himself on the score, but they were more

in the dark, for they couldn't tell what sort of book he intended to write. It was, of course, clear that he wouldn't repeat himself—that he wouldn't mind catching any more Tartars. But what he *would* do was the question. Would he fall back on forms and conventionalities with Goethe, or ascend into the "Ideal," like Schiller? People shook their heads. Was he likely to try his hand at the construction of gingerbread gimcracks of castles, after the manner of Uhland? A universal horselaugh negatived the notion. Had he, then, a decided inclination to descend into Hades with Kerner, and study the mysteries of caco-magnetism among demons and incubi? This appeared an out-and-out improbability. In a word, all agreed that he was too much of a genius to copy.

"His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart"

from the cloudy tabernacles of the whole tribe of metrical push-pin-players. As Selber tersely observes,

"He had once beat all of them by chalks,"

and there seemed no valid reason why he shouldn't go on beating them to the end of all the chapters. *He*, at least, was not a bag of claff, a make-believe, a wire-and-pulley get-up, but an unmistakeable specimen of muscle and sinew; and he would shew that he was.

Well, and did he shew that he was? We shall answer that query in, perhaps, our next anthology. At present all that we can say is that he came out in due season, armed to the teeth, and scowling like ten thunder-clouds. He had become a young Germanist! It was even so. He who, in 1841, had thus expressed himself in a poem on the execution of the unfortunate Don Diego Leon:

"He was the tool of tyrants." Be it so!

Cares Poetry for Party? No!

• The Poet gathers his perennial bays

In all domains. Rejoice Kings of Earth who chase!

Since Homer sang, since Ilium's dazzling days,

He owns no sovereign, save the Muse.

He reverences Napoleon's mighty mind,
 Yet weeps, too, when the Bourbon D'Enghien dies.*
 He knows Man but as Man: you cannot bind
 His catholic soul by party-ties!

placarded his principles as follows, in 1844—

Be my goal, or not, a vain chimera,
 By the People's Rights I take my stand;
 "MARCH, O POET, WITH THY LAND AND ERA!"
 So now read I Schiller's high command.

His book was entitled "Ein Glaubensbekenntniss," (A Confession of Faith,) and was in two parts—one part containing some poems written while he was an Old German, and the other, those concocted by him after he had been ground Young by the heartless tyranny of 'the aristocracy. We quote a portion of his preface:—

"I have always been of a confiding and hopeful character; and the turn which affairs have lately taken in Prussia has inflicted so much the more painful a shock on my mind. It is to this that the reader owes the large number of poems in the second part of my volume, as compared with those of the first. None of those poems were 'concocted,' as the phrase is—[well, then, we beg his pardon]—each of them arose out of some circumstance of the moment; and all were alike the result of deep-rooted and thorough conviction on my part. Before I penned them, I had resigned to the king all further claims on his bounty. My much-talked-of pension was bestowed on me in the beginning of 1842; and since the termination of 1843, I have ceased to receive it.

"In trustfully commending this volume to the hearts of the German people, I am certain that the reflective and candid will be able, from its contents, accurately to trace the progress of my faith and feelings. They will perceive that my conversion was not sudden, but gradual; not the product of levity, or wild enthusiasm, but the result of enquiry and enlightened persuasion. And it will come to this with the entire nation before long! We are all engaged in a blind struggle for the attainment of political consciousness; light will, by-and-by, break in upon us. In the

mean time, the severest reproach that can be addressed to me, is, that I have suffered my 'catholic soul' to be bound by 'party-ties.' I admit that I have! I have gone over, without shrinking or faltering, to the ranks of those brave men who are exerting themselves to stem the tide of tyranny with breast and brow. For me, henceforth, no existence without liberty! Whatever be the fate of this book—whatever be my own fate—as long as the system of oppression under which I behold my fatherland groaning shall endure, so long shall my voice and arm be raised in support of the efforts of all who are labouring for national regeneration. So help me, next to God, the confidence of my countrymen! My face is turned towards the Future."

Noble fellow! How we should wish to have witnessed the interview between him and the king! "Take back the remnant of your bribe-money!" we may suppose him to have exclaimed with the air of a hussar, as perhaps he handed three groschen—four pence halfpenny—in a piece of twisted paper to Frederick William, who probably fainted on the spot. Honour to such heroism! With what a lofty air of independence Ferdinand must that day have stalked into the humble ordinary at the corner of Hochstrasse, and demanded, for the first time in his life, a dinner of rolls and radishes on tick!

We purpose to extract at some length from his volume in a future article. For the present we shall confine ourself to a translation of one of its poems—a ballad on the "Weisse Frau," or White Lady, who,—as the petrel shews itself before the tem-

* The original is much stronger, but its truth is questionable.

"Er beugt sein Knie dem Helden Bonaparte,
 Und hört mit Zürnen D'Enghien's Todeschrei."

A courtier, or a hypocrite, may act in this duplex way, but scarcely a poet.

pest,—has recently re-appeared in Prussia, by way of giving princes and people fair promise of the approach of

troubulous times. Our readers, we presume, have heard or read of

The White Lady.

(She is popularly supposed to have been the princess Agnes of Meran, who married Otto, Count of Orlamund, and murdered her two children, from a notion that they stood in the way of her subsequent union with Albert the Fair, Burgrave of Nuremberg, with whom she had fallen in love. Her death occurred about the middle of the fourteenth century. Professor Stilling seems to doubt the identity of the "Weisse Frau" with Lady Agnes,

but he allows it to be "an almost universally admitted fact," that the "Frau" has been, from time to time, seen in sundry castles throughout Prussia, Bavaria, and Bohemia. The Legations-councillor George Döring, editor of the Franfort *Iris*, has communicated some interesting anecdotes with respect to her to Dr. Kerner, for which we refer very German readers to Vol. VI. of that indefatigable demonologist's "Blätter aus Prevorst.")

Once more the Phantom Countess, attired in white, appears,
With mourning and with wailing, with tremors and with tears,
Once more appears a-gliding forth from pictures and from walls,
In Prussia's gorgeous palaces and old baronial halls—
And the guards that pace the ramparts and the terrace-walks by night,
Are stricken with a speechlessness and swooning at the sight.

O pray for Lady Agnes!

Pray for the soul of Lady Agnes!

What bodes this resurrection upon our illumined stage?
Comes she perchance to warn and wake a ghostless, godless age?
Announces she the death of Kings and Kaisers as of yore—
A funeral and a crowning—a pageant, and no more?
I know not—but men whisper through the land, from south to north,
That a deeper grief, a wider woe, to-day has called her forth.

O pray for Lady Agnes!

Pray for the hapless Lady Agnes!

She nightly weeps—they say so!—o'er the beds of Young and Old,
O'er the infant's crimson cradle—o'er the couch of silk and gold.
For hours she stands, with clasped hands, lamenting by the side
Of the sleeping Prince and Princess—of the Landgrave and his bride;
And at whiles along the corridors is heard her thrilling cry—
"Awake, awake, my kindred!—the Time of Times is nigh!"

O pray for Lady Agnes!

Pray for the

"Awake, awake, my kindred! O saw ye what I see,
Sleep never more would seal your eyes this side eternity!
Through the hundred-vaulted cavern-crypts where I and mine abide,
Boom the thunders of the rising storm, the surgings of the tide—
You note them not: you blindly face the hosts of Fate and Fate!
Alas! your eyes will open soon—too soon, yet all too late!"

O pray for Lady Agnes!

Pray for the soul of Lady Agnes!

"Oh, God! Oh, God! the coming hour arouses even the Dead;
Yet the Living thus can slumber on, like things of stone or lead.
The dry bones rattle in their shrouds, but you, you make no sign!
I dare not hope to pierce your souls by those weak words of mine,

Else would I warn from night to morn, else cry, 'O Kings, be just!
Be just, if bold! Loose where you may: bind only where you must!'"

O pray for Lady Agnes!
Pray for the wretched Lady Agnes!

"I, sinful one, in Orlamund I slew my children fair:
Thence evermore, till time be o'er, my dole and my despair,
Of that one crime in olden time was born my endless woe;
For that one crime I wander now in darkness to and fro.
Think ye of me, and what I dree, you whom no law controls,
Who slay your people's holiest hopes, their liberties, their souls!"
O pray for Lady Agnes!
Pray for the hapless Lady Agnes!

"Enough! I must not say *Good* night, or bid the doomed farewell!
Down to mine own dark home I go—my Hades' dungeon-cell.
Above my head lie brightly spread the flowers that Summer gives,
Free waters flow, fresh breezes blow, all nature laughs and lives;
But where you tread the flowers drop dead, the grass grows pale and sere,
And round you floats in clotted waves Hell's lurid atmosphere!"
O pray for Lady Agnes!
Pray for the wandering Lady Agnes!

She lifts on high her pallid arms—she rises from the floor,
Turns round and round without a sound, then passes through the door.
But through the open trellices the warden often sees
Her moonpale drapery floating down the long dim galleries;
And the guards that pace the ramparts and the terrace-walks by night
Are stricken with a speechlessness and swooning at the sight,
O pray for Lady Agnes!
And myriads more with Lady Agnes!

In Wolff's *Hausschatz*—the repository of an incredible quantity of mid-dling poetry—we meet with a song by one Heyden, a name unfamiliar to our ears. Of course we do not pledge our honour that our version of it is at all a faithful one, in the transla-

rial sense of the word. About the term *Wechabite*, in the second stanza, we entertain some doubt: possibly it may not mean "Wahabee." The Wahabee fanatics, we believe, displayed rather too much than too little zeal in defence of the "holy places."

The Last Words of Al-Hassan.

Farewell for ever to all I love!
To river and rock farewell!
To Zoumlah's gloomful cypress-grove,
And Shaarmal's tulipy dell!
To Deenween-Küllaha's light blue bay,
And Oreb's lonely strand!
My race is run—I am called away—
I go to the Lampsess Land.
• 'Llah Hu!
I am called away from the light of day
To my tent in the Dark Dark Land!

I have seen the standard of Ali stained
With the blood of the Brave and Free,
And the Kaaba's Venerable Stone profaned
By the truculent Wahabee.
O, Allah, for the light of another sun,
With my Bazra sword in hand!—

But I rave in vain—my course is run—
I go to the Lampless Land.

'Llah Hu!

My course is run—my goal is won—
I go to the Dark Dark Land!

Yet why should I live a day—an hour?
The friends I valued lie low;
My sisters dance in the halls of the Giaour;*
My brethren fight for the foe.
None stood by the banner this arm unfurled
Save Khārada's mountain-band.

'Tis well that I leave so base a world,
Though to dwell in the Lampless Land—

'Llah Hu!

'Tis well that I leave so false a world,
Though to dwell in the Dark Dark Land!

Even she, my loved and lost Ameen,
The moon-white pearl of my soul,
Could pawn her peace for the show and sheen
Of silken Istamból!

How little did I bode what a year would see
When we parted at Samarkhând—
My bride in the harem of the Osmânlee,
Myself in the Lampless Land!

'Llah Hu!

My bride in the harem of the Osmânlee,
Myself in the Dark Dark Land!

We weep for the Noble who perish young,
Like flowers before their bloom—
The great-souled Few who, unseen and unsung,
Go down to the charnel's gloom;
But, written on the brow of each, if Man
Could read it and understand,
Is the changeless decree of Heaven's Deewân—
We are born for the Lampless Land!

'Llah Hu!

By the dread firmân of Heaven's Deewân
All are born for the Dark Dark Land!

The wasted moon has a marvellous look
Amiddle of the starry hordes—
The heavens, too, shine like a mystic book,
All bright with burning words.
The mists of the dawn begin to dislimn
Zahâra's castles of sand.
Farewell!—farewell! Mine eyes fæel dim—
They turn to the Lampless Land.

'Llah Hu!

My heart is weary—mine eyes are dim—
I would rest in the Dark Dark Land!

A volume by Hoffmann of Fallersleben lies before us. The tendencies of this young poet, we have been informed, are political and democratic: if they be so he has, perhaps, acted

prudently in not permitting any of them to appear in his lyrics. A few of his tavern-songs are tolerable. We transfer one of them, slightly improved, to our pages.

* Literally *dog*, (the Irish *Gadhar*), and figuratively *infidel*. It is a monosyllable.

The Winninger Winehouse.

Hurrah for the Winninger Winehouse!
 The sanded Winninger Winehouse!
 Eighteen of us meet in a circle and treat
 One another all day at the Winehouse.
 As thinking but doubles men's troubles,
 'Tis shirked in the Emerald Parlour.
 Though banks be broken or War lour,
 We've eyes alone for *such* bubbles
 As wink on our "cups" in the Winehouse,
 Our "golden cups" in the Winehouse,
 As poets would feign—but 'tis glasses we drain
 In the sanded Winninger Winehouse.

There's not in Westphalia a winehouse
 To match this tiptoppical Winehouse!
 For purpling your beak the stuff you should seek
 Is what we drink in Winninger Winehouse!
 While Bacchus looks down from the ceiling,
 And Flora in at the window,
 We sing, as all guests at an inn do,
 Or talk with affectionate feeling—
 Were one of our club in the Winehouse
 Caught sneaking away from this fine house
 To muddle elsewhere, the rest of us there
 Would soon do his job in the Winehouse!

We have rows of brown rolls in the Winehouse,
 Light branny brown rolls in this Winehouse—
 On these and our wine we luxuriously dine
 Each day in the Winninger Winehouse.
 Curst greasy old mouth-fouling butter
 No daddie amongst us handles—
 Our chairman whistles for candles,
 And, closing the window-shutter,
 We banquet on bread in the Winehouse,
 Our sanded, immaculate Winehouse!
 Your cowheel and tripe, your garbage and swipes,
 Would be kicked from the door of our Winehouse!

To-day is our tenth in the Winehouse,
 The sanded Winninger Winehouse!
 Our tin is all gone, but we still tittle on.
 When Kwarternask, lord of this Winehouse,
 Brings in our next bottle, or pottle,
 Jug, jorum, or purple decanter,
 We'll fly at the foggy instantan,
 We'll fasten like rats on his throttle,
 And force him to swear that *his* Winehouse
 Shall be for the future *Our* Winehouse!
 Then, comrades of mine, fill your beakers with wine,
 And nipe cheers for our Winninger Winehouse!

Hoffmann has all the levity, with but little of the epigrammatic point of a Parisian *chansonnier*. A far more earnest and energetic writer of the Gallician school is August Lamey, a

native of Kehl, seventy three years old, whose early youth was passed amid the exciting scenes of the revolution of '89. He thinks in French though he writes in German, and ap-

pears to entertain rather a contempt for the Tranarhonane character. "Ihr," he exclaims, addressing the Germans—"ihr seid der Rube froh, und brennt nicht für das höhere Gut der Freiheit! Uns (Frenchmen) war

ein Phönix aufgestiegen, der fern von euch in Dunste kreiset: darum, ihr Eukel, reden wir euch nicht mit euren Zungen und denken nicht mit eurem Geiste." We give the spirited verses in which this fine sentiment occurs.

Jufmus!

I am one of some half thousand from the millions of a reign
Departed with the years before the flood—
A reign of Anarchy and Grandeur, Intellect and Crime,
Which witnessed all of Ill or Good
The lifewhile of a world can shew—phenomena such as Time
Shall never, never see again!

Then spread far forth, like billowy fire, the feelings that of old
Had smouldered in the bosoms of the Few;
Immortal Freedom then was born, and dwelt with mortal men;
And France, the thundress, rose, and threw,
Her giant shadow o'er the quaking earth! Since then
Hath half a stormy century rolled!

You, Germans, you are dead in soul! Your luxury is Repose;
We hated that! The price of Liberty
We knew to be our hearts' best blood, and *that* we freely gave;
We poured it forth in oceans, we!
Even till we saw the Night again close o'er us like a grave
Where first our Sun of Glory rose!

We have learned all terrible truths that Revolution came to teach—
We have known all marvellous changes Time could show—
We have seen the Phoenix of a world whose ashes on the winds
Were scattered long and long ago!
Therefore, pale Youth of Germany, we think not with your minds,
Nor can you understand our speech!

* Now for a song from Julius Moser, profession, a true poet in tempera-
a Voigtlander, and, albeit a lawyer by ment.

The Death of Hofer.

At Mantua long had lain in chains
The gallant Hofer bound;
But now his day of doom was come—
At morn the deep roll of the drum
Resounded o'er the soldiered plains.
O Heaven! with what a deed of dole
The hundred thousand wrongs were crowned
Of trodden down Tyrol!

With iron-fettered arms and hands
The hero moved along.
His heart was calm, his eye was clear—
Death was for traitor slaves to fear!
He oft amid his mountain hands,
Where Inn's dark wintry waters roll,
Had faced it with his battle song,
The Sandwirth* of Tyrol.

* We suppose we need scarcely remark that this word is properly accented on the second syllable.

Anon he passed the fortress wall,
 And heard the wail that broke
 From many a brother thrall within.
 "Farewell!" he cried. "Soon may you win
 Your liberty! God shield you all!
 Lament not me! I see my goal.
 Lament the land that wears the yoke,
 Your land and mine, Tyról!"

So through the files of musqueteers
 Undauntedly he passed,
 And stood within the hollow square.
 Well might he glance around him there,
 And proudly think on by-gone years!
 Amid such serfs *his* bannerol,
 Thank God! had never braved the blast
 On thy green hills, Tyról!

They bade him kneel; but he with all
 A patriot's truth replied—
 "I kneel alone to God on high—
 As thus I stand so dare I die,
 As oft I fought so let me fall!
 "Farewell"—his breast a moment swoll
 With agony he strove to hide.—
 "My Kaiser and Tyról!"

No more emotion he betrayed.
 Again he bade farewell
 To Francis and the faithful men
 Who girt his throne. His hands were then
 Unbound for prayer, and thus he prayed:—
 "God of the Free, receive my soul!
 And you, slaves, Fire!" So bravely fell
 Thy foremost man, Tyról!

We should very much like to elaborate an Anthology from Rückert. Like Wordsworth, Rückert has been eminently successful in his attempts to invest the every-day incidents of life, "the common growth of Mother Earth," with the graces of poetry; but he is wholly free from the stilted

pedantry which one regrets to meet with occasionally in the Great Lakist. In his purely metaphysical poems he does not shine. A translator of these must either amplify them or cut them short—perhaps cut them altogether. Here is a thought borrowed from Neander, and actually gasping for air.

Ein Wort Neander's. A saying of Neander.

Den Schöpferischen, herrschend über seine Zeit
 Erhabnen Geist, wie darfst du ihn aus seiner Zeit
 Erklären? Aus ihm selbst erkläre seine Zeit!

Ever must thy toil be frustrate
 While thou strivest to illustrate
 "God from Human Soul and State:
 These abide unvoiceful ever;
 Shadow serves to *indicate*
 Substance, but *contains* it never.
 Whoso seeks the Unseen Eternal
 In the Finite Visible
 Is but groping for the *Kernel*
 On the outside of the Shell.

"Aus ihm selbst erkläre seine Zeit!" advises Neander, but merely, as it would seem, for sake of the antithesis, for even the advisor himself, subtle a theologian as he is, could scarcely obey such a behest. As a sugges-

tion to Hegel, (at whose "absolute philosophy" the thought is obviously *visée*) it is sheer folly. We have left it where we found it.

The following is at once a happy *jeu d'esprit*, and a melancholy truth.

Memnon and Mammon.

"Thine Eastern Lays, O friend! are dear
To my soul! I sing them, and in mine ear
All Memnon's mythical dolors are tingling!"

So wrote to me recently One of Us.
I shewed the passage to Ludovic Huss;
And Ludovic read it precisely thus—

"Thine Eastern Lays, O friend! are dear
To my soul! I sing them, and in mine ear
All Mammon's musical dollars are jingling!"

The irony here is rather severe;
But the man of a MILLION, the modern Xerxes
(Of ducats) can hardly do other than sneer

At the MAN in a million who coins but—verses!
The world prefers—though the Poet imbues
His pages with Fancy's brilliantest colors—
The "gold itself" to the golden hues,
And Mammon's dollars to Memnon's dolors!

That Rückert's oriental translations
deserve such praise we are not pre-
pared to admit; but we are perhaps

blinded by our western prejudices. We
submit a specimen of those transla-
tions:—

And Then No More.

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
'Twas Eden's light on Earth awhile, and then no more.
Amid the throng she passed along the meadow-floor:
Spring seemed to smile on Earth awhile, and then no more,
But whence she came, which way she went, what garb she wore,
I noted not; I gazed awhile, and then no more!

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
'Twas Paradise on Earth awhile, and then no more.
Ah! what avail my vigils pale, my magic lore?
She shone before mine eyes awhile, and then no more.
The shallow of my peace is wrecked on Beauty's shore.
Near Hope's fair isle it rode awhile, and then no more!

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
Earth looked like Heaven a little while, and then no more.
Her presence thrilled and lighted to its inner core
My desert breast a little while, and then no more.
So may, perchance, a meteor glance at midnight o'er
Some ruined pile a little while, and then no more!

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
The earth was Peri-land awhile, and then no more.
Oh! might I see but once again, as once before,
Through chance or wile, that shape awhile, and then no more!
Death soon would heal my griefs! This heart, now sad and sore,
Would beat anew a little while, and then no more.

We shall conclude our present paper by two poems from Selber. It is fortunate for us that we are not required to criticise as well as to translate, for we should scarcely know what judgment to pronounce on this eccentric writer. Selber is not a young Germanist, though, from certain passages in his works, he might pass for one—nay for one of the reddest-hot revolutionists. Perhaps we should describe

him aptliest by representing him as a compound of supernaturalist, republican, moral philosopher, and utilitarian—the supernaturalist predominating. He appears to have “begun the world” with a redundancy of enthusiasm, and to have, accordingly, duly realised the saddening truth of the sentiment advanced by Moore—(if we misquote our friend Tom he will be good enough to send us a set of his works—)

Oh! life is a waste of wearisome hours,
That seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the toes that are foremost to dance among flowers,
Are also the first to be troubled with corns!

Nobody can translate Selber to advantage: his peculiar idiosyncrasy unfortunately betrays itself in every line he writes—and there exists, moreover, an evident wish on his part to show the world that he possesses

“What a happy fellow was Jacobi!” he observes. He could doubt his own identity, and that of every man!—but for me—“Ich bin ich, und leider bin kein Andrer!” We beg our readers to cast their eyes over the following poem, and to note also the comments of Dr. Berri Abel Hummer thereon:—

“A life within himself, to breathe without mankind.”

Eighteen Hundred Fifty.

I am I,—mincself, and none beside:
That's a fact, in spite of Herr Jacobi.
Would it were not! for I cannot hide
From my heart my growing autophoby.
Were metempsychosian figments true,
I'd bequeath, good world, an ugly gift t' yo—
My sad soul to wit, which waits the new
State of things in Eighteen Hundred Fifty!*
Will that epoch license me to see
Faith triumphant and the nations free—
Or but make a dismal dupe of me?
Like De Quincey waking from some glowing
Opium-dream to study Kant and groan—
. . . Hark! the winds, the rucful winds are blowing,
And, alas! I dwell alone!

Sick to death of all I see, my thoughts
Take a turn much like the last of Cato's.
I renounce for weeks mine old onslaughts
On long lines of rashers and potatoes,
And, eschewing courses and dessert,
Pic-nic off a lark with schnapps of stiff tea;
But though “foul is fair,”† such fowl and fare
Won't go down in Eighteen Hundred Fifty!

* One of Selber's odd notions is that people make circles in time as well as in space. Hence he fancies that we shall come round again to the golden age about the middle of the present century. The poor crazed creature!—B. A. HUMMER.

† These words are from an English tragedy, called *Shanksbare*, by William Maccabot. I mention this to illustrate the extensiveness of my acquaintance with foreign literature. I wrote to Professor Macwhopper of Glasgow, intimating my conviction that William Maccabot was the author of the tragedy; and the professor's reply was—“Will you mak' a bet he ~~was~~ the author?” My readers will mark his note of interrogation: it is beautifully symbolical of the Scotch propensity to question all things, even those about which there can be no question.—B. A. H.

Truth to tell, I vowed a vow two-thirds
 Of a year back not to munch small birds,
 Yet I swallow (them and) mine own words!
 Which is shabby. But of late I'm growing
 Tired of polishing bone after bone.
 . . . Hark! again the doleful winds are blowing,
 And, alas! I live alone!

Would you know my history rather well,
 Calculate how felt the Arabian glassman
 Ere—and after—his one basket fell.
 That's the ticket! And what's worse, alas! Man
 Rarely vaunts a marked advantage o'er
 Me herein. Perpend how shy a shift he
 Makes to bag three halfpence at threescore!
 For myself, if Eighteen Hundred Fifty
 Still shall find me sighing o'er a lack
 Of rixdollars, Rhenish, and taback,
 I shall drive to Paris and turn quack.
 • Humbug seems the rifest science going
 Since the days of Dee's delightful stone.*
 . . . Hark! again the midnight winds are blowing,
 And, alas! I mope alone!

O, ye rosy ghosts of buried hours,
 Haunters of a head which *they* made hoary,
 How you mock one when Disaster lours
 With your shameless Tantalusian glory!
 Memory draws upon her ill-got wealth
 All the more as Fancy waxes thrifty.
 I want neither! Give me Hope and Health,
 Give me LIFE, O Eighteen Hundred Fifty!
 Give me back, not Youth's imaginings,
 But its feelings, which are truer things!
 Helicon, thou should'st be dammed! • One sings
 Only sadlier where thy stream is flowing:
 I drink water from the Rhine and Rhone.†
 . . . Hark! again the rueful winds are blowing,
 And, alas! I drink alone!

Dulled and darkened is mine "Inward Light;"
 (Soular light or solar—Doctor Kerner
 States that one's the other,‡ and he's right.)
 I grow daily stupider, or sterner—
 Sneerers think the former—slobs the last.
 Wasn't something similar said of Swift, eh?
 Ah! had but his lot and mine been cast
 In the Spring of Eighteen Hundred Fifty!

* The sneer conveyed in the expression "Dee's deelichtvoll Stein"—as though the Lucid Stone of Dr. Dee were merely *full* of his own *light*, in other words, were a humbug—was hardly to have been expected from my friend Selber. Dee might have been an enthusiast, but Selber is an impostor. Look to his oversettings! (*Uebersetzungen*.)—B. A. H.

† Then I commiserate his water-carriers. But perhaps his meaning is that he quaffs Rhenish in other people's kitchens in Strasburg, and Rhonish in his own attic at Lyons. B. A. H.

‡ Not exactly. Dr. Kerner merely states that the light within us is that of a sun. Of course he is not such an ass as to confound spiritual things with natural. B. A. H.

What rare trumps were Hogarth, he, and I,
 • Meeting not to $\pi \beta \omega$,
 But to talk and joke, and mystify!
 Dazzlingly should flash Time's now so slow wing,
 As a firefly's in the Torrid Zone.
 Hark! again the rueful winds are blowing,
 And, alas! I stand alone!

Yet I dream, too, when at whiles my mind
 Slips, like some galled hack, its work-day harness.
 Leaving Strasburg's pipes and swipes behind,
 Then I soar into the death-bright Farness.
 There the temple of Celestial Fame
 Shines from heights divinely steep and clifty.†
 What dy'e lay I *don't* inscribe my name
 On its walls in Eighteen Hundred Fifty?
 Feelings noon-dazed Reason can't recal,
 Thrill my spirit, glad me and appal,
 „ While I wander through that Phantomhall,
 Where the Fates are nightly busy throwing
 Dice for Philip's lath-and-plaster throne.‡
 Hark! again the rueful winds are blowing,
 And, alas! I live alone!

Golden Year when Earth shall rise agen,
 Like the Phoenix, from her own red ashes,
 Mayest thou last an age! Meantime, young mon,
 Let no razor mar your French moustaches!
 France will yet be Europe.§ I shan't add
 More. But watch her, if you twig my drift. He
 Who nods once will wake like Nourjahad,
 Somewhere *after* Eighteen Hundred Fifty!
 Work. Pray. Meditate. Keep out of debt.
 Flee Temptation. Bib no heavy wet;
 And be sure you never play Roulette.
 That's the source to which my woes are 'owing;
 That's what gives my song its dolorous tone.
 Hark! again the rueful winds are blowing,
 And, alas! I want A Loan!

• The Ruby Mug.

AN ANECDOTE.

A voice of wailing rang through Bagdad!
 The Khalif's Ruby Mug was lost,
 That splendid heirloom which had cost
 Seven sacks of sequins—which, 'twas bragged, had

* Hogarth it seems occasionally invited his friends to $\pi \epsilon \omega$ (eat a bit o' pie) with him at his rooms. The Greek letters are plain enough; but what is the meaning of the Chinese within the parenthesis? B. A. H.

† Celestial fame, observe, not earthly. Selber's toploftical disdain of human applause is the only great thing about him, except his cloak. It is refreshing to meet with a man whose esteem you can gain only by touching him with a crowbar. B. A. H.

‡ T waddle, mere twaddle. What are the fourteen Bastilles for? The old codger himself, I admit, is not very stout on his pins; but De Joinville sports a fine military pair of whiskers, and is my particular friend besides. I have therefore no apprehension. B. A. H.

§ Qu: France will yet be Your Hope? I don't know why it is that Strasburghers are so fond of being Frenchmen. But as Africa is fast becoming France, it is not impossible that France may be Europe yet. I get my own hair, whiskers, teeth, legs and shoulders from Paris already. B. A. H.

Been in his family since the Flight
 And out of which he largely swigged
 Smal' beer. Some swore it had been smash-èd
 By the jolly ugly hookah in his hand,
 While others hit upon the bright
 Idea that it had been priggèd.
 Meanwhile the Khalif noon and night
 Wept like a spout. "I'll give," quoth he,
 My daughter's hand by way of boon
 To him who shows my Mug to me,
 Even though the journals dub me Spoon!"
 So spake the stout Haroun-al-Rashèd,
 With his jolly ugly hookah in his hand.

Time went ahead, but brought no answer.
 The year waxed venerably old.
 Ten moons were wasted, when, behold!
 A nice young man, a necromancer,
 One day knocked at the palace gate,
 And asked to see "the stout Haroun,
 That fine old fellow, black monstach-èd,
 With his jolly ugly hookah in his hand!"
 Guards showed him up. In silver state
 Upon a sofa sat Haroun.
 "Well," cried the youth, "well, Silver Spoon!
 I bring you tidings of your Mug!"—
 "You don't?"—"I do!"—"Where is it?"—"Snug
 In Tigris, fifty fathom deep.
 That's where it is. So cease to weep!"
 "Bosh!" said the stout Haroun-al-Rashèd,
 With his jolly ugly hookah in his hand.

"Nay, hear me out, long-headed Khalif!
 Your Grand Wézeer or Court Buffoon
 Can fish it up!" "Then," cried Haroun,
 "By Djing (that's Djinghiz Khan), they shall, if
 I have the power to make them dive!
 Hey, Djaffer! what d'ye say, my boy?"
 "Sire! groaned the Grand One, much abash-èd,
 With his jolly ugly hookah in his hand,
 "I never *should* come up alive!
 Indeed, you let this Loss annoy
 You overmuch. Our Prophet—" "Stuff!
 Profit and Loss," exclaimed the Stout.
 "I hate such huckster slang. Enough
 Of that! But what are you about,
 Young man? Accept a pinch of snuff!"
 Exclaimed the stout Haroun-al-Rashèd,
 With his jolly ugly hookah in his hand.

"From whom, pray, did you learn your magic?"
 "From Shuckabac of Koordistân."
 "Ah! so? That was a matchless man!"
 "Yes, but his end was rather tragic,
 And owing to his matchlessness."
 "Indeed?" "Fact. Once a twelvemonth he
 (Being first half-starved and well self-thrash-éd)
 With a jolly ugly hookah in his hand,
 And fourscore matches, more or less,
 For lighting lamps below the sea,

Sought out a cave in deep Tasmeer
 To study in. His plunging plan
 Did famously, till, one fine year,
 The poor old mooncalf of a man
 Forgot his match-box clean and clear.
 What followed you may easily guest.
 He couldn't navigate in the dark
 His wet way back to Koordistân,
 And perished. So his fate, you mark,
 Was owing to his matchlessness!"

"Fudge!" said the stout Haroun-al-Rashèd,
 With his jolly ugly hookah in his hand.

"Come, Djaffer, my fat friend, the Bathos,
 Or Art of Sinking, is your forte.
 Confess it!" "I have risen at court,"
 Replied the Grand, with pride and pathos.
 "Besides, you, see, I have a bill,
 (An eight-and-forty pounder) which
 I'm just now going to get cash-èd,
 With my jolly ugly hookah in my hand.
 And jobs increase on me, and will,
 In divers ways." Well, that is rich,"
 Sneered stout Haroun. "Yes, Djaff, your joys
 And jobberies are by no means few.
 I don't know any man who fobs
 The public revenues like you.
 In *divers*' ways? That's comic too;
 Yet you *won't* dive, you *sire* of sloba!
 Shame!" cried the stout Haroun-al-Rashèd,
 With his jolly ugly hookah in his hand.

"What name d'ye hear, young man?"—"Bham-Bhooz-eel,"
 Replied the stranger, with a bow
 That very nearly brought his brow
 Down to the level of his shoe's-heel,
 Which rose, however, pretty high,
 Because, as he remarked himself,
 A gentleman "salaamed" and "Pasha-éd,"
 With a jolly ugly hookah in his hand.
 High-souled and low-heeled, looked so shy!
 And, soon or late, was shown that shelf
 Where souls and heels too oft lie by,
 "Bham-Bhooz-eel?" cried the Khalif. "Humph!—
 I guess you count me glossy green,
 A simpleton, a soap-soft sumph!—
 You swindling scoundrel, what d'ye mean?"
 Vociferated stout Al-Rashèd,
 With his jolly ugly hookah in his hand.

"Commander of the True Believers,"
 Returned the youth, "I really think
 You must have taken too much drink.
 I am none of those profane deceivers
 Who trade upon the faith and fears
 And prayers and pockets of the crowd,
 Those fleecers of the Great Unwash-èd—
 With their jolly ugly hookahs in their hands.

That is, if I may speak it loud,
 Your juggling Moolahs and Wezeers.
 So, don't begin to chide and chafe,
 Like some old fish-fag or dragoon.
 I tell you that your Mug is safe.
 • Call in your Principal Buffoon !"—
 The Khalif blow a small bassoon.
 " Now ! " said the stout Haroun-al-Raschèd,
 With his jolly ugly hookah in his hand.

In trundled the Buffoon, Ghooz-Ghabbi.
 " Here ! " cried the Khalif. " Now and here ? "
 Ghooz-Ghabbi answered—" Those, I'm clear,
 Are *Nowhere* ! " " Miserably shabby ! "
 Observed Haroun. " But, mark me now !
 My Mug lies low in Tigris' bod,
 All wave-besprent and slime-besplash-èd.
 By this jolly ugly hookah in my hand,
 And that's a somewhat serious vow,
 You, therefore, must descend like lead
 And grope it out. I can't swig beer
 From any other mug or cup,
 And none but you or my Wezeer,
 I understand, can bowl it up,
 But *he* will *not*. There, now ! To hear
 Is to obey ! " So spake Al-Rashèd,
 With his jolly ugly hookah in his hand.

Ghooz-Ghabbi, while Haroun thus twaddled,
 Stood grinning like a cask of nails.
 " O, Prince ! " he cried, " my stomach fails,
 My syntax halts, my brains are addled—
 And—if you please—I won't go down,
 I'd be so long a-getting dried ! "
 " What, wretch !—you *won't*, d'y'e tell me ? " roared
 The Khalif, and his dark eyes flash-èd,
 And the jolly ugly hookah in his hand
 Shook, and he frowned a tempest-frown.
 " *Begone*, then ! " " So I will," replied
 The Jester, " for I'm sadly bored ;
 But first I'll *beg-one* glass of rum ! "—
 " No ! Go ! "—the Khalif cried, " you grow
 Intolerably wearisome ! "
 " Ay," said Ghooz-Ghabbie, with his thumb
 Beside his nose, " it *is* No Go ! "
 " Bah ! " said the stout Haroun-al-Rashèd,
 With his jolly ugly hookah in his hand.

The Khalif now got in the tea-things,
 And hid a thimbleful of tea
 And bit of biscuit. " Bham," said he,
 " I love to watch those vapoury wreathings
 O'er yonder tea-urn, as they rise
 Like incense from some temple-shrine.
 Here, crownless and un-sabretach-èd,
 With a jolly ugly hookah in my hand,
 I dream of purer worlds and skies
 And soar from Earthly to Divine.
 Come : improvise an Ode on Tea ! "
 " Excuse me," said the youth ; " 'twould be
 Both ode-ious and tea-dious,
 Besides, I'm going to discuss

A thimbleful myself. Let me
 Hear *you* sing rather." "Well, then, thus
 I tune my pipe," returned Al-Kashèd,
 With his jolly ugly hookah in his hand.

The Khalff's Song.

"Bak-ey-Boul the Hakem has completely smashed my Teapot.
 What a blow to China! I could crawl to bed and weep hot
 Tears to think how stupidly my Winters will pass off! He
 Hasn't even left entire the spout for me to sneak up.
 Were he here I'd soon give him his Howqua in a—Teacup.
 If I wouldn't may I never pound an ounce of coffee!
 Lalla-lalla-lalla, lalla-lá!

Woe to Man! His life is but a vast expanse of Tea-tray,
 Over which the gleamy Teapot sheds a bright but fleet ray.
 Nature gives him health and wealth, yet one by one he sees booff
 After boon forsake him: Time, the thief, is ever busy
 Muleting him of brains and breath; and what at fifty is he?
 Nothing but a porter-cask, a milk-sop, or a Tea-spoon.
 Lalla-lalla-lalla, lalla-lá!

Tea-plers are not tipplers; yet, Philosophy, thou preachest
 Vainly unto all who take to tippling or the tea-chest;
 Wonder-worker truly wert thou couldst thou but achieve a
 Change in our Tea-totalites, who sit and count their siller;
 Or in our Teetotumites, who reel from post to pillar,
 Staggered by strong arguments of Xeres or Geneva!
 Lalla-lalla-lalla, lalla-lá!

I had forty battered friends, whom I to that degree bored,
 That the tagrag scamps at last levanted from my Tea-board.
 Tearless, though not tealess, I had nightly seen them tea-zèd,
 So they went to broil themselves in hotbaths near the Kaaba,
 Like those other Forty Thieves you've met in Ali Bâba,
 Whom Mordjana fried alive in oil—at least so *she* said.
 Lalla-lalla-lalla, lalla-lá!

O! the Arabian Nights when I could feast on Tea and Tea-cake,
 Fearless that a cup too much would make my head a week ache!
 Then my heart could hail the Dawn, and bless the Noon, and feel Eve's
 Gentleness and beauty as the dahlia feels the dew-drops.
 Now I can but mope at home, and, while I sip a few drops
 Of thin laudanum-gruel, weep my withered hopes and Tea-leaves.
 Lalla-lalla-lalla, lalla-lá!

Friend Bham-Khouz, you seem a quiz, and I, believe me, am one;
 Yet, by wisdom, not by quizzdom, is the Eternal Palm won.
 Cherish, while you have them yet, the spirit's better breathings,
 And keep clear of Hell's decoys, among the which I rank wet
 Poison-stuffs: then may you look to share a nobler banquet
 When Death comes at nine P.M. to take away the Tea-things.
 Lalla-lalla-lalla, lalla-lá!"

"Bravo!" cried Bham. "You've got some brandy?"
 "No!" sighed Haroun. "I'll order in,
 In lieu thereof, a jug of gin."
 It came, with lots of sugarcandy,

Of which the Khalif ate some lumps.

"Now, Bham," quoth he, "shake off your gyves!

May I be signally squabash-èd,

With my jolly ugly hookah in my hand,

If We, the King and Knave of Trumps,

Don't get as blind as tinkers' wives!

But come! About my Ruby Mug?

Can anybody shew me it?"—

"One only," answered Bham, "to-wit

Myself. But please to push that jug

Across. D'ye tremble?"—"Not a bit!"

Replied the stout Haroun-al-Rashèd,

With his jolly ugly hookah in his hand.

"Then, stock your goggles!" quoth Bham-Bhooz-eel,

"Eh?—shut my eyes?"—"Yes."—"There, then."—"Good!

I thought I *should* be understood.

I'll now go through the task with *true* zeal."

So saying, he raised the jug, and—dashed

Its burden in the Khalif's phiz!—

• "Wretch!" roared Al-Rashèd, gin-besplash-èd,

With his jolly ugly hookah in his hand.

"Wretch! what means this?" "It means, and is,"

Returned the youth, quite unabashed,

"A nice be-gimming. Just survey

Your frontispiece in yonder glass,

And if you don't behold therein

Your long-lost *Ruby Mug*, you may

Write *me* down a conspicuous ass."

"Humph!" growled Haroun. "You've won the day—

Ay, laugh away! They laugh that win."

So spake the stout Haroun-al-Rashèd,

With his jolly ugly hookah in his hand.

"The joke," said Bham, "is worth a hogshead

Of gin, I think, much more a jug."

"Oh!" sighed Haroun, "my Mug! my Mug!—

"Who are you, pray?"—"A Prince incog.," said

Bham-Bhooz-eel. "I have come from Bheer,

(Of which I'm Khan, being of the line

Of those old cut-throat Shahs of Djash-èd,

With their jolly ugly hookahs in their hands.)

To wed your daughter. Let me see her!"—

"Ah!" said Haroun, "*she* takes the shine

Off bread-and-butter!"—"Then, I'll pay

My addresses, Sire!—though, by the way,"

Observed the youth, "it *may* seem queer

That she should on her wedding-day

Get nothing but a Khan of Bheer!"

"Ha! ha!" guffawed Haroun-al-Rashèd,

With his jolly ugly hookah in his hand.

MORAL OF THE PRECEDING ANECDOTE.

What

Though the fist of Destiny should fall upon your Mug, leer

Not upon its ruins long with overflowing eye, for

If the matter wore an ugly face before

'Tis Bohemia to a barn, sextillions to a cypher,

That

Blubbling will but make it (and yourself too) wear an uglier.

THE LADY EMMELINE'S DREAM.—IN TWO FYTTES.

Fytte One.

" *Caligine profunda
Gla opprime i sensat miel,
Del piu fatale orror
Per sempre lo ti perdel.*"

The Lady Emmeline sitteth in her baronial hall.

The dull wood-fire its flashes threw
Across the hall in flickering sheen,
Where sate in grief and solitude
• The lady Emmeline.

The garniture whereof is described.

The dim and lofty walls around
With gleaming trophies high were drest,
With lance, and dinted casque, and sword,
With shield and arbalest. •

The arms of her country,

Old England's arms, whose strength was tried
With Paynim powers on hostile strand,
When Cœur de Lion sought to gain
For Christ the Holy Land.

and ancestral portraits of her name and race.

And time-worn pictures hung on high,
By drooping banners shadowed o'er :
—All strangely in the glooming light
The Features lived once more ;

The Warrior, the Churchman, and the Judge,

The morioned knight looked sternly down,
The mitred priest stood meekly by,
The anxious judge revealed his cares
In his heavy thoughtful eye.

seem with steadfastness to gaze down upon her.

Grimly they stood a-watching there,
With cold fixed gaze and rigid mien,
The last of their high Norman race,
The lady Emmeline.

The maiden's thoughts are her only companions.

And She, that lovely One and lone,
Sate fixedly in dreamy mood ;
With tender Thought to company
Her friendless solitude.

Her solitude.

A lone One in a world of joy,
With thousands near, yet all apart ;
Preserving midst the multitude
The stranger's unread heart.

• For which emblems are found.

A last leaf lingering on the tree,
Yet trembling, fluttering, ere 'twould fly ;
One single star unblotted from
A cloudy midnight sky.

Deep stillness surroundeth her,

The silent house in stillness slept,
More awful than the thunder sound :
Nor human voices, nor living shape
Dispelled the gloom around.

The Lady Emmeline's Dream.

and her musings;
carry her back to
her mother's arms.

Her dreams were of the blessed Past,
The careless days of childish glee;
Again she felt her mother's arms
Embrace her tenderly.

The tender gaze
of her sire
upon her.

Her father's eye met hers once more;
And in its depths what love was seen,
When, turning full, he gazed upon
His darling Emmeline!

Her young bro-
thers appear also to
draw nigh, in love:

And hastening from their quick-found graves
In tented fields, her brothers came,
Unchanged in all their youthful pride,
In looks and love the same.

and she gazeth on
their countenances
with eager joy.

With ravished soul the Mourner scans
Each fair, fond face, and reads the sign
Of changeless Love, imprinted there,
In every hue and line.

But the lovely
scene too soon de-
parteth;

—“Oh! stay—why leave?—What change is there?”
Some envious hand a curtain drew
Before her sight, and all the scene
Has vanished from her view.

and tenfold soli-
tude is hers now.

She looks around;—no form is there,
No loving face her eye can find;
She hears no sound, save from the leaves
Stirred in the midnight wind.

Her anguish.

“O, weary world!” the lady cries,
Leaning upon her snowy hand;
“O, weary world! Wo, wo is me!
Alas! my household band.”

¶ Echo babbleth
each dear name.

And as she named each well-loved name,
To her a dear and sacred spell,
Its echoes in the empty hall
In mockery rose and fell.

The lady's
row.

The heavy clouds of hopeless grief
Gather around her throbbing brain;
Then wildly fall in blinding tears—
The bosom-tempest's rain.

The meek flower
at last boweth its
head in repose.

Now calm succeeds, and languor creeps
O'er wearied limb and drooping eye;
Slowly the slumberous flower doth fold
Its pensive gracefully.

Finis.

“Upon the couch the body lay,
Wrapped in the depth of slumber;
..... Sudden arose
Isabelle's soul.”—QUEEN MARY.

The lady over-
come, sleepeth.

The lady slept—those sobbings o'er:
A soft oblivion stole around
On drowsy wings, and lulled each sense
To slumber's calm profound.

Gently doth that
bosom make its
heavylugs.

All peaceful as a babe's repose,
Her low-drawn breathings went and came ;
While Stillness, with his unseen links,
Fast bound that vanquish'd frame.

The tranquillity
of Sleep.

O blessed Sleep ! thou hallowing calm
To wearied Nature kindly given,
Tranquil as aught we know of earth,
Or all we dream of heaven.

How Sleep be-
friendeth the
mourner.

The mourner's Friend, with anxious care,
The Present thou dost wrap in night ;
Revealing all our olden worlds
Of joy, in undimmed light.

Sleep, the en-
chanter !

Magician wild ! thou wavest thy wand,
And countless Spirits straightway rise,
And gather round the Weeper's bed,
For gladness and surprise.

The Dreamland.

O weird Dreamland ! what beauty thine
Of sight and sound, to which we wake,
When, closing on this world our eyes,
Through thee our course we take.

Its passing mar-
vels.

What scenes can daily life compare
With marvels such as Thou canst show ?
What powers could laboured thought devise,
Like those Thou dost bestow ?

The lady's corpse-
like slumber.

The ladye slept ; as one now dead,
Ere Change come down to mar his prey ;—
In that fair hall of antique grace,
The stirless body lay

Spirits gather
round the uncon-
scious form ;

Reposing in its own dear light,
A thing to view without a tear ;
And, hark ! the faint, thin, rustling noise
Of Spirits drawing near.

even her lost
ones !

They gather round—that household band—
With folded palms, and cast-down eyes,
Encircling the low couch, whereon
The lovely Sleeper lies.

And the Soul,
disembodied, rises
up in communion
with them.

Slow rising, with a sudden thrill,
To meet their rapturous embrace,
The unclothed Soul ascending leaves
Its clay-walled dwelling-place.

It receives, more-
over, new powers
and capabilities ;

Uplifted now on angel wings
To heights above all human range,
It seeks with joy communion high,
And love's sweet interchange.

and is now made
happy.

O, happy !—every eager prayer
Of that deep bosom to fulfil,
And in possession's perfect bliss,
Each longing sigh to still.

WELCOME TO AUTUMN.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

Spring has departed, fair Summer has fled,
Autumn uplifts his luxuriant head ;

With a wreath of green
And orange between
The thin leaves of gold,
And yellow, that fold
His bright auburn hair ;
Whilst his breast so fair,
Like a hard pressed doe
Beateth to and fro,

As his eyes, twin stars in a pale blue sky,
Twinkle and flash, and in brilliancy die ;

And his scentless breath,
A calm, living death,
Doth fan, with a chill,
Each valley and hill ;
And he sings his lay
In a cadence gay,
Though the last deep tone
Is a parting moan ;

Yet looks he all life, and glitters as gay
As a pansy's breast in the month of May !

Now his robe is dim, and the gorgeous hue
Is a faded hope that the heart doth rue—

As glories appear
When viewed through a tear,
Or a blushing bride,
Subdued in her pride,
The fond moment past,
The brightest—the last !
See colours arise
In heavenly dyes—

Ha ! now they dissolve like stars that expire,
And melt in the blaze of the Day-god's fire.

Like a dolphin's throes,
When its life breath flows ;
Or a meteor's flash,
Or a wavelet's dash ;
Like a rainbow's span,
When the sun grows wan ;
He's bright, and then gone
To his darksome home—

Yet is he more lovely in death to view,
Than Midsummer's zenith of gold and blue.

III.

He is dying now!—shall we weep? Ah no,
 Let's bury him deep in the taintless snow—
 Till Spring shall arise,
 With warm, laughing eyes,
 And melt with their light
 Th' unstained shroud from sight;
 And Summer come down
 With her Iris crown,
 To pant in her bowers,
 Mid music from flowers;
 Again, yes again, shall Autumn uprise,
 And flush his full robe of orient dyes.
 In a pangless sleep
 To his grave he'll creep—
 Like a sun-touched cloud,
 Is his veily shroud;
 Or an echo sweet,
 In a pearl's retreat—
 He fainteth with pain
 To revive again:
 Ha! ha! we rejoice—wherefore should we weep,
 Or awaken his eyes from dreamless sleep?

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.*

THERE are certain changes which, looked at prospectively, appear so improbable, or at least so remote, that he who would speculate upon them, no matter how plausible may be his conjectures, is looked upon by those around him as evincing symptoms of at least an enthusiastic temperament, if not of a defective understanding. Nature moves with so slow and magnificent a course, she glides so imperceptibly from one phase of things to another, that to calculate on the influence of intellectual advancement or retrogression upon her, appears like an insult to her dignity, and renders the speculator obnoxious to the charge of something little short of infidelity. Even the acknowledged divine *afflatus* of the prophets of old did not exonerate them from a similar imputation; and when the *trapt* visions of Isaiah pictured the thronged and mag-

nificent avenues of Petra a desert and a desolation, all the authority which inspiration lent to sublimity did not command complete credence for the fatal prophecy, and its fulfilment needed the sanction of an enlightened and far future age, to establish and stamp it with the seal of truth.

Hence we have analogy to justify the supposition, that if there had arisen a mind, so late as at the commencement of the present century, of power and foresight vast enough to have calculated from the elements of action then at work, the amount and direction of the change which forty years should have produced, the bulk of mankind would have lifted up their hands in mingled astonishment and derision, and charged upon the prophet an amount of presumptuous impiety measured by their own comparative intellectual inferiority.

* The Crescent and the Cross; or, Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel. By Elliot Warburton, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1844.

Forty years ago, the deserts of Egypt and Syria lay beneath the sun in slumber as deep as that of the mummies in the chambers of Memphis. It seemed as if the denunciation of the Lord which had swept over them like a simoom, and left them lifeless and prostrate through the long centuries of European relapse and revival, were to be as eternal in its duration as in its truth, and that the judgment-day were destined to find those once fertile regions the *terra damnata* they were left, as impassable to the foot of the traveller as the Dead Sea was fabled to be to the wing of the bird—a silent monument of human faithlessness, on which the epitaph was to be legible to quick and dead.

But during forty years the mind of man had been at work. The boundaries of his power, physical and intellectual, had been enlarged beyond all former precedent. By the potent influence of Christianity and enlightenment, door after door, sealed up against the darkness and infidelity of the nations, had been thrown open to their light and to their faith, the walls of partition which had separated the sacred from the profane, had been successively levelled, and the meditative and thoughtful spirit of man was admitted once more, now that the Divine purpose had been vindicated and recognized, to penetrate “within the veil,” and draw the lessons of wisdom from the long-closed volumes wherein they were earliest written.

All is now patent before us. The world is at liberty to satisfy its curiosity, where for ages faith alone, and the scanty and vague reports of the adventurous few who had pressed within the sacred precincts, were what it had to trust to; and it is likely that ere long the tide of international circulation will pass as freely through the deserts of Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, as the Niger has been found to do through those tracts in which it was supposed to have lost itself in the sands.

But although a very moderate enthusiasm is now sufficient to realize this state of things at no very distant period, yet at present the way, though open to all, has been trod by comparatively few. Men of some degree of adventure alone, or of some degree of religious fervour, have been, with a

few exceptions, found hitherto to have availed themselves of the providential permission. It yet requires zeal, opportunity, and a command of resources not within the reach of every one, to turn aside from the beaten track, and plunge into the desert. A degree of romance yet characterizes the course of those who do so. A visit to Calvary and the pyramids has not become an every-day occurrence, a mere excursion of business or pleasure. And still less changed are the aspect and character of the places thus visited. All travellers bear testimony to the unbroken and portentous repose of the deserts, not only those tracts which have been always so, but those which, from fertility and magnificence, have withered into desolation under the Divine curse. The steps of travellers have as yet worn no path. They pass as over a sea, which closes after them. They find solitude, ruins, and tombs—they leave solitude, ruins, and tombs behind them. It is true they are relieved from the hostility of fierce tribes—from the obstruction of barbarous chiefs—from the interdict of pashas or sultans; they have accommodation, refreshment, information, security; but the land is as it was—depopulated of man—devastated of cultivation—discrowned of cities and temples—crowded instead with the mighty memories of the past alone, which fill the scene with the works and the wonders of primeval antiquity.

This will not always be—it will not long be—but it is; and hence the untiring interest with which the world follows the steps of traveller after traveller, eagerly catching every echo that tells of his discoveries and adventures, and pondering on the records of his experience in the chamber of its inmost sympathies.

If in passing over holy ground, Lord Lindsay exhibited all the pure and exalted feelings of Lamartine, without his too sickly and superstitious sentimentalism, Mr. Warburton has caught, or been originally possessed of, the tone of mind of his noble predecessor, with the admixture of a vein of sprightliness, a rapidity and brilliancy of thought, a felicity of imagery, which the other could not so justly lay claim to; and thus brought to the task the only requisites wanting to constitute the full mental equipment of a tra-

veller. We would gladly conduct our readers over the ground so faithfully mapped before us by his pen, and endeavour to excite in them all the pleasurable interest a perusal of these volumes excited in ourselves; but as this is impossible, we must content ourselves with affording a few random extracts, where something in the style or subject seems to call for a more particular notice, without attempting even to sketch a route or narrative, which, by a double chain, will be found to bind the reader of the work itself to its author and his relation.

Some chapters in the commencement of Mr. Warhurton's work—his embarkation, his passage to the Levant, and some of his adventures in Egypt, have already been before our readers in the pages of this magazine. We will not refer to them now—if their recollection be as vivid as our own, they need not turn back to the "Episodes of Eastern Travel," to recall the pleasurable associations connected with them.

On the Nile, it had been the original intention of our author to have ascended into Abyssinia. Circumstances prevented his carrying this intention into effect, but he pursued the course of that mysterious stream through Nubia, as far as to the boundaries of Æthiopia. His mind and imagination became insensibly affected by his long familiarity with it—and in the following passage, he makes his reader participate in his enthusiasm :—

"Who has not voyaged on the Rhine, and, as he glided down that noble river, felt an absorbing interest in the busy cities and calm solitudes; the vineyards and fortresses; the castled crags, where the banners of old history are still visible to the imaginative eye; and the deep glens, where lurks many a legend believed by the imaginative heart; all following in succession as uninterrupted, and more rapid than the thought which strives to follow!

"Imagine, then, a river, flowing from the undiscovered depths of Africa, wider, larger, mightier far, whose shores are lined with cities, and temples that were already in ruins when the sources of the Rhine were as unknown as are now the sources of the Nile.

"For a distance of eight hundred miles you glide along this sacred and mysterious stream; not with the rapid rush of the steam-vessel, but tranquilly

and thoughtfully, as in a Venetian gondola, under the shade of the African palm, and among the lotus lilies of Egyptian mythology, fanned by airs redolent of perfumes, rare even in our luxurious drawing-rooms. On the desert sands the giraffe and the gazelle are grazing; on the banks the crocodile is basking; the pelican is gliding by you, and the ibis soars over the mounds of buried cities,

'with pale white wing,
Like phantom o'er a grave.'

"Here, you pass a column, or a pylon, sole remnant of some city, once more populous than the whole surrounding lonely region now; there, some mud-built walls show where the modern Egyptian dwells, in himself as widely differing from his predecessor, probably, as does his clayey shell from their magnificent edifices.

"You are traversing the same river that has borne the Egyptian, the Ethiopian, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Roman, and the Saracen; and, between the stream of time which memory traces, and the practical one on which you float, there seems such a strict, yet confusing analogy, that the Pyramids might almost seem the milestones by which time counted his progress; and the cities, in their varied stages of decay, brick-and-mortar epochs by which memory traces the progress of time's stream. From city to village, and from temple to tomb, there is many a deep glen and wild desert intervening; but these leave no blank to the attentive ear and eye. If the city has its history, and the tomb its epitaph, the mountain and the valley have their legends; and this traditional lore seems at least as ancient and as pure as the prouder history, that is more indebted to its oral voice than it would fain allow."

Every incident that occurs to the voyager on this stream is picturesque. In approaching the cataracts, the scenery becomes wild and romantic, and the waters, narrowed by the nearing of the cliffs, are forced into rapids and eddies :—

"The breeze was fair and fresh, and our bark breasted the torrent gallantly, flinging the foam from her bows on the black rocks as she struggled past. At the foot of the second rapid there was a space of calm water, over which she rushed, as if to charge the fall; but it was too strong for her: for a moment she recoiled, then fairly went about, and seemed driving furiously and inevitably

against an impending cliff, at whose base the waters weltered fearfully. One of the chiefs of the cataract had, until now, been seated tranquilly on the deck, but watching with a vivid eye every motion of the admirably steered boat. Now came *his* time. In a moment more we should have been a wreck against that rugged rock, when suddenly he started to his feet; his cumbrous-looking drapery fell from around him like a veil. One instant, an infirm old man seemed cowering at our feet; the next, a stalwart, sinewy form, rose like magic from his place. One moment he stood motionless at the bow, then plunged fearlessly into the torrent, emerged upon the threatening rock, and received upon his naked shoulder a blow that might have felled a palm-tree: the very boat reeled from her collision with that iron man, who turned her aside with dexterous strength, and then she floated round into a quiet bay, and was at rest. The hero of a moment ago, again looked like a bale of blue and white cotton, lumbering the deck, except that he resumed his pipe, which had not been extinguished; so sudden was the whole transaction."

Philæ has been ever celebrated—how deservedly, the following extract may show:—

"We came to Birbé, a sort of river-port for the Upper Nile, and passing through a gorge in the rocky mountain, came suddenly and unexpectedly in view of Philæ! the most unearthly, strange, wild, beautiful spot, I ever beheld. No dreamer of the mystical old times, when beauty, knowledge, and power, were realized on earth, ever pictured to himself a scene of wilder grandeur, and more perfect loveliness. All that I had read, or heard, or imagined of this wondrous scene, had left me unprepared for such a realization; and if I add my own vain efforts at description to those that have preceded me, it is not in any hope of conveying a true impression to the reader. All round us towered up vast masses of gloomy rocks, piled one upon the other in the wildest confusion; some of them, as it were, skeletons of pyramids, others requiring only a few strokes of giant labour to form colossal statues that might have startled the Anakim. Here spreads a deep drift of silvery sand, fringed by rich verdure and purple blossoms; there, a grove of palms, intermingled with the flowering acacia; and then, through vistas of craggy cliffs and plummy foliage, gleams a calm blue lake, with the Sacred Island in the

midst, green to the water's edge, except where the walls of the old temple-city are reflected. Above those shrub-tangled and pillared banks were tall pyramids, columns airy, yet massive in their proportion; palms, and towers, and terraces. Beyond the island, the lake glimmers through the ruins, and the whole scene of peace and beauty is embosomed in a valley, frowned over by a girdle of rugged mountains, all scathed, and dark, and desolate.

"There was an air of repose, and awe, and perfect calm, over the whole region around, that suited well with the solemn purposes to which it was consecrated; and I found myself asseverating its unrivalled beauty with the most solemn oath of ancient times, 'by Him who sleeps in Philæ!' as if it were a solemn invocation now."

The passage of the cataract is a service of some danger, it should seem. Here Ibrahim Pacha's boat was lost, and his Rais and two slaves were drowned, one of them in saving his master. Here Lord Lindsay's boat was wrecked, and Dr. Clarke's met with the same fate.—The signal to start was impatiently waited for:—

"Now every arm is nerved, and every eye is riveted on the Rais of the cataracts, who stands on a pinnacle of the rock, waving his staff like the wand of an enchanter, who had invoked all that unearthly-looking crew to his assistance. He waited a little while for the wind, which now came rustling up the river, and swayed his white beard and floating robes, as it filled our straining sails. Then, over the roar of the torrent, and the shouting of a thousand men, his voice was heard. 'Yallah!' he cried, and made a gesture, as if he was going to do it all himself. That cry was answered by the dark crowd in a chorus of 'Hayleo sah,' as they laid their brawny shoulders to the rope, and made a rush forward. In we plunged, half buried in the cataract, but soon felt ourselves slowly ascending its steep, though every sight and sound was overwhelmed by the rush of waters, that foamed, and sparkled over, and thundered round us. Some few minutes of convulsive struggle and intense suspense, and there! we are past the dreaded cataract, and floating calmly over the river, which is now uninterrupted for two hundred miles.

"We paused a little while to take in our crew, and get out the Nile from our boat, and then with swelling sails we glided through a portal, as it were, of

gloomy rocks, that shuts in Æthiopia from the world. When we emerged from its shadows, the lovely lake and temple-crowned island of Philæ opened on our view. We anchored under a grove of palm-trees close to our encampment, and, leaving the servants and the crew to replace the cargo, we embarked in a sort of wooden tray for the island. Our guide and ferryman was Abou Zeb, a very handsome and intelligent lad, of about sixteen, who is called the king of Philæ. This title is accompanied with no idea of derision, but bestowed by the simple people round with as much regard for his prerogative, as if it were backed by the power of the Pharaohs. We were glad to find that his sable majesty had no residence, nor permitted any, on the Sacred Island; though, soon after we landed, some girls swam over with coins, and beads, and other little commodities for sale. As they emerged from the lake, like so many Neuhas, they merely wrung the water from their long, black hair, the sun, and their soft, smooth skins soon evaporating the drops that lingered on their undulating forms. These girls wore no dress, except a narrow girdle of tasselled leather round their loins; and one or two had a slight veil, which hung from her head over the shoulders; this she wreathed into a most becoming turban before plunging into the water. Notwithstanding the simplicity, to say the least of it, of this attire, these Nubian maidens wore a natural and graceful modesty, that invested it only with associations of primitive purity, and Eve-like innocence."

Proceeding upwards, the party passed the second cataract; where the river narrowed so much, that the sailors could at times find no footing on the crags. They would then fold their only garment on their head as a turban, and swim in files, drawing the boat-rope in their teeth:—

"After leaving this desert and this gorge, we opened upon a broad, calm river, and a country which appeared to smile with verdure, in comparison to that which we had come from. As the river broadened, there appeared an island which would have been beautiful anywhere; and here, was like a glimpse of paradise. Palm-groves waved over peaceful villages, green lawns were speckled with flocks and herds, luxuriant corn-fields were parked off by light palings, melon gardens ran along the river's verdant border, which was flecked with their golden fruit and flower; groves of the lote-tree and acacia, shel-

tered the blossoming bean and lupine from the sun, and the whole scene seemed full of peace and gentle prosperity.

"As we slowly glided past this Eden, the inhabitants came to the water's edge to gaze upon the strangers; little children, hand in hand, almost too small to grasp the other: an old man, with flowing beard and patriarchal robes, was leaning on a graceful girl, whose unveiled limbs displayed a model of symmetry: the few other people whom we saw were employed in some light labour, from which they ran smilingly to watch our boat, as she glided away from a spot which, to this moment, appears to me to have realized all that poets feign of the golden age.

"In little more than a fortnight, we returned, and passed by that little isle again. Hell, let loose, could scarcely have wrought a more fearful change than that which presented itself. The cottages were blackened and rocking ruins; the palm-trees were cut down, the gardens trampled and strewn with many a corpse, the dry corn burnt to the ground, the gentle natives all gone, and replaced by a fierce soldiery, who prowled about this harvest of misery, as if in search of further gleanings. Boats were passing to and fro, busily conveying the little wealth of the islanders to the encampment in the mainland, and returning with the horses and camels of the invaders to cut up the standing crops. And what has become of the inhabitants? those whom I had almost envied, as I past them by upon my desert way. The men were, for the most part, slain—and the less fortunate were outcasts on the desert, or the mountain. The children were sold into slavery, the women became the prey of that demon soldiery, whose arms now gleamed from every dark rock round; and that gentle girl—where was she? My blood boiled with indignation; I cursed the Pasha, his bloody policy, and the fiends who ministered to it; and asked Mahmoud if he did not blush to belong to the same race as the authors of this desolation? He shook his head, and said, 'it was all God's will!'"

But—notwithstanding all that lured them onward—after ascending a thousand miles from the sea, the party began to turn their eyes northward again; and the longing for sea-breezes and newspapers became at last too strong to be resisted. They wheeled about, and in a short time we find Mr. Warburton at Al Kahira (Cairo) again. Here, "England and the

English" are in every one's mouth, and we find a remark occurring with respect to them, similar to one the author of *Eothen* had already made, and well deserving the attention of reflecting men:—

"There is an evident expectation in the public mind of Cairo that England must, sooner or later, take a leading part in Egyptian politics; and not only here, but all over the East, every traveller, at all capable of conversing with the natives, constantly meets the question, 'When are the English coming?' It would be difficult to trace the origin of this popular impression, which certainly has not arisen from any vapouring, politically or privately, on the part of the English. There are, moreover, no Englishmen in the Pasha's service, except the superintendents of the gardens at Rhoda, and of the sugar plantations in the Said; but Frenchmen abound in every department, from Sulci-man Pasha to the apothecaries' apprentices in the female surgery. It was Frenchmen who made Egypt a naval power; it was a Frenchman who organized the army that all but overthrew the empire of Constantinople; it was a Frenchman who made the magnificent docks at Alexandria; and the celebrated engineer, who controls the destinies of Egypt by means of acting upon the inundations of the Nile, is M. Linant.

"So it is, however, as every traveller will bear witness: *England is expected in the East*, where, hitherto, she has never planted a standard, except in defence of the Crescent, and the integrity of its dominions. That she will ever come forward to vindicate the Cross, where her best and bravest blood was shed in its defence six hundred years ago, is very problematical; however, 'Gold wins its way where angels might despair,' and the interests of India may obtain what the Sepulchre of Christ has been denied."

Before leaving Egypt, Mr. Warburton sketches the life of Mehemet Ali in a very masterly manner—entering into detail, both personal and political, respecting this remarkable individual; a man, who, by the stern assertion of his independence, his application to warlike purposes of unfructifying revenues, his creation of an army, and his annihilation of the Mamelukes—has placed himself "in the front rank of history."

Our traveller is next found, having crossed the Levant from Egypt to

Palestine; and as his pen had invested "the river" with its own charm, so now does the Syrian desert claim our interest, as it is coloured by the vivid tinting of the tourist's pencil:—

"You are awakened in the morning by the song of birds, which your sleeping ear, all regardless of the jackal's howl, or the ocean's roar throughout the night, yet recognizes as its expected summons. You fling off the rough capote, your only covering, start from the carpet, your only couch, and, with a plunge into the river or the sea, your toilet is made at once.

"The rainbow mists of morning are still heavy on the landscape while you sip your coffee; but, by the time you spring into your saddle, all is clear and bright, and you feel, as you press the sides of your eager horse, and the stirring influence of morning buoys you up, as if fatigue could never come. The breeze, full of flowery smells and songs of birds, blusters merrily round your turban, as you gallop to the summit of some hill, to watch the Syrian sunrise spread in glory over Lebanon, Hermon, or Mount Carmel. Meanwhile, your tent is struck; your various luggage packed upon the horses, with a completeness and celerity that only the wandering Arab can attain to, and a heap of ashes alone remains to mark the site of your transient home.

"Your cavalcade winds slowly along the beaten path, but you have many a castled erag, or woody glen, or lonely ruin to explore, and your untiring Arab courser seems ever fresh and vigorous as when he started. Occasionally, you meet some traveller armed to the teeth, who inquires news of the road you have come, and perhaps relates some marvellous adventure from which he has just escaped. He bristles like a porcupine with a whole armoury of pistols, daggers, and yataghans, but his first and parting salutation is that of 'Peace!' In no country of the world is that gentle word so often used, or so little understood.

"Well, then, some khan, or convent, or bubbling spring marks your resting-place during the burning noon; and you are soon again in motion, with all the exhilaration of a second morning. Your path is as varied as your thoughts; now, over slippery crags, upon some view-commanding mountain's brow; now, along verdant valleys, or through some ravine where the winter-torrent was the last passenger. Oleanders in rich bloom are scattered over the green turf; your horse treads odours out of a carpet of wild flowers; strange birds

of brilliant plumage are darting from bough to bough of the wild myrtle and lemon tree; lizards are gleaming among the rocks; and the wide sea is so calm, and bright, and mirror-like, that the solitary ship upon its bosom seems suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between two skies.

"All this time, too, you are travelling in the steps of prophets, conquerors, and apostles; perhaps along the very path which the Saviour trod. 'What is yonder village?' 'Nazareth.' 'What is yonder lake?' 'The sea of Galilee.' None but he who has heard these answers from a native of Palestine can understand their thrilling sound.

"But evening approaches; your horse's step is as free, but less elastic than fourteen hours ago. Some way-side khan, or village, affords a sort of security for the night's encampment; but, more frequently a fountain or a river's bank is the only inducement that decides you to hold up your hand. Suddenly, at the sign, the horses stop; down comes the luggage; and, by the time you have unbridled and watered your horse, a carpet is spread on the green turf, and a fire is already blazing. As you fling yourself on the hard couch of earth, with a sensation of luxury, one of your attendants presents you with the soothing chibouque, while another hands a tiny cup of coffee, which at once restores tone to your system, and enables you to look out upon the lovely sunset with absorbing satisfaction. Meanwhile, your tent has risen silently over you; the baggage is arranged in a crescent form round the door; the horses are picketted in front. Your simple meal is soon despatched, and a quiet stroll by moonlight concludes the day. Then, wrapped in your capote, you fling yourself once more upon your carpet, place your pistols under your saddle-pillow, and are soon lost in such sleep as only the care-free traveller knows."

Journeying on in such a daily routine, at length the traveller stands before the city of Zion:—

"It was indeed Jerusalem—and had the Holy City risen before us in its palmiest days of magnificence and glory, it could not have created deeper emotion, or been gazed at more earnestly, and with intenser interest."

"The whole cavalcade paused simultaneously when Jerusalem appeared in view; the greater number fell upon their knees, and laid their foreheads in the dust, whilst a profound silence, more impressive than the loudest acclama-

tions, prevailed over all. Even the Moslem guides and servants, folding their arms on their bosoms, gazed reverently on what was to them also a holy city, and recalled to my mind the pathetic appeal of their forefather Esau—'Hast thou not a blessing for me, also, O my Father?'"

"Apart from all associations, the first view of Jerusalem is a striking one. A brilliant and unchequered sunshine has something mournful in it, when all that it shines upon is utterly desolate and drear. Not a tree or green spot is visible; no sign of life breaks the solemn silence; no smile of nature's gladness over variegates the stern scenery around. The flaming, monotonous sunshine above, and the pale, distorted, rocky wastes beneath, realise but too faithfully the prophetic picture—'Thy sky shall be brass, and thy land shall be iron.'

"To the right and left, as far as the eye can reach, vague undulations of colourless rocks extend to the horizon. A broken and desolate plain in front is bounded by a wavy, battlemented wall, over which towers frown, and minarets peer, and mosque-domes swell; intermingled with church-turret and an indistinguishable mass of terraced roofs. High over the city, to the left, rises the Mount of Olives; and the distant hills of Moab, almost mingling with the sky, afford a background to the striking picture.

"There was something startlingly new and strange in that wild, shadowless landscape; the clear outlines of the hills, and the city walls so colourless, yet so well defined against the naked sky, gave to the whole a most unreal appearance; it resembled rather an immense engraving than any thing which nature and nature's complexion had to do with.

"I am not sure that this stern scenery did not present the only appearance that would not have disappointed expectation. It was unlike any thing else on earth—so blank to the eye, yet so full of meaning to the heart; every mountain round is familiar to the memory; even yon blasted fig-tree has its voice, and the desolation that surrounds us bears its silent testimony to its fearful experiences. The plain upon which we stand looks like the arena of mighty struggles in times gone by—struggles in which all the mighty nations of the earth took part, and in which Nature herself seems to have shared."

"Each of our party had waited for the other to finish his devotions, and seemed to respect each pilgrim's feelings

with a Christian courtesy, perhaps inspired by the spot. At length, all had risen from their genuflections and prostrations, and we moved slowly forward over the rugged yet slippery path which human feet had worn in the solid rock. Countless had been the makers of that path—Jebusites, Hebrews, Chaldeans, Assyrians, Egyptians, Romans, Saracens, Crusaders, and pilgrims from every country under heaven.”

To attempt to follow our author in his lengthened survey of the holy city and its environs, would drive us beyond our limits; and so much has been said of that sacred locality by others, that the omission will be the less felt. We are bound, however, to remark, that although many have been more accurate and painstaking in their research, and perhaps better furnished with the special information necessary to institute it effectually, none have possessed greater power of language to describe things actually seen, and emotions actually felt; and, let us add, none have known how to assume a more respectfully reverential tone in the presence of things sacred; and this is a circumstance which must ever fix the superiority of this author over that of Eöthen, upon subjects such as these. In the *deep levity* of the latter—if we may use words which seem a paradox—is concealed amidst the very brightness of the wit, something that shocks and offends us. It is too indiscriminately pervading—it is a garment never put off, even where reverence requires it—a plumed headgear, undoffed in the most august presence. How different from Warburton's natural and honest pleasantry! which relieves the seriousness of travel, just where the mind and spirits need relaxation most, and may most becomingly and harmlessly indulge in it; and is ever ready to give way to the gush of genuine emotion, or the burst of unfeigned piety, if it be but called forth by the slightest sight, sound, or thought that breathes with solemn import. Indeed, the severest animadversion on the “Eöthen” style is contained in the following few words, which escape our author on the occasion of the absurd relics shown, and the legends told him by the monks of Jerusalem:—

“It is difficult to speak of such things

gravely; and yet I would not have one light feeling or expression intermingled with the solemn subjects of which this chapter attempts to treat. When we visit Marathon or Salamis, it would shame us to be insensible of their heroic associations; and the pilgrim who can scoff within the walls of Jerusalem does himself at least as little credit in the choice of sensations that he may give way to.”

On leaving Bethlehem, our author missed his faithful servant Nicola, and rode back along the road shouting out his name, which the echoing hills took up, and carried far away. There was no sign of him:—

“I galloped back to Bethlehem, and the governor not being visible, I enlisted some volunteers in the pursuit; I then went in search of the bishop, to request that his mounted servants might assist me. He was in the convent chapel, and, hurried as I was, I paused for a moment to contemplate the scene that revealed itself as I drew aside the tapestry that hung across the doorway.

“The altar blazed with gold, and the light of the consecrated lamps showed richly on its embroidered velvet drapery. The Superior of the convent, with a reverend grey beard falling over his dark purple robes, had his right hand raised in the attitude of declamation, while the bishop, in his black dress, would have been scarcely visible in the gloom, but for the white drapery of the lady his daughter, who leant upon his arm, and followed with her eyes the arguments of each speaker. The sudden change, from excitement, and hard riding, and crowded streets, and eager voices, to that calm, solemn chapel scene, was so imposing, that I almost forgot my haste in its contemplation; but the clank of sword and spur broke dissonantly into the conversation of the churchmen. They turned to me with anxious and kind attention, and the bishop immediately placed his groom and janissary at my disposal.

“I did not wait while the servants were arming themselves and mounting; but, leaving directions for them to try the Jerusalem road, and directing some armed citizens, who pressed eagerly to be employed, to disperse themselves over the neighbouring hills, I rode away to the ill-favoured village, in the direction of which my servant had been last seen. This place bore an evil character in the country; it sold little but wine and spirits, and bought nothing, yet it was walled round as carefully as if it con-

tained the most respectable and valuable community.

"Unwearied" as in the morning, my gallant mare dashed away over the rocky valley, exulting in her strength and speed. She pressed against the powerful Mameluke bit, as if its curb were but a challenge, and it was only by slackening the rein that she could be induced to pause over some precipitous descent, or tangled copse; then tossing her proud head, she would burst away again like a greyhound from the leash.

"Her hoofs soon struck fire out of the flinty streets of the unpopular village; few people appeared there, and those few seemed to have just come in from the country, for every man carried a musket, and wore a knife in his sash. They answered sulkily to my inquiries, and said that no horseman had entered their village for many a day.

"I now saw that it was useless to seek further until daylight, and pushed on toward a different gate from that by which I had entered. A steep street, whose only pavement was the living rock, led down to this; as I cantered along, I could see a group of dark figures standing under the archway, and the two nearest of the party had crossed their spears to arrest my passage. I could not have stopped if I would; neither the custom of the country, nor the circumstances of the case, required much ceremony; so, shouting to them to clear the way, I gave spurs to my eager steed, and burst through them as if I was 'switching a rasper.' The thin spears cracked like twigs; the mob rebounded to the right and left, against the wall; and, though they were all armed, mine was the only steel that gleamed, as a fellow rushed forward to seize my bridle. The next moment my mare chested him, and sent him spinning and tangled in his long, blue gown, while we shot forth into the open moonlight, and, turning round a pile of ruins, were in a moment hidden from their view."

"I now held on my way for Bethlehem, when, at a turn of the path, I came suddenly upon an armed party. They proved to be only some Bethlehemites, however, who had come out to inform me that my servant was found. They would scarcely believe that I had been in and out of that 'den of robbers,' as they harshly called the village I had been just visiting, and, at the same time, requested a reward for their services. A few minutes afterwards I found my unfortunate dragoman at the convent, pale and trembling, and lean-

ing against his foaming horse, while a crowd of men, women, and children, were listening, with open mouths and eyes, to his adventures."

Other adventures of a less exciting, though equally romantic cast, enlivened the monotony of existence in Palestine. The Jews of Jerusalem, it appears, are very partial to foreigners, particularly to the English:—

"I introduced myself to a venerable and noble-looking Hebrew in the street one day, by asking my way to the Pool of Hekzekiah, whither he courteously accompanied me, and afterwards invited me to his house. We entered by a very humble doorway from the silent street, and, passing through a dark gallery of some length, entered a large apartment, which equalled in oriental luxury any that I had yet seen. The ceiling was slightly arched, and crusted with stalactites of purple and gold, that appeared to have oozed out from some rich treasury above. The walls were of panelled cedar, or some such dark and fragrant wood, exquisitely carved; and curtains of Damascus silk were gathered into thick folds between pilasters of cedar, polished, yet rugged with rich carving. The windows were without glass, but the foliage of some orange trees softened the sunshine into a delicious gloom, lending all the effect of painted glass, with the addition of a quiver, which added coolness to its shade. The furniture was simple, as is customary in the East, and consisted only of divans, or wide silken cushions, ranged round the walls, but little elevated above the floor. This was of marble mosaic, wrought into floral emblems, such as bells, pomegranates, &c. with a white marble basin of clear water in the midst. A rich, tufted carpet, in which the foot sank as in a meadow, was spread in each corner of the upper end; and leaving our slippers on the marble floor, we took our seat on the divan. When seated, my host laid his hand upon his breast, and repeated his welcomes. He then clapped his hands; and pipes—an unusual luxury among the Jews—were brought by two little black slaves, with white tunics and scarlet caps. They retired, and we smoked the pipe of repose in such luxury and calm, as my troubled pilgrimage had seldom known till then. I should have supposed myself in some Pasha's seraglio, but for the gabardine and dark turban of my host, and that firm look of lofty determination that's to be seen on every Hebrew brow, undimmed by the disasters and degradations of two thousand years.

"My entertainer spoke with respect of Bishop Alexander, and of the other missionaries: he said he gave them credit for the best motives, but that it was all in vain to hope to proselytize his people. 'The Romans,' he added with enthusiasm, 'could not condemn Manlius in sight of the Capitol, and the Hill of Zion is not a likely spot for a Jew to forsake the faith of his forefathers.' 'The Christians do not honour Zion less,' I observed, 'because they also point to Calvary. They go with you hand in hand as far as regards this world's sacred history, and far beyond you then, into a heaven which you have hoped for from the days of Abraham, and which you will not receive, because different from that which you have expected.'

"The dark eyes of the Hebrew literally glowed between his grey and shaggy eyebrows, as he raised his arm in vehement gesticulation, that contrasted strangely with the repose of the rest of his draped figure. 'Englishman!' he exclaimed, in a voice that seemed to gurgle from his heart, 'you know not what you say.' Suddenly the door opened, the tapestry that hung over it was moved aside by a beautiful rounded arm on which jewels gleamed, and there stepped forth a female form, which fascinated my attention as if it had been a vision. Imagine a Rebecca, in all the chastened pomp of dress and beauty, that Sir Walter Scott has painted with such vivid words—even she stood before me, a glorious embodiment of all the best attributes of her pure and noble race. Such might Eve herself have been, so might her daughters have looked when angels sought their mortal love. Miriam, Jael, Judith, and the gentle Ruth, all the heroic spirits of Judah's line, might have been represented under that form, (but not the Maid Mother.) I know not how she was dressed, I scarce know how she looked; but I have a memory before my eyes that seems still to confuse, as it dazzled then.

"I only remember a light gauzy turban, with a glittering fringe falling gracefully over the shoulder; masses of black and shining hair, that made the forehead and delicately browned cheek look as fair as a Circassian's; if a thought of luxury hovered upon the richly rosy mouth, it was awed into admiration by the large dark eyes, so fearless, yet so modest, glancing round as if they read a meaning in every thing, and every where, yet calm and self-possessed in their consciousness of power.

"She carried a little tray, on which,

I believe, were sweetmeats and sherbets, and bent gracefully forward to offer her refreshments. I started to my feet, and addressed to her some words in Italian, to which she only replied with a shake of her head, and a faint smile: she then drew back, while her sister, whom I had not noticed until now, came forward with another tray, containing I know not what. I was rather bewildered by the whole scene, and felt that I was embarrassing, by not accepting the hospitalities of my fair hostesses, while a quiet smile played over the features of my venerable host. I need not say, I was very anxious to make the most of this rare opportunity of seeing the daughters of Israel in their own home; yet I confess I experienced a sensation of relief when the Jewish maidens retired, and I was left again alone with my entertainer. Controversy was now out of the question. We avoided the subject by mutual consent; and, feeling the Eastern restraint which prevented me from alluding to the subject then uppermost in my mind, I only asked whether he considered that there was a perceptible increase in the number of his people at present in Jerusalem. He replied, 'that the time was not yet arrived.' But I must ask you to excuse my taking leave of you, unless you would wish to accompany me to our synagogue, whither I am now obliged to go.

"We passed out through the dark passage and the mean gate, into the dirty street, and afterwards, when I sought that house again, I could not even identify it among the squalid dwellings with which it was surrounded. Nor did I ever see my host after I parted from him at the door of the synagogue."

This chapter upon "the Jews," indeed, is one of the most interesting in the volumes, and in its strength, truth, and spirit, presents a striking contrast to that melancholy outburst of national and constitutional vanity which startled the reader of "Coningsby" in the self-vindication of Sidonia; in which the Israelite raised his snaky head for once in proud and curling defiance, and indulged his serpentine malignity in one long hiss at the whole Gentile world. Mr. Warburton concludes his notices of the nation thus:—

"I will not dwell longer on this subject; the Jew has no relation with either the Crescent or the Cross, and would scarcely belong to my subject, but for his enmity against both. The

quarter of the city that his people occupies lies between our church on Zion, and the mosque of Omar, on Mount Moriah, typical of his own position. It is something vindictory of his character that the same obstinacy with which he rejected the Cross has been extended to the Crescent, which glitters over his humble dwelling, unattractive to him, except perhaps from the gilding that adorns it.

"The Jew should be seen at Jerusalem. There, if the missionary or the political economist can make little out of him, he is at least a striking specimen of man.

"In the dark-robed form that lingers thoughtfully among the tombs in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or bends with black turban to the ground at the 'Place of Weeping,' you seem to behold a Destiny incarnate. That fierce, dark eye, and noble brow; that medallion profile, that has been transmitted unimpaired through a thousand generations and a thousand climates; these are nature's own illustrations, and vindicate old history.

"Thou son of a perverse, but mighty generation; thou chosen, yet accursed of heaven; homeless throughout the world, yet a dweller in all its cities; treasurer of the dross, man worships, yet despised by its bigots; thou inhabitest the proudest palaces, and the most sordid huts; thou art welcomed in the cabinets of kings, and hooted in the haunts of the destitute.

"Thy destiny, that has been so far fulfilled, must yet be gloriously completed. Thy wanderings over the world shall have an end, like the wandering in the desert, by which thou wert first disciplined, and made fit for freedom:

"And we shall see ye go—hear ye return
Repeopling the old solitudes."

Here our author leaves Palestine—reluctantly, as we leave him. We have derived much instruction as well as pleasure from his volumes. He cannot but become a most popular writer; and should he direct his talents to the Romance or Historic fiction, we dare venture to pronounce a brilliant and decided success. He has most of the sterling material required, but so lamentably wanting in many of those writers who actually do hold a certain measure of public favour at the present day—a ready flow of ideas, a smooth and finished diction, considerable powers of scene-painting and illustration, and a happy vein of humour. But he has qualities even rarer yet; a manliness of thought and

expression—a firm adherence to whatever is high-souled and honourable, without one particle of that clap-trap sentiment, so popular a cant among us. There are books which we read without bestowing even a passing thought upon their authors. We care not for the fashion of their minds, their sentiments, or their feelings, beyond the record they have submitted before us. Such is not the case with the present volumes. The narrative of personal adventure, so gracefully interwoven with the main business of the journey, suggest traits and characteristics of the writer, giving an additional interest to his story, for the sake of the teller. Yet never for a moment does the traveller usurp the attention, which should be directed to the wonderful land through which he journeys. Let his theme be a great one, and for it alone has he ears and eyes—and the higher and more poetic the subject, the more elegant and spirit-stirring are his descriptions,

These are not gifts to be lavished on a first work, and left in disuse ever after. Such are not the weapons to sleep in rust. It is therefore with a hearty good will, we welcome Mr. Warburton's appearance in the world of letters. If there be a fault in the general character of the work, as it affects our minds, at least, it consists, we think, in the too rapid transition from one shade of feeling and style to another—from the grave to the gay—the sublime to the ridiculous. But are not these all evidences of what we have asserted—the overflowing abundance of mental resources, which need not husbanding. A wealth to be squandered, since it seems inexhaustible. Time, and the greater practice of the pen, may teach him to adjust his materials with nice artist-like skill; but even this success will be purchased by the cost of much of the freshness and warmth of feeling so beautifully displayed in these volumes.

We look with hope and with confidence to his re-appearance in print, and without one passing fear that his future efforts will falsify our prediction concerning him. He has every element of success, and whatever be the faults and follies of our day, there never was a period when a more hearty welcome waited on him, who combines genius with goodness.

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TALES OF THE TRAINS; BEING SOME CHAPTERS OF RAILROAD ROMANCE.

BY TILBURY TRAMP, QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

NO. II.—THE COUPE OF THE NORTH-MIDLAND.

THE English are a lord-loving people, there's no doubt of it, was the reflection I could not help making to myself, on hearing the commentaries pronounced by my fellow travellers in the North-Midland, on a passenger who had just taken his departure from amongst us. He was a middle-aged man, of very prepossessing appearance, with a slow, distinct, and somewhat emphatic mode of speaking. He had joined freely and affably in the conversation of the party, contributing his share in the observations made upon the several topics discussed, and always expressing himself suitably and to the purpose; and although these are gifts I am by no means ungrateful enough to hold cheaply, yet neither was I prepared to hear such an universal burst of panegyric as followed his exit.

"The most agreeable man—so affable, so unaffected."

"Always listened to with such respect in the Upper House."

"Splendid place—Treddleton—eighteen hundred acres, they say, in the demesne—such a deer park too."

"And what a collection of Vandikes!"

"The Duke has a very high opinion of his——"

"Income—cannot be much under two hundred thousand, I should say."

Such and such like were the fragmentary comments upon one, who, divested of so many claims upon the respect and gratitude of his country, had merely been pronounced a very well

bred and somewhat agreeable gentleman. To have refused sympathy with a feeling so general would have been to argue myself a member of the anti-corn law league, the repeal association, or some similarly minded institution, so that I joined in the grand chorus around, and manifested the happiness I experienced in common with the rest, that a lord had travelled in our company, and neither asked us to sit on the boiler, nor on the top of the luggage, but actually spoke to us and interchanged sentiments, as though we were even intended by Providence for such communion. One little round-faced man, with a smooth cheek devoid of beard, a pair of twinkling grey eyes, and a light brown wig, did not, however, contribute his suffrage to the measure thus triumphantly carried, but sat with a very peculiar kind of simper on his mouth, and with his head turned towards the window as though to avoid observation. He, I say, said nothing, but there was that in the expression of his features that said—"I differ from you," as palpably, as though he had spoken it out in words.

The theme once started was not soon dismissed; each seemed to vie with his neighbour in his knowledge of the habits and opinions of the titled orders, and a number of pleasant little pointless stories were told of the nobility, which, if I could only remember and retail here, would show the amiable feeling they entertain for the happiness of all the world, and how glad they are when

every one has enough to eat, and there's no "leader" in "the Times" about the distress in the manufacturing districts. The round-faced man eyed the speakers in turn, but never uttered a word, and it was plain that he was falling very low in the barometer of public opinion, from his incapacity to contribute a single noble anecdote, even though the hero should be only a lord mayor, when suddenly he said—

"There was rather a queer sort of thing happened to me the last time I went the Nottingham circuit."

"Oh, do you belong to that circuit," said a thin-faced old man in spectacles. "Do you know Fitzroy Kelly?"

"Is he in the hardware line? There was a chap of that name travelled for Tingle and Crash, but he's done up, I think. he forged a bill of exchange in Manchester, and is travelling now in another line of business."

"I mean the eminent lawyer, sir—I know nothing of bagmen."

"They're bagmen too," replied the other, with a little chuckling laugh, "and pretty samples of honesty they do hawk about with them, as I hear; but no offence, gentlemen—I'm a C. G. myself."

"A what?" said three or four together.

"A commercial gentleman in the tape, bobbin, and twist line, for Rundle, Trundle, and Winningspin's house, one of the oldest in the trade."

Here was a tumble down with a vengeance! from the noble Earl of—heaven knows what and where, Knight of the Garter, Grand Cross of the Bath, Knight of St. Patrick, to a mere C. G.—a commercial gentleman, travelling in the tape, bobbin, and twist line for the firm of Rundle, Trundle, and Winningspin, of Leeds. The operation of steam condensing by letting in a stream of cold water, was the only simile I can find for the sudden revulsion, and as many plethoric sobs, shrugs, and grunts issued from the party, as though they represented an engine under like circumstances; all the aristocratic associations were put to flight at once; it seemed profane to remember the Peerage in such company, and a general silence ensued, each turning from time to time an angry look towards the little bagman, whose "mal-a-propos" speech had routed their illustrious allusions.

Somewhat tired of the stiff and uncomfortable calm that succeeded, I ventured in a very meek and insinuating tone to remind the little man of the reminiscence he had already begun, when interrupted by the unlucky question as to his circuit.

"Oh! it ain't much of a story," said he; "I shouldn't wonder if the same kind of thing happens often—mayhap too, the gentlemen would not like to hear it, though they might after all, for there's a Duke in it."

There was that in the easy simplicity with which he said these words, vouching for his good temper, which propitiated at once the feelings of the others, and after a few half-expressed apologies, for having already interrupted him, they begged he would kindly relate the incident to which he alluded.

"It is about four years since," said he, "I was then in the printed calico way for a house in Nottingham; business was not very good, my commission nothing to boast of—cotton looking down—nothing lively but quilted woollens, so that I generally travelled in the third class train. It wasn't pleasant to be sure; the company at the best of times, a pretty considerable sprinkling of runaway recruits, prisoners going to the assizes, and wounded people run over by the last train; but it was cheap, and that suited me. Well, one morning I took my ticket as usual, and was about to take my place, when I found every carriage was full, there was not room for my little portmanteau in one of them, and so I wandered up and down while the bell was ringing, shoving my ticket into every one's face, and swearing I would bring the case before Parliament, if they did not put on a special train for my own accommodation, when a smart-looking chap called out to one of the porters—

"Put that noisy little devil in the coupé, there's room for him there."

"And so, they whipped my legs from under me, and chucked me in, banged the door, and said 'Go on;' and just as if the whole thing was waiting for a commercial traveller to make it all right, away went the train at twenty miles an hour. When I had time to look around, I perceived that I had a fellow-traveller, rather tall and gentlemanly, with a sallow face and dark whiskers; he wore a brown upper

coat, all covered with velvet—the collar, the breasts, and even the cuffs—and I perceived that he had a pair of fur shoes over his boots—signs of one who liked to make himself comfortable. He was reading ‘the Morning Chronicle’ and did not desist as I entered, so that I had abundant time to study every little peculiarity of his personal appearance unnoticed by him.

“It was plain from a number of little circumstances, that he belonged to that class in life, who have, so to say, the sunny side of existence. The handsome rings, which sparkled on his fingers, the massive gold snuff box, which he coolly dropt into the pocket of the carriage, the splendid repeater, by which he checked the speed of the train, as though to intimate you had better not be behind time with me, made me heave an involuntary sigh over that strange but universal law of Providence, by which the goods of fortune are so unequally distributed. For about two hours we journeyed thus, when at last my companion who had opened in succession some half dozen newspapers, and after skimming them slightly, thrown them at his feet, turned to me, and said—

“‘Would you like to see the morning papers, sir?’—pointing as he spoke with a kind of easy indifference to the pile before him. ‘There’s ‘The Chronicle,’ ‘Times,’ ‘Globe,’ ‘Sun,’ and ‘Examiner’—take your choice, sir.’

“And with that, he yawned, stretched himself, and letting down the glass, looked out; thereby turning his back on me, and not paying the slightest attention to the grateful thanks, by which I accepted his offer.

“‘Devilish haughty,’ thought I—‘shouldn’t wonder if he was one of the great mill owners here—great swells they are I hear.’

“‘Ah! you read ‘The Times,’ I perceive,’ said he, turning round, and fixing a steadfast and piercing look on me; ‘you read ‘The Times’—a rascally paper, an infamous paper, sir, a dishonest paper. Their opposition to the new poor law is a mere trick, and their support of the Peel party a contemptible change of principles.’

“‘Lord! how I wished I had taken up ‘The Chronicle,’ I would have paid a week’s subscription to have been able to smuggle ‘The Examiner’ into my hand at that moment.

“‘I’m a Whig, sir,’ said he; ‘and neither ashamed nor afraid to make the avowal—a Whig of the old Charles Fox school—a Whig who understands how to combine the happiness of the people with the privileges of the aristocracy.’

“And as he spoke he knitted his brows, and frowned at me, as though I were Jack Cade bent upon pulling down the Church, and annihilating the monarchy of these realms.

“‘You may think differently,’ continued he; ‘I perceive you do—never mind, have the manliness to avow your opinions. You may speak freely to one who is never in the habit of concealing his own; indeed I flatter myself that they are pretty well known by this time.’

“‘Who can he be?’ thought I. ‘Lord John is a little man—Lord Melbourne is a fat one; can it be Lord Normanby? or is it Lord Howick?’ and so I went on to myself, repeating the whole Whig Peerage, and then coming down to the Lower House, I went over every name I could think of, down to the lowest rung of the ladder, never stopping till I came to the member for Sudbury.

“‘It aint him,’ thought I; ‘he has a lisp, and never could have such a fine coat as that.’

“‘Have you considered, sir,’ said he, ‘where your Toryism will lead you to; have you reflected that you of the middle class—I presume you belong to that order.’

“I bowed, and muttered something about printed cottons.

“‘Have you considered that by unjustly denying the rights of the lower orders, under the impression that you are preserving the prerogative of the Throne, that you are really undermining our order.’

“‘God forgive us,’ ejaculated I. ‘I hope we are not.’

“‘But you are,’ said he; ‘it is you, and others like you, who will not see the anomalous social condition of our country. You make no concessions until wrung from you; you yield nothing, except extorted by force; the finances of the country are in a ruinous condition—trade stagnated.’

“‘Quite true,’ said I; ‘Wriggles and Briggs stopt payment on Tuesday; there won’t be one and fourpence in the pound.’

“‘D—n Wriggles and Briggs,’ said

he; 'don't talk to me of some contemptible cotton-spinner——'

" 'They were in the hardware line—plated dish-covers, japans, and bronze fenders.'

" 'Confound their fenders!' cried he again; 'it is not with such grubbing fabricators of frying-pans and fire-irons I speak; it is of the trade of this mighty nation—our exports, our imports—our colonial trade—our foreign trade—our trade with the East—our trade with the West—our trade with the Hindoos—our trade with the Esquimaux.'

" 'He's secretary for the Colonies, he has the whole thing at his fingertips.'

" 'Yes, sir,' said he, with another frown, 'our trade with the Esquimaux.'

" 'Bears are pretty brisk, too,' said I; 'but foxes is falling—there will be no stir in squirrels till near spring. I heard it myself from Snaggs, who is in that line.'

" 'D—n Snaggs,' said he, scowling at me.

" 'Well, d—n him,' said I, too; 'he owes me thirteen and fourpence, balance of a little account between us.'

" This unlucky speech of mine seemed to have totally disgusted my aristocratic companion, for he drew his cap down over his eyes, folded his arms upon his breast, stretched out his legs, and soon fell asleep; notwithstanding with such due regard to the privileges of the humbler classes, as became one of his benevolent Whig principles, for he fell over against me, flattening me into a corner of the vehicle, where he used me as a bolster, and this for thirty-two miles of the journey.

" 'Where are we?' said he, starting up suddenly; 'what's the name of this place?'

" 'This is Stretton,' said I. 'I must look sharp, for I get out at Chesterfield.'

" 'Are you known here,' said my companion 'to any one in these parts?'

" 'No,' said I, 'it is my first turn on this road.'

" He seemed to reflect for some moments, and then said, 'You pass the night at Chesterfield, don't you?' and, without waiting for my answer, added, 'We'll—we'll take a bit of dinner there. You can order it—six sharp.'

Take care they have fish—it would be as well that you tasted the sherry; and, mark me! not a word about me; and with that, he placed his finger on his lips, as though to impress me with inviolable secrecy.

" 'Do you mind? not a word.'

" 'I shall be most happy,' said I, 'to have the pleasure of your company; but there's no risk of my mentioning your name, as I have not the honour to know it.'

" 'My name is Cavendish,' said he, with a very peculiar smile and a toss of his head, as though to imply that I was something of an ignoramus not to be aware of it.

" 'Mine is Baggs,' said I, thinking it only fair to exchange.

" 'With all my heart, Raggs,' said he, 'we dine together—that's agreed. You'll see that every thing's right, for I don't wish to be recognised down here;' and at these words, uttered rather in the tone of a command, my companion opened a pocket-book, and commenced making certain memoranda with his pencil, totally unmindful of me, and my concurrence in all his arrangements.

" 'Chesterfield, Chesterfield, Chesterfield—any gentleman for Chesterfield?' shouted the porters, opening and shutting doors, as they cried, with a rapidity well suited to their utterance.

" 'We get out here,' said I; and my companion at the same moment descended from the carriage, and, with an air of very aristocratic indifference, ordered his luggage to be placed in a cab. It was just at this instant, that my eye caught the envelope of one of the newspapers which had fallen at my feet, and, delighted at this opportunity of discovering something more of my companion, I took it up and read—what do you think I read?—true as I sit here, gentlemen, the words were, 'His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, Devonshire House.' Lord bless me, if all Nottingham had taken the benefit of the act, I couldn't be more of a heap—a cold shivering came over me at the bare thought of any thing I might have said to so illustrious a personage. No wonder he should d—n Snaggs, thought I. Snaggs is a low, sneaking scoundrel, not fit to clean his grace's shoes.

" 'Hallo, Raggs, are you ready?' cried the Duke.

"'Yes, your Grace—my Lord—yes, Sir,' said I, not knowing how to conceal my knowledge of his real station. I would have given five shillings to be let sit outside with the driver, rather than crush myself into the little cab, and squeeze the Duke up in the corner.

"'We must have no politics, friend Raggs,' said he, as we drove along—'you and I can't agree, that's plain.'

"'Heaven forbid, your Grace; that is, Sir,' said I, 'that I should have any opinions displeasing to you. My views—'

"'Are necessarily narrow-minded and miserable. I know it, Raggs. I can conceive how creatures in your kind of life follow the track of opinion, just as they do the track of the road, neither daring to think, or reflect for themselves. It is a sad and a humiliating picture of human nature, and I have often grieved at it.' Here his Grace blew his nose, and seemed really affected at the degraded condition of commercial travellers.

"I must not dwell longer on the conversation between us, if that, indeed, be called conversation where the Duke spoke, and I listened; for, from the moment the dinner appeared—and a very nice little dinner it was—soup, fish, two roasts, sweets, and a piece of cheese—his Grace eat as if he had not a French cook at home, and the best cellar in England.

"'What do you drink, Raggs,' said he; 'Burgundy is my favourite, though Brodie says it won't do for me, at least when I have much to do in "the House." Strange thing, very strange thing I am going to mention to you—no Cavendish can drink Chambertin—it is something hereditary. Chambers mentioned to me one day that very few of the English nobility have not some little idiosyncrasy of that kind. The Churchills never can taste gin; the St. Maurs faint if they see strawberries and cream.'

"'The Baggs,' said I, 'never could eat tripe.' I hope he didn't say *d—n* the Baggs, but I almost fear he did.

"The Duke ordered up the landlord, and after getting the whole state of the cellar made known, desired three bottles of claret to be sent up, and despatched a messenger through the town to search for olives.

"'We are very backward, Raggs,' said he. 'In England we have no idea of life, nor shall we, as long as these

confounded Tories remain in power. With free trade, sir, we should have the productions of France and Italy upon our tables, without the ruinous expenditure they at present cost.'

"'You don't much care for that,' said I, venturing a half hint at his condition.

"'No,' said he, frankly; 'I confess I do not. But I am not selfish enough not to extend my good wishes to others. How do you like that *La-fitte*? A little tart—a very little. It drinks cold—don't you think so?'

"'It is freezing mixture,' said I. 'If I dare to ask for a warm with—'

"'Take what you like, Raggs—only don't ask me to be of the party;' and with that he gazed at the wine between himself and the candle with the glance of a true connoisseur.

"'I'll tell you,' said he, 'a little occurrence which happened me some years since, not far from this;—in fact, I may confess to you, it was at Chatsworth. George the Fourth came down on a visit to us for a few days in the shooting season—not that he cared for sport, but it was an excuse for something to do. Well, the evening he arrived, he dined in his own apartment, nobody with him but—'

"Just at this instant the landlord entered, with a most obsequious face, and an air of great secrecy.

"'I beg pardon, gentlemen,' said he; 'but there's a carriage come over from Chatsworth, and the footman won't give the name of the gentleman he wants.'

"'Quite right—quite right,' said the Duke, waving his hand. 'Let the carriage wait. Come, Raggs, you seem to have nothing before you.'

"'Bless your Grace,' said I, 'I'm at the end of my third tumbler.'

"'Never mind—mix another;' and with that he pushed the decanter of brandy towards me, and filled his own glass to the brim.

"'Your health, Raggs—I rather like you. I confess,' continued he, 'I've had rather a prejudice against your order. There is something *d—d* low in cutting about the country with patterns in a bag.'

"'We don't,' said I, rather nettled, 'we carry a pocket-book like this,' and here I produced my specimen order, but with one shy of his foot the duke sent it flying to the ceiling, as he exclaimed—

"'Confound your patch-work!—try to be a gentleman for once!'

"'So I will, then,' said I. 'Here's your health, Devonshire.'

"'Take care—take care,' said he, solemnly. 'Don't dare to take any liberties with me—they won't do; and the words made my blood freeze.'

"I tossed off a glass neat to gain courage, for my head swam round, and I thought I saw his Grace sitting before me, in his dress as Knight of the Garter, with a coronet on his head, his 'George' round his neck, and he was frowning at me most awfully.

"'I didn't mean it,' said I, pitifully. 'I am only a jagman, but very well known on the western road—could get security for three hundred pounds any day, in soft goods.'

"'I am not angry, old Raggs,' said the Duke. 'None of my family ever bear malice. Let us have a toast—' 'A speedy return to our rightful position on the Treasury benches.'"

"I pledged his Grace with every enthusiasm, and when I laid my glass on the table, he wrung my hand warmly, and said—

"'Raggs, I must do something for you.'

"From that moment I felt my fortune was made. The friendship—and was I wrong in giving it that title?—the friendship of such a man was success assured, and as I sipped my liquor, I ran over, in my mind, the various little posts and offices I would accept of, or decline. They'll be offering me some chief-justiceship in Gambia, or to be port-surveyor in the Isle of Dogs, or something of that kind; but I won't take it, nor will I go out as bishop, nor commander of the forces, nor collector of customs to any newly-discovered island in the Pacific Ocean. 'I must have something at home here;—I never could bear a sea-voyage,' said I, aloud, concluding my meditation by this reflection.

"'Why, you are half seas over already, Raggs,' said the Duke, as he sat puffing his cigar in all the luxury of a Pacha. 'I say,' continued he, do you ever play a hand at "écarté," or "vingt et un," or any other game for two?'

"'I can do a little at five-and-ten,' said I, timidly; for it is rather a vulgar game, and I didn't half fancy confessing it was my favourite.

"'Five-and-ten!' said the Duke;—'that is a game exploded even from the house-keeper's room. I doubt if they'd play it in the kitchen of a respectable family. Can you do nothing else?'

"Pope-jan and pitch-and-toss were then the extent of my accomplishments; but I was actually afraid to own to them; and so I shook my head in token of dissent.

"'Well, be it so,' said he, with a sigh. 'Touch that bell, and let us see if they have a pack of cards in the house.'

"The cards were soon brought—a little table, with a green baize covering—it might have been a hearth rug for coarseness—placed at the fire, and down we sat. We played till the day was beginning to break, chatting and sipping between time; and, although the stakes were only sixpences, the Duke won eight pounds odd shillings. I had to give him an order on a house in Leeds, for the amount. I cared little for the loss, it is true. The money was well invested—somewhat more profitably than the 'three-and-a-half,' any way.

"'Those horses,' said the Duke, 'those horses will feel a bit cold or so by this time. So I think, Raggs, I must take my leave of you. We shall meet again, I've no doubt, some of these days. I believe you know where to find me in town?'

"'I should think so,' said I, with a look that conveyed more than mere words. 'It is not such a difficult matter.'

"'Well, then, good-bye, old fellow,' said he, with as warm a shake of the hand as ever I felt in my life. 'Good-bye. I have told you to make use of me, and, I repeat it, I'll be as good as my word. We are not in just now; but there's no knowing what may turn up. *Beside, whether in office or out, we are never without our influence.*'

"What extent of professions my gratitude led me into, I cannot clearly remember now; but I have a half recollection of pledging his Grace in something very strong, and getting a fit of coughing in an attempt to cheer, amid which he drove off as fast as the horses could travel, waving one, a last adieu from the carriage window.

"As I jogged along the road on the following day, one only passage of the preceding night kept continually

recurring to my mind. Whether it was that his Grace spoke the words with a peculiar emphasis, or that this last blow on the drum had erased all memory of previous sounds—but so it was. I continued to repeat as I went—‘Whether in office or out, we have always our influence.’

“This sentence became my guiding star wherever I went. It supported me in every casualty and under every misfortune. Wet through with rain, late for a coach, soaked in a damp bed, half starved by a bad dinner, overcharged in an inn, upset on the road, without hope, without an ‘order,’ I had only to fall back upon my talisman, and rarely had to mutter it twice, ere visions of official wealth and power floated before me, and imagination conjured up gorgeous dreams of bliss, bright enough to dispel the darkest gloom of evil fortune—and as poets dream of fairy forms skipping from the bells of flowers by moonlight, and light-footed elves disporting in the deep cells of water-lilies, or sailing along some glittering stream, the boat a plantain leaf, so did I revel in imaginary festivals, surrounded by peers and marquises, and thought I was hob-nobbing with ‘the Duke,’ or dancing a cotillon with Lord Brougham at Windsor.

“I began to doubt if a highly imaginative temperament, a richly endowed fancy, a mind glowing with bright and glittering conceptions, an organization strongly poetical, be gifts suited to the career and habits of a commercial traveller. The base and grovelling tastes of manufacturing districts, the low tone of country shopkeepers, the mean and narrow-minded habits of people in the hardware line, distress and irritate a man with tastes and aspirations above smoke-jacks and saucepans. He may, it is true, sometimes undervalue them—they never, by any chance, can understand him. Thus was it from the hour I made the Duke’s acquaintance—business went ill with me—the very philosophy that supported me under all my trials, seemed only to offend them, and more than once I was insulted, because I said at parting, ‘Never mind—in office or out, we have always our influence.’ The end of it was, I lost my situation; my employers coolly said that my brain didn’t seem all right, and they sent me about my business—a pleasant phrase

that—so that when a man is turned adrift upon the world, without an object or an occupation, with no where to go to, nothing to do, and, mayhap, nothing to eat, he is then said to be sent about his business. Can it mean that his only business then is to drown himself? Such were not my thoughts assuredly. I made my late master a low bow, and muttering my old ‘refrain,’ ‘in office or out,’ &c., took my leave and walked off. For a day or two I hunted the coffee-houses to read all the newspapers, and discover, if I could, what government situations were then vacant, for I knew that the great secret in these matters is always to ask for some definite post or employment, because the refusal, if you meet it, suggests the impression of disappointment, and, although they won’t make you a Treasury Lord, there’s no saying but they may appoint you a Tide-waiter. I fell upon evil days—excepting a Consul for Timbuctoo, and a Lord Lieutenant for Ireland, there was nothing wanting—the latter actually, as ‘The Times’ said, was going a-begging. In the corner of the paper, however, almost hidden from view, I discovered that a collector of customs—I forget where exactly—had been eaten by a crocodile, and his post was in the gift of the Colonial office. Come, here’s the very thing for me, thought I. ‘In office or out’—now for it—and with that I hurried to my lodgings to dress for my interview with his Grace of Devonshire.

“There is a strange flutter of expectancy, doubt and pleasure, in the preparation one makes to visit a person whose exalted sphere and higher rank has made him a patron to you. It is like the sensation felt on entering a large shop with your book of patterns, anxious and fearful whether you may leave without an order. Such in great part were my feelings as I drove along towards Devonshire house; and although pretty certain of the cordial reception that awaited me, I did not exactly like the notion of descending to ask a favour.

“Every stroke of the great knocker was answered by a throb at my own side, if not as loud, at least as moving, for my summons was left unanswered for full ten minutes. Then, when I was meditating on the propriety of a second appeal, the door was opened, and a very sleepy-looking footman

asked me rather gruffly, what I wanted.

"To see his Grace; he is at home, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is at home, but you cannot see him at this hour; he's at breakfast."

"No matter," said I, with the easy confidence our former friendship inspired, "just step up and say Mr. Baggs, of the Northern Circuit—Baggs, do you mind."

"I should like to see myself give such a message," replied the fellow, with an insolent drawl; "leave your name here, and come back for your answer."

"Take this, scullion," said I, haughtily drawing forth my card, which I didn't fancy producing at first, because it set forth as how I was commercial traveller in the long hose and flannel way, for a house in Glasgow. "Say he is the gentleman his Grace dined with at Chesterfield in March last."

The mention of a dinner struck the fellow with such amazement, that without venturing another word, or even a glance at my card, he mounted the stairs, to apprise the Duke of my presence.

"This way, sir; his Grace will see you," said he, in a very modified tone, as he returned in a few minutes after.

I threw on him a look of scowling contempt at the alteration his manner had undergone, and followed him up stairs. After passing through several splendid apartments, he opened one side of a folding-door, and calling out Mr. Baggs, shut it behind me, leaving me in the presence of a very distinguished looking personage, seated at breakfast beside the fire.

"I believe you are the person that has the Blenheim spaniels," said his Grace, scarce turning his head towards me as he spoke.

"No, my lord—no; never had a dog in my life; but are you—are you the Duke of Devonshire?" cried I, in a very faltering voice.

"I believe so, sir," said he, standing up and gazing at me with a look of bewildered astonishment I can never forget.

"Dear me," said I, "how your Grace is altered. You were as large again last April, when we travelled down to Nottingham. Them light French wines, they are ruining your constitution; I knew they would."

"The Duke made no answer, but rung the bell violently for some seconds."

"Bless my heart," said I, "it surely can't be that I'm mistaken. It's not possible it wasn't your Grace?"

"Who is this man?" said the Duke, as the servant appeared in answer to the bell. "Who let him up stairs?"

"Mr. Baggs, your Grace," he said. "He dined with your Grace at ——"

"Take him away; give him in charge to the police; the fellow must be punished for his insolence."

My head was whirling, and my faculties were all astray. I neither knew what I said, nor what happened after, save that I felt myself half led, half pushed, down the stairs I had mounted so confidently five minutes before, while the liveried rascal kept dinning into my ears some threats about two months' imprisonment and hard labour. Just as we were passing through the hall, however, the door of a front parlour opened, and a gentleman in a very elegant dressing-gown stepped out. I had neither time nor inclination to mark his features—my own case absorbed me too completely. "I am an unlucky wretch," said I aloud. "Nothing ever prospers with me."

"Cheer up, old boy," said he of the dressing-gown; "fortune will take another turn yet; but I do confess you hold miserable cards."

The voice, as he spoke, aroused me. I turned about, and there stood my companion at Chesterfield.

"His Grace wants you, Mr. Cavendish," said the footman, as he opened the door for me.

"Let him go, Thomas," said Mr. Cavendish. "There's no harm in old Raggs."

"Isn't he the Duke?" gasped I, as he tripped up stairs without noticing me further.

"The Duke—no, bless your heart, he's his gentleman!"

Here was an end of all my cherished hopes and dreams of patronage. The aristocratic leader of fashion—the great owner of palaces, the Whig autocrat—tumbled down into a creature that aired newspapers, and scented pocket-handkerchiefs. Never tell me of the manners of the titled classes again. Here was a specimen that will satisfy my craving for a life long, and, if the reflection be so strong, what must be the body which causes it."

MARES' NESTS.

Pretty and plausible, but false in fact, and fallacious in sentiment, are those so often and so rapturously quoted lines of the poet,—

"God made the country, and man made the town;
What wonder, then, that health and virtue . . .
Should most abound,
And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves?"

False in fact, for who does not see that the country celebrated by Cowper, the *cultivated* country, with its roads, bridges, plantations, its lanes, its hedge-rows, and

"The distant team slow moving,"

is written all over with the signature of man, and bears his "image and superscription," quite as distinctly as the town. Fallacious in sentiment, for nothing is more certain than that God made man to make towns, and that by the hand of man God has made both town and country. By country, however, must be understood neither wastes of polar snow, nor yet green American prairies and primeval forests, the hunting-grounds of the "red-skin," but the fields that furnish "wine which maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread that strengtheneth man's heart." Better poetry, as well as philosophy, is that of Sir Thomas Brown, though it be said, not sung:—"Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature, they being both the servants of His providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day"—when there was no town—"there were yet a chaos."

But the first town, we are reminded, was built by the first murderer. True; but he committed his murder in the country. Afterwards he built the town, no doubt as an act of reparation. The worst possible deed demanded the best possible to balance it. Killing his brother and building a city were the two *poles* of Cain's life. Great virtues go not hand in hand with small foibles. It is remarkable, too, that most murders are committed in the country. Homicide is pre-eminently an agricultural propensity.

Twenty tithe-proctors have had their brains beat out in the rural districts, for one collector of minister's money in town. The grey pavement is not near so often incarnadined with the stream of life as the green field. There may be a reason in nature for this. Red, as colour, is the complement of green. The eye, habitually filled with the latter colour, is haunted by an unconscious, but profound craving for the former. Therefore tenants in the country, as a rule, shoot their landlords, a proceeding wholly exceptional among tenants in town.

For the rest—what would the country be if there were no town? The very word would lose its meaning! What an unripe world were it, in which all were green! The town is to the country what the book is to the binding—what the picture is to the frame—what the wine is to the cup—what the fruit is to the tree—what the head is to the man—what man is to the animal creation. Are not all towns in the country? Certainly, and they are the best things there. All else that is there, is there for their sake. No doubt the country is good, to build towns in. We hold that the moment you get out of town, the great boundary between civilized life and the state of nature is passed: after that, it is only a question of degree how far you will go; but, if you are in earnest, we do not see how you can stop short of fig-leaves.

II.

The most wonderful of God's works are those wrought by the instrumentality of man. St. Peter's is a nobler object than Mont Blanc, for the one is a work—the other the undoing and laying waste of a work. The church is articulate—the mountain inarticulate.

III.

Certain powers, working in inorganic nature, manifest themselves in the phenomena of crystallization. The bee is, in a higher region, the priestess of these powers, and works geometrically,

by their impulse, in uncrystallizable wax, re-producing the forms that present themselves spontaneously in the dead basalt. Is not a honeycomb something better than the Giant's Causeway?

But again—is not a convent—which also has cells, though they may not (or for that matter may) be hexagonal—something better (or worse, as the case may be,) than a honeycomb?

All these are works of nature, higher, according as the mediation employed in them is higher—that is, as they rise more and more into the region of art—according as mind has had more, and chemical forces less, the direction of them. When we come to spiritual structures, a philosophy, a religion, then a still higher mediation must be resorted to. These transcend the province of understanding; and now comes in reason, and, after and over reason, faith.

IV.

Natural objects have an exquisiteness of finish which objects of art never present. The defect, here, is not in art, as such, but in the materials which nature furnishes for the artist to work in. The general intractability of nature renders the execution of a work of art, when most successful, little more than a remote hint of the conception.

V.

You cannot rate art too high: you cannot think too nobly of the calling of the artist. You may think amiss, *beside* the mark; but you cannot think *above* it; for truly the mark is above all reach of your thought. Far, far out of sight—out of your sight—flies your arrow, shot zenithwards, and hath made but some infinitesimal approximation to it. If it be true, as Young sings, that

“ ‘ A Christian ’ is the highest style of man, ”—

(and we are not calling the truth of it in question,) verily, “an Artist” is the highest style of Christian man—which proposition, if the reader (for we believe in a reader,) find a little extravagant, we pray him to look upon it as a mare's chick running about with the shell on its croupe.

VI.

Meanwhile, we hold to what we have said of the artist, and that, whe-

ther the form of his art be painting or sculpture, music or song, under which term of “song” we include much prose, as well as some verse. For all verse is not song, any more than all prose is *sermo nerus*—mere speech.

There is verse which is not *even* speech, but baby's babble, or, worse still, sonile “paralytic puling.” There is verse, too, which is not song, but roar, “full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.” Then, there is prose run mad, and there is the prose of these our “mares' nests,” which is not so sane as it might be. There is also the prose of many (oh, how above all calculation many!) a prosy sermon and prosier speech, where with the dull ears of drowsy men are vexed, on Sunday or week-day. Such verse and such prose come not under the category of song—count not among the creations, or forms of creation, of the artist. But we call “Rob Roy” song, not less than “Marmion.” And we call the singer of “Marmion” artist, not less than the painter of “Belshazzar's Feast.” The artist is he in whom dwells and works the creative faculty, which is a part of what is divinest in man, and what most directly constitutes him a being made in the image of his Maker. Man only, of all creatures of God known to us, does himself create; and there is more affinity between his works of art and his “works,” emphatically so called, the works according to which he shall be judged, than many suspect. Works of righteousness are endeavours to realize the ideal—so are works of art. The mere copier of the actual is not worthy to be called artist: so the man whose standard of conduct is merely the practice of his neighbours, or the obviously expedient, cannot be called a good man. There is, however, a landscape-painting, and even a portrait-painting, which cannot be considered as a mere copying of the actual. There are landscapes in which you are sensible of the presence of that

“ Something far more deeply interwound,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.”

And there are portraits that are historical, or even epic, wherein it is not the mere debt-contracting or ready-money-paying being that you see, as his tailor, and his butcher, and the

tax-gatherer, see him, but the man, with his destiny written on his brow, and his achievements and capabilities, all that he has become, and all that he may yet become, revealed in eye and lip. That picture of Montrose at L—— Abbey, in D——shire! What biographical pen could have told us so much of "the Great Marquis," as the pencil of Vandyk has there done? You see at a glance that it was the law of this man's being to loathe—as the archangel Uriel may be believed to loathe the flitter-mico and scritch-owls—all that was whig, and puritan, and disloyal. "You can conceive that nought such could have stood in his presence, but must have felt as if his foot were already upon its neck. You can understand how Argyle's covenanting liver must have turned greener within him, as the ray of that serene eye passed over him on its way to extinction—how all obscene birds of night must have hooted in craven joy, when they were conscious that that light had passed from the earth. But how many a painter might have given you an accurate copy of Montrose's features, which had said nothing of all this. Eyes, and nose, and lips, might have been there, faithfully as in a sheriff's inventory, and yet Montrose might not have been there. If the portrait painter will be an artist, he must "see, not as man seeth:" in him, too, the prophetic eye of imagination must be open, and the bodeful "soul of the world" must impart to him of her dreams.

Man, however, is not a creator apart from *his* Creator, but He that created him creates in him, and by him. It is not the imagination, but wilful caprice, that shapes monsters, which are in art what vices are in conduct. The maker of centaurs is not a creator, but a fabricator. The imaginer of something that God never made, nor projected, is not an artist. It is as true that God works in us our works of art (true art, worthy of the name), as that He works in us our works of virtue; and no one ever yet attained to the highest art, any more than to the highest virtue, but in the faith of this, by whatever *formula* he might express it. The work of art, even as the work of virtue, that will abide judgment, must be a work of religion—a work done in faith and

love, and the execution of which was an act of worship.

VII.

Did not the Apollo, the Venus, the Antinous exist? Can it be said that they *were* not, until their divine shapes, under the hand of the workman, "kythed" in perishable marble? It is the answer of a short-sighted man to say, they had a being in the mind of Phidias, of Cloemenes, and whatever other artist, or artists, gave them to the world. Let the truth be spoken. (Why should we spare the devil's blushes?) They had a being there, where their true being ever is, in the mind of whose thought all creation is an utterance, an utterance, as yet but imperfectly distinct to our dulled sense. They are such an approximation as Phidias, and other such inspired men, could accomplish, to the "divine idea in humanity"—on which were more to say than shall here be said, the rather as more has been said already than we are quite sure that we understand.

VIII.

Pictures sometimes suggest stories, and stories sometimes pictures. A series of drawings gave birth to Doctor Syntax; and to how many a series of drawings has not Don Quixote given birth! But the connexion between picture and story is sometimes of a more mysterious nature. Now and then a picture will bring back to the beholder memories out of his own earlier life—will image to him with startling fidelity some transaction, in which he bore a part—some moment, memorable to him, but of which the painter could have known nothing. Or it may be, that it recalls not a situation in which he is conscious of having been, yet one which he has a vague impression of having somewhere, sometime, witnessed—that it brings that indescribable feeling which so often inexplicably connects itself with situations in which we really find ourselves; a feeling that we have, we know not when or how, whether in a dream or waking, seen, heard, said all that we are now seeing and hearing, and saying, as if we were living over again some scene of the long, long past—the scene the same, the actors the same, the positions the same—every movement, every word

spoken, rendering the impression stronger: we know what comes next; we can anticipate every turn, every gesture, every accent, so that we doubt whether we are now dreaming of something which has already passed in our waking life, or whether we now see, waking, somewhat of which we have at some former time had a dream.

No doubt, these strange reminiscences of what has never been, these feelings of having seen by anticipation that which we now really see for the first time, are the shadow of some former "ecstasy," some prophetic vision which passed before the inward eye, perhaps in childhood—in infancy—perhaps in the mother's womb. Is the "babe unborn" never "rapt into future times?" Who can tell what passes before the vision of an infant, when it gazes out so earnestly, so wistfully into the world, with its clear, untroubled eyes? To such unpractised optics is not this our whole external world, with all its light and shade, its linear and aerial perspective, but a vast wall, variously coloured? On which wall, what magic-lantern figures may not the inward sense project! Magic-lantern figures which are no illusions, but the mirrored forms of future realities, which shall one day be present, yet not more substantially real then than now, for that which is coming must have a being: it will *come*; it will take its stand, though but for a moment, on the stage of the present, displacing what it finds there; and how could this be, had it not a being? The future, in its approach, already tells upon the present, already over-shadows the present, and the present silently makes way for it, retires before it; and could this be, were the future a nonentity? "Has bodiless nothing a shadow?" That which shall be is already, though occult, undeveloped. The course of things in this world, as we have somewhere read—or dreamt of reading—does not proceed, like the building of a tower, by mere extraneous piling up of stone upon stone, or succeeding of accident to accident, with cement of "remarkable coincidences," but, like the growth of a tree, by expansion of what, within the before expanded, lies yet folded up, by evolution after evolution of the latent from the already evolved into

sensible existence, by progressive putting forth of the parts of a virtually pre-existent whole. Within that which is lies as germ that which *shall be*, and aspires darkly, as in a dream, towards development. To-day's history is not added to yesterday's, but evolved out of it, and does itself also involve to-morrow's: thus, an eye that could pierce through the outside, the ephemeral, the husk of to-day, would see already to-morrow with what it shall bring: yea, sharpen, subtilize but the spiritual vision more, and not the next morrow alone, but the long succession of days, in endless narrowing vista, receding into abyssal distance,

"sinking far,
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,"

lies open before the seer, microscopic-wise; and thus foresight is but another name for insight, and the seer is a prophet.

IX.

Now the infant is a seer, and so is the artist. Children are the greatest artists, creative, genial: what a dramatist, what a romancer, what a magician is the child in his play! That is a lingering after-sheen of the glory of his infancy. And the true artist is a child all his life. Only in so far as he is a child is he a creator: ceases he to be childlike, he is thenceforth no more an artist, but a mechanic; a cobbler, not a genius. He is, in Fichte's phrase, a *hodman*; useful, when building is going on, yet not to be called a builder. He is a picture-wright, or a play-wright, or a tale-wright, a versifier or a prosifier, any thing but a poet. "The vision and the faculty divine" are departed from him. But so long as he is a child, so long is his soul an organ of the great soul of the world, that dreameth of things to come, and in the dreamings of that infinite soul he hath his world. He is nature's friend and elect, and she hides not from him that which she will do, or has secretly done; and so he is a prophet, and paints—he it with colours or with words—what shall be; or what hath been, but unknown to him, save through those dim revealings within him—dim to his understanding, but clear as the sun to his soul. And

thus his *invention* is really a *finding* of what was hidden, not an arbitrary fiction of what never existed.

A poet (Pope, is it?) says libelously,

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

Herein defaming, be it understood, not the "men," but the "children." This poet himself never *was* a child: already, in his unbreeched years, he was but a mannikin of a smaller growth; and time, which brought him breeches, brought him not manhood. "The child," says a *real* poet, "is father of the man;" and it takes a true child to beget a true man. He that, as a child, was not childlike, will as a man be childish. The childlikest child will turn out the manliest man. Now, children should be taught to believe all things; to believe, for instance, that fables and fairy tales are as true as the History of England, which, indeed, grown people also might believe, without being very far astray. We once heard an atheistical wretch tell a child that there never was such a person as Jack the Giant-killer; nay, that there never were any giants for Jack, had *he* ever existed, to kill. We could have burnt that man. However, all in good time. We *did* ask him where he expected to go.

Children, we repeat, should be taught to believe everything. Do not lead your child to suppose that there is such a thing as lying. Induce no abatement of his reverence for words, spoken or printed. It disappoints and perplexes a child to hear that any thing which has been told him is not true, or that there are things in books which are not to be believed. He likes to believe; it is the natural posture of his spirit: believing, he feels himself on his feet; disbelieving, he is as if standing on his head. Then, if you tell him *Æsop* was a liar, how is he to be certain that you are any better? You may be a liar too, as likely as not. You have made a little free-thinker of him, a sceptic of the nursery, a Bayle in a bib. Indeed, what is he to believe, if not all things? The multiplication-table tells him that twice two are four: how shall he know whether this be any truer than Prin-

cess Fairstar and Prince Cherry? You tell him that London is the capital of England: what is to keep him from shutting up the information in the same category with Jack and the Beanstalk? Besides, children are imitative, and there is something dangerously attractive in lying, when a little crafty once knows that there is such a thing.

For the rest, there is no great harm in believing what is not true: the mischievous lie is not that which affirms a fable; but that which denies a truth. Positive lies do no hurt, but rather a good: he who believes positive lies lives in twice as wide and wonderful a world as he whose faith extends only to what has its foundation in fact; and he who tells positive lies does but enlarge the boundaries of the real, and lend freer scope and elbow-room to the imagination of him whom he lies unto. As for children, the reader may depend upon it, that the man who will not tell lies to them (to which all men feel an instinctive impulse) will also tell no truth—has no truth to tell—worth the telling.

But all this is to be understood in a sense strictly conformable to the precepts of morality. Against any construction of our remarks which would involve discrepancy with what is proper and right, we feel at due to ourselves to protest, and protest we do. We are not puritanical, but we hope we are virtuous.

XL.

Kämpfer relates that the Persians at a feast gave him a drink which was in use among them, and in which opium was contained. Presently on partaking of it, he felt an indescribable joy, and, as the effect increased, it was to him as if he sat on a horse, and rode through the air.

A similar feeling, of flying through the air, and riding amid the clouds, is produced by the plant henbane. This reminds us of the confessions made by those witches of the middle ages, which are explicit as to the fact of their having performed voyages in the air, in particular to the Blocksberg, where their "sabbath" was held. For it is known that these unfortunate beings used henbane both inwardly as a magic potion, and outwardly as a liniment or salve. Aconite (which, Cardan says, produces the sensation of flying) Taxus,

Hyosciamus, Hypericon, and Asafetida, as well as sulphur and antimony, were likewise used by them, both in the way of liniment and fumigation; the effect of which was to throw them into a kind of hysterical or somnambulous state, wherein their alleged intercourse with demons took place. The "witch butter," which they did not spread on their bread, but on themselves, was made, *cooperante diabolo*, of "the aurora-coloured substances of the bodies of children," which were stolen and carried through the air to the Blocksberg. The use of this "butter" was to make the witches invisible. Witches and wizards constituted a wide-spread secret society, which had its solemnities and its jovialities, processions in the air, dances and banquets in solitary out-of-the-way places, all under the presidency of the devil Urian. They loved storm and foul weather, and their sabbath was held on Friday night. All which is very much out of place here.

Christian Scriver, in his work entitled "Gotthold's Victory and its Herald," relates the following:—

There cometh (Scriver *loquitur*) oftentimes a heave sicknesse, a desperate bad hurte, in the cure of whyche all Medici, barbers and chirurgeons, doe longe tyme wearye themselves, and can ofte finde no medicine that will helpe; but agayne God oftentimes putteth in theyre heartes what they shall doe, and causeth at the ende theyre cure on suche wyse to falle out prosperously, that they must of necessitye saye it is His worke, and not theyres. A notable thyngc it is that a lerned and famousse Medicus relateth of another godlye and experienced man of his facultye, that namelye as this latter was hyghlye troubeled touchyngc a strange sycknesse of one of his patientes, and wist not howe hee shoulde effectuallye contravene the same, and in his cogitations dydde (as may well be beleaved) sayge ryghte to God, and thereuponne telle (it beyngc hyghte) there was him in a dreame a boke of medicine, wherein was sette forth, on a solid and playne wyse, thoroughlye and clearelye, howe suche a sycknesse was to be delte wythe. Awakyngc, hee now, as was reasonable, helde his dreame for a divine suggestion,

and soe followed the cure, as hee had lerned it from that boke in the dreame, whereof the issue was that hee dydde indeede throughc God's blessinge afford toe his sycke patient the desyred helpe. Some yeres after came sphe a boke throughc the pryncer his hande too lyghte, in whyche the aforesayde cure stode fullye written, and that trulye on the self same leafe and syde of the leafe whyche hee in his dreame had seene and taken notice of.

So far Christian Scriver, with whom we do but half agree, in holding the dream of this "Medicus" for a divine inspiration. Was it not rather that

"the prophetic soul
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,"

did here dream of the medical book, some years after to be published, and of which the predestined author had perhaps at that time not even conceived the plan? And because this "godlye and experienced" Medicus was a man conversant with Nature, and of a childlike spirit, therefore did the "Mother of Things" open her own dreaming soul into his, and showed that to him, sleeping, which she would afterwards put forth into the world through the waking agency of another. Or were the elemental spirits perhaps here at work, who, as Retzel tells us, "in their subtle ghostly being can penetrate all things, and obtain knowledge of the hidden powers and secret workings of all natural objects, with which knowledge they have in all ages served such men as were capable of intercourse with them, and this even without the knowledge of the latter?" We think the elemental spirits would have directly revealed (in the way of inward suggestion) the method of treating the disease, rather than taken the round-about way of showing a book wherein this was set forth. Besides, these spirits, though they know the properties of natural things, cannot be supposed to foreknow what books shall, within a given time, appear in the world, and upon what particular page of this and the other book such and such a matter shall be handled. Supposing the work already in manuscript, they might no doubt have shown the manuscript to our Medicus in his dream; but it was not

What he saw was a printed book, as it was afterwards to issue the press. How should elemen-

tal spirits know how many pages of manuscript go to one of letterpress?

We confess we have little faith in the ministerings of any such ghostly rabble, (to whom, in case any of them should at this moment happen to be looking over our shoulder, we wish it to be understood that we apply that term in no offensive sense,) and adhere to our hypothesis (and Shakspeare's) of the dreaming soul of the world, which prophetically imagines to itself, and shows to those whose inward sense is awakened, the things that shall afterwards appear in material subsistence upon the stage of time.

XIII.

And so the painter, without knowing it, shall paint what befel you years before; for the picture in his own soul, from which he painted, was truly a dream of that soul of the world, to which past and future are alike present. Or the poet shall in a fable write your true history; for your history itself is a dream of that soul, and her dreams are his, for he stands in "magnetic relation" with Nature, and reads in her inward parts. Or it may be that the painting or the poesy fulfil itself not until centuries after, but yet one day fulfil itself it shall, if it be a true work of art. "It is mysterious enough," says Hoffman, "how in the mind of the artist there arises oft an image, the elementary forms of which, previously unrecognizable, bodiless mists, floating in airy void, seem first there (in the mind of the artist) to acquire consistence and life, and to find their home. And suddenly the image, the picture connects itself with the past, or, it may be, with the future, and stands there, a true delineation of something which has really been or will be." So it is when imagination, the wizard faculty, has directed the work—of which faculty it has been said, "that it is not ours, but we its." "When an artist," says Franz Baader, in his *Theory of Sacrifice*, "in a moment of inspiration produces the form, say, of a lion, we are not to apprehend his catching of the characteristics of the lion as a mere copying, and as it were a rehearsing (with the pencil) from memory; but so, that the same psycho-plastic Nature, which produces the lion in reality, doth put forth immediately out of her own imagination into that of the painter the pattern or

scheme thereof, which inward putting forth, and opening of the imagination of Nature into that of men and beasts, may be observed in dreams and ecstatic conditions." Or take, instead of Franz Baader's lion, some landscape, which the painter has not *composed*, but painted from that which has unfolded itself to his inward eye. Here, too, art has avouched herself prophetic. The original is somewhere in nature, it may be where foot of man has not yet trod, in primeval forest-regions, or the gorges of inaccessible mountains. He that travels far enough shall one day find it. Or it may be that in deeper insight, in farther foresight, the prophetic painter has foreshadowed that which shall be realized only in the world to come. The mountains of a regenerated earth are come to him—for to the true prophet what mountain will not come? Out of the far future, from beyond the fiery deluge, they are come, with the valleys which they enclose, and with the plains upon which they look down from their cloudless height,—

"Scenes surpassing fable, and yet true!"

Alas! it is but a glimpse of them that is revealed to him; and what a shadow of a glimpse of that which his inward eye has seen can his hand, in its turn, reveal to the outward eyes of another!

For indeed the mission of the artist is to announce to men what man and what nature are, as designed by the Creator, so far as this is revealable to sense; and his gift, what we call genius, is a sense open to this, a faculty to enter into the Creator's design. And thus the true artist is the preacher of a gospel. Let him see that his preaching be in outward, as well as inward harmony with THE FOUR.

XIV.

All endeavour that has for its aim the beautiful, is prophetic. Wholly prophetic are the arts we call "fine." Wholly magical are they. Beautiful art "calls for things that are not, and they come." Go to the master of sound, the divine composer. He too is a prophet, and unseals deep mysteries, and declares the hidden purpose of God. For he shows what is the true speech of all nature, namely, the highest music. We hear talk of the

music of nature, the music of the woods and the fields, of the winds and of the waters, the music of the bee's wing and of the lark's throat, the music of whispering leaves and of the brook, talking as in a dream among mossy stones. Alas! all this is music to him only whose imagination makes it such. It is all but a manifold vague intimation that nature has music in her heart—that she would fain sing—that her true and proper speech is song. The artist first gives utterance to these passionate longings of the great mother; he comprehends her, for he is her son, and observes her with a son's reverence and love. Dumb to others, she is not dumb to him, for she speaks, not *to* him, but *in* him. He knows what is in her heart, for the same is in his own: he is her interpreter, yea, her organ. And thus is opened to us the concord in which all sounds, all sights, all processes and movements of the creation shall one day combine; and so there is also in music an evangel, or joyful revelation to man of his Father's goodness yet in store for him. For the present order of things in the world is a great discord hastening to its resolution—hastening, yet ever held back—ever suspended, as it were, on the point of disengaging itself into heavenly harmony. Of which harmony, as its eternal chords live in the Divine Idea, the ear of Palestrina first caught clear vibrations, yet not in the nature around him, but in the spirit within him. But we are getting mystical.

XV.

Perhaps that story, related by Christian Scriver, of the Medicus and his dream, is not true. Who knows?

XVI.

It is but a few years since a Brahmin attracted considerable attention at Madras by sitting in the air, which he did manifestly, before all men's eyes. This gifted person is since dead, and has carried his secret with him to the grave, where one does not see what use it will be to him. The art of sitting in the air is, however, formally taught in the Shaster. Fasting, purifying the feelings, suppressing the breath, fixing the gaze of both eyes immovably on the tip of the nose, are means hereto. Recourse is also had

to a drink called Soma, which produces a cataleptic state and ecstasy. By such means the specific gravity of the Indian devotee is diminished, or rather he is made to gravitate towards the sun—he acquires a sort of solar nature, and is not only lifted, by the force of his inward aspirations, to the centre of light, up from the gross, un-luminous earth, but does also himself visibly shine, with a light not reflected, but inherent and effluent from his etheralized body.

Ibn Batuta relates in his travels, that he saw at the court of the Emperor of Hindostan, two Irdschies or magicians, rolled in their mantles, rise up into the air, to a great height, in a cubic form. That zealous champion of Paganism, the "divine" Jamblichus, is said, when he prayed, to have been always lifted up, ten feet or thereabouts, into the air, on which occasions also his skin, and even his clothes, shone from within with a golden light. It is related of Simon Magus that he flew in the air, at Rome, in the sight of all the people, defying St. Peter to do the like, but was brought down by the prayers of the apostle, and his leg broke.

That devout persons, in the fervour of prayer and spiritual rapture, have been lifted up from the earth, and remained a considerable time suspended in the air, at the height of several feet or even ells, Calmet relates instances in his book of apparitions, both from his personal knowledge and out of the Hollandists.

Görres relates of the Maid of Orleans that, being twelve years old, and keeping sheep in the field with other young girls, she was one day challenged by some of these to leap for a handful of flowers. She did it—her bounds following one another with such velocity that most of her companions were persuaded she did not touch the earth at all, and one young girl cried out, "Johanna, I see thee fly in the air!" According to this story, Johanna seems to have appeared to the rest as a higher, ethereal being.

Fra Vito, a Calabrian monk, as we are informed by Beda Weber, was of so high a cast of spirituality, that the weight of his body could not keep him to the ground. At every holy thought he rose like a winged being into the air, and on solemn occasions, in processions for instance, flew most part

of the way, while the other monks went on foot. "He often soared like a lightly wafted rose-leaf from the garden flower-beds to the height of the convent-roof, himself between heaven and earth, the fragrantest rose of devotion"—&c. &c. Only the voice of his spiritual superior brought him in a moment back to the level of humanity. Whenever he appeared among his brethren, the whisper went round, "Let us not talk of heavenly things, or Fra Vito will be away into the clouds, and we shall have no more of his company to-day." This was not said in mockery: the good fathers saw nothing to laugh at in a flying Franciscan; they were edified by the sight of such celestial tendencies, but they naturally wished to have the company of their saintly brother now and then on earth. He kept his eyes always shut; "all the force of his senses turned inwards into the deepest recesses of his contemplative soul." His face, pale with fasting, emaciated, ever bloomed with roseate lustre, as the joy of meditation filled him with its ineffable sweetness; and an effulgence of celestial beams circumfused with its splendour his whole being, streamed forth from his soul-fraught eye." The prince-bishop of Trient, Carl Emanuel, becoming acquainted with the virtues of Fra Vito, determined to use him for the reviving of religion in Tyrol (it was at the time of the reformation.) The poor monk, with the consent of the ruler of the church in those parts, set out for Trient, "parting with sorrow from the beloved solitude of his cell and his garden, but comforted by the beatific sense of"—&c. &c. "Like an innocent child he passed the gorgeous cities of Italy, his only care being to preserve in his own pure soul that peace which"—&c. &c. At Ancona he took shipping for Venice, and when, arrived at the ocean-city, he entered the church of St. Mark, the sanctity of the place wrought so wonderfully upon his soul, that in an ecstasy he shot up into the vaulted heights of the temple, until his head infringed against the top of the dome!

Giovanpa Maria della Croce, in Roveredo, who was both personally visited and her counsel sought by letter during the thirty years' war, by most of the crowned-heads and military

chiefs, of the Protestant as well as the Catholic party, then living, often hovered several spans from the earth, in the presence of all the people, after which she always sank into a state of insensibility which lasted sometimes seven hours or more.

Maria Hueber, superior of an institution of "School-Sisters" at Brixen, sickly from her youth, and so austere in her fastings that her confessor found it necessary to put a curb on her zeal, was once, when beginning to recover a little from a severe illness, led out by the sisters to enjoy the fresh air. On the Eisack, behind the monastery of St. Clara, between two towering walnut-trees, they stood still, engaged in religious conversation, when, all of a sudden, Maria Hueber fell into an ecstasy, soared away to the height of the branches of the walnut-trees, and remained suspended in the air with outspread arms, motionless and rigid. The sisters called her confessor to witness this extraordinary scene, and it was only by the most imperative commands of that reverend and judicious person, that she was brought back by degrees to the earth and herself.

St. Philip Neri had a great many ecstasies, wherein he was often for a long time quite motionless, and was seen by others lifted up in the air, and circumfused with radiant brightness. The like is related of Peter of Alcantara, of St. Theresa, and of many others, whom we have neither time nor space to enumerate. But one such case is as good as a thousand; and the cases we have adduced in this and in the eleventh section, prove sufficiently that there is a power antagonist to that of gravitation—that there is a positive centrifugal, as well as a centripetal force. In the eleventh section it is but a subjective flying that is treated of; but it is the tendency of the subjective to become objective, and in this sixteenth section a true flying is before us. "To fly in a dream," says Coleridge, "is but to dream of flying;" but Ennemoser maintains that we never dream of doing any thing the possibility of which does not lie in our nature. He that flies in a dream may one day fly waking. In the meantime, although one swallow does not make a summer, it is evident that one Fra Vito upsets the Newtonian theory.

MISS BARRETT'S POEMS.*

WHEN, some time ago, we quoted Miss Barrett's "Cry of the Children" from *Blackwood*, we were unconscious that we were citing the work of a practised poet. On the contrary, it seemed to us that the crude energy of some of the lines betokened a new hand, little careful either of the mode or vehicle of expression, provided only the strong feeling could be conveyed; and truly the feeling was strong, heart-stirring, pious, and lovely; and the verses swept on with a broad and deep flow of melody, as well as of power. But two volumes of elaborate poetry, since published, have admonished us of our error, and taught us that the excess of cultivation can run into a wildness as uncouth as its defect; as we sometimes see the artificial wilderness of the garden even more tangled and briary than the natural thicket. These far-fetched thoughts and phrases, which we supposed had been thrust into the "Cry," to fill here and there its occasional gaps of rhyme and reason—such as the idea of God plucking the silence "sweet to gather," suggesting such an incongruous notion of a nosegay—of the old man weeping for his to-morrow, "which is lost in long ago," a transposition of times as idle in any application to the subject as it is paradoxical in itself—of the world's loving teaching "God's possible," which is any thing to the purpose or not, as you please to read it;—these puerilities of the composition, we say, which we considered the occasional stammerings of a tongue laden with an unaccustomed burthen of great utterances, turn out to be the very niceties and intended elegancies of Miss Barrett's style, who trifles with such conceits in the midst of her best performances, with apparently as grave a consciousness of her science as a singer who goes off with his shakes and falsetoes in the most solemn passages of an Oratorio. But, for all this, we have seen no recent poem to match

with "The Cry of the Children." It stands alone for tenderness, fervour, and force, among all the outpourings of the spirit of humanity of our time. It is essentially the protest of a woman on behalf of that infancy of which woman is the proper protectress and advocate. The pillow which God gives to the head of the infant on its mother's breast is not warmer, tenderer, or more peculiarly its own, than the sympathy for these poor children, expressed with such a fervour of sentiment and vividness of imagination in these heart-stirring stanzas. You feel your heart ache and your head grow dizzy with the poor young creatures; and as your indignation kindles against their oppressors, you love the noble womanly soul that has made you feel so well what is just and humane. May these stanzas have the audience they deserve. May the people of England lay them to heart, and begin to think what it is they have been doing with God's images, with those who will yet be the fathers and mothers of a future generation—transmitters of feebleness, decrepitude, timidity, querulousness, and carelessness of God, to the future representatives of their strong, cheerful, and pious race.

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,

And we cannot run or leap—

If we cared for a few meadows, it were merely

To drop down in them and sleep. Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—

We fall upon our faces, trying to go; And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,

The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.

For, all day, we drag our burden tiring, Through the coal-dark, underground—

Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron In the factories, round and round.

"For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning—

Their wind comes in our faces—

* Poems by Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, author of the "Seraphim," &c., in two vols. London: Edward Moxon, Dover-street. 1844.

Till our hearts turn—our heads, with
pulses burning.

And the walls turn in their
places—

Turns the sky in the high window blank
and reeling—

Turns the long light that droppeth
down the wall—

Turn the black flies that crawl along
the coiling—

All are turning, all the day, and we
with all!—

And all day, the iron wheels are dron-
ing;

And sometimes we could pray,

'O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad
moaning,) •

'Stop! be silent for to-day!'

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each
other breathing

For a moment, mouth to mouth—

Let them touch each other's hands, in a
fresh wreathing

Of their tender human youth!

Let them feel that this cold metallic
motion

Is not all the life God fashions or
reveals—

Let them prove their inward souls
against the notion

That they live in you, or under you,
O wheels!—

Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,

As if Fate in each were stark;

And the children's souls, which God is
calling sunward,

Spin on blindly in the dark.

That such a piece should be de-
formed by singularities, not to say
conceits, is quite distressing. It ought
to speak to every mind as plainly as to
every heart. The sordid mill-tyrant
ought to have no opportunity of say-
ing, "Who heeds the pictures of so
whimsical an imagination?" In a
word, however strained forms of
speech, recondite analogies, or even
elegant mannerisms, may entertain
minds which have exhausted the ordi-
nary sources of intellectual enjoyment
in the *belles-lettres*, they are not fit for
the true poetry of the world of men
and women, which, in all its highest
achievements, has ever been simple,
unaffected, and direct. Poetry may
be as learned as erudition can make it,
without the least touch of foppery.
See with what a simple dignity Virgil
wears his toga! With what a plain
yet majestic gravity John Milton de-
livers the accumulated learning of the
Jewish, the Gentile, and the Christian

worlds! Did Shakspeare run about
for conceits, or grasp after *outré*
words?—or who has had to stop in
the middle of a stanza of Byron to
puzzle out the meaning or the appli-
cation of a phrase? Shelley himself,
the parent of all these vices in modern
English poetry, is scarce ever merely
verbally transcendental, as Tennyson
and the other exaggerators of his
school so often now-a-days are. Yet
even Shelley's abstruse and fine-drawn
analogies hurt his poetry, and with-
draw it from the sympathy of man-
kind. It is well, indeed, that some of
Shelley's poems should be thus unfitted
for the world; for we know not what
would become of society with such a
guide; but where faith and opinion
coincide with the established laws of
society, as with Miss Barrett they
do, then every thing that narrows the
sphere of influence claimed by her
humane and religious muse is a posi-
tive foe to the public good which she
otherwise might promote, by making
mankind more contented with their
condition, and better acquainted with
the law of God. For it is quite vain
to think that the common sense of
mankind will take up with the little
sophisticated mannerisms of the school
to which Miss Barrett, in an evil hour,
has addicted herself. A false taste
in London may give these peculiarities
a temporary *éclat*, just as the verbal
pleasantries of *Punch* pass there at
present for wit. But those who de-
sire to hear the voice of independent
criticism, will not always listen at the
doors of publishers, whose own organs
affect to stamp the character of their
own *brochures*; nor will all the at-
tractions of the daily issue of verse
and prose with which the sickly taste
of a luxurious metropolis is pampered,
induce us here, who have nothing but
the healthy use of our own minds to
depend on for our own comfort and
the advancement of our country, to
abandon the ancient and standard
models in these matters. We bless
our stars, indeed, that we are not
called on to read the current literature
of England of the day—that our lot
has been cast beyond the reach of
more than one in a hundred of their
plays, lays, autobiographies, memoirs,
diaries, and the rest of the fustian
stuff with which they keep up their
supply of matter for the reviews.

What a life, indeed, must these unfortunate gentlemen lead, whose occupation it is to notice the daily, weekly, and monthly issues of the metropolitan press! No wonder that a depraved taste has grown up under their supervision; for continual conversation with mediocrity must necessarily react on the mind,

"— Like the dyer's hand,
Subdued to what it works in."

And those literary undertakers have hardly ever an hour's experience of excellence in any department; since the business of their lives is to notice the works of the day, and the day produces little else than trumpery.

We own we are heartily glad to be out of that literary world, and submit ourselves to the provincial barbarity of our Shakespeares and Homers with perfect resignation. But we cannot help feeling a degree of indignation and regret at seeing how much true genius is misled and misused when it occasionally happens to receive its forming impulses in that nursery. Here, in Miss Barrett's case, we see a highly poetical and accomplished mind positively hindered from the expression of a thousand delightful things by the obstruction of a false taste, which, but for the metropolitan newspaper critics, and smaller fry of reviewers, would never have had an existence. There is no string on the lyre which Miss Barret might not sound, if her hand had been left free from their trammels;—as it is, she harps successfully on one string only; and the world has lost, so far, the melody of a mind which, expressing itself through the ordinary forms of the English tongue, and addressing itself to the apprehensions of unsophisticated readers, might have embraced all the highest, boldest, and tenderest tones of humanity.

The principal poem of the collection is a mystic drama of the exile of our first parents from paradise. In this piece, while anxiously shunning an intrusion on the path of Milton, Miss Barrett has unconsciously trodden very closely in the footsteps of Shelley, whose Promethean choruses haunt her ear with a perpetually-recurring echo. But Miss Barret aims at loftier and even more inexpressible mysteries than Shelley, and in proportion as her desire is greater and her strength less—

she will feel that it is no disparagement to be reckoned less strong than Shelley—so her efforts at expression are more strained, and her demands on phraseology more extortionate. All the machinery of her drama is marked by the same effort to make inadequate images adequate to an immeasurable mystery, by dwelling on the details with an inordinate particularity, which only defeats its own object by making them fantastic. The characters, too—Eve excepted—are of a class beyond Miss Barrett's proper powers of conception; and the portraits are imperfect accordingly. Satan reminds us of a petulant bad boy; Gabriel is a sad nincompoop; Adam a metaphysician; and Another—whose name we cannot profane by introduction here, and whose presence, we think, would have been better left out of such a composition—talks like a Professor rather than a Deity. Then, instead of the good old "*alarms, excursions,*" of Shakespeare, leaving the suggestion of the particular images of the scene to Richard himself, Miss Barrett lays a preliminary tax on our imagination by requiring us to figure in our minds a wonderful variety of devices of scenery and machinery as introductory to the proper action of her drama. Thus, the murmurings of future life, which come humming round the ears of Eve, after she has endured the reproaches of organic and inorganic nature, are ushered in with one of these incomprehensible stage directions which, to our mind, greatly diminishes the effect of the succeeding stanzas. A rose from paradise is lying on the path: here are the directions to the scene-shifter:—"A bleak wind, quickened with indistinct human voices, spins round the earth-zodiac; and filling the circle with its presence, and then wailing off towards the East, carries the flower away with it. * * The wind revolves from the East, and then round again to the East, perfumed with the Eden flower, and full of voices, which sweep out into articulation as they pass." Fiddle-faddle! But let us hear the voices.

Infant voices passing in the wind.

O we live, O we live—
And this life that we receive,
Is a warm thing and a new,
Which we softly bud into,

From the heart and from the brain,—
Something strange, that overmuch is
Of the sound and of the sight,
Flowing round in trickling touches,
In a sorrow and delight,—
Yet is it all in vain?

Rock us softly,
Lest it be all in vain.

Youthful voices passing.

O we live, O we live—
And this life that we achieve,
Is a loud thing and a bold,
Which, with pulses manifold,
Strikes the heart out full and fain—
Active doer, noble liver,
Strong to struggle, sure to conquer,
—Tho' the vessel's prow will quiver
At the lifting of the anchor:
Yet do we strive in vain?

Infant voices passing.

Rock us softly,
Lest it be all in vain.

Poet voices passing.

O we live, O we live—
And this life that we conceive,
Is a clear thing and a fair,
Which we set in crystal air,
That its beauty may be plain;
With a breathing and a flooding
Of the heaven-life on the whole,
While we hear the forests budding
To the music of the soul—
Yet is it tuned in vain?

Infant voices passing.

Rock us softly,
Lest it be all in vain.

Philosophic voices passing.

O we live, O we live—
And this life that we perceive,
Is a strong thing and a grave,
Which for others' use we have,
Duty-laden to remain.
We are helpers, fellow-creatures,
Of the right against the wrong—
We are earnest-hearted teachers
Of the truth which maketh strong—
Yet do we teach in vain?

Infant voices passing.

Rock us softly,
Lest it be all in vain.

Revel voices passing.

O we live, O we live—
And this life that we reprieve,
Is a low thing and a light,
Which is jested out of sight,
And made worthy of disdain!
Strike with bold electric laughter
The high tops of things divine—
Turn thy head, my brother, after,
Lest thy tears fall in my wine;—
For is all laughed in vain?

Poet voices passing.

O we live, O we live—
And this life that we believe,
Is a noble thing and high,
Which we climb up loftily,
To view God without a stain.
Till, recoiling where the shade is,
We retread our steps again,
And descend the gloomy Hades,
To taste man's mortal pain.
Shall it be climbed in vain?

Infant voices passing.

Rock us softly,
Lest it be all in vain.

Love voices passing.

O we live, O we live—
And this life we would retrieve,
Is a faithful thing apart,
Which we love in, heart to heart,
Until one heart fitteth twain.
“Wilt thou be one with me?”
“I will be one with thee!”
“Ha, ha!—we love and live!”
Alas! ye love and die!
Shriek—who shall reply?
For is it not loved in vain?

Infant voices passing.

Rock us softly,
Though it be all in vain.

Old voices passing.

O we live, O we live—
And this life that we receive,
Is a gloomy thing and brief,
Which, consummated in grief,
Leaveth ashes for all gain.
Is it not all in vain?

Infant voices passing.

Rock us softly,
Though it be all in vain.

Voices die away.

There is something very fine and appropriate in this idea of the embryo life of the world making itself audible to the common mother of mankind, and preparing her mind, by its warming and softening influences, as Miss Barrett has arranged that it should do, for the consoling promises of Christ, with which the drama terminates. Of course we do not look for perfect purity, nor even for continuous sensibleness of diction, in a piece so essentially belonging to this affected school, itself introduced so fantastically, and forming part of a composition so transcendental: but, barring those peculiarities of phraseology which we cannot pretend even to understand much less affect to admire, we must be sensible of a world of feeling and thought in the expression of so many

of the great emotions of life in its successive phases, from the warmth and softness of the first consciousness of existence in the infant, to the harsh, cold regrets of decaying old age. This, however, is a subject on which Miss Barrett has evidently thought much and deeply; and although the rhapsody we are about to quote from on the same subject, is by no means a favourable specimen of her versification, for it is excessively grotesque, and at first sight we would have said of it, as of the "Cry of the Children," that it is most carelessly put together—yet, to the contemplative mind it presents a picture of what we, who read it, are, and have been, and will be, more pregnant with matter for thought and suggestions of sentiment, and more alive itself with emotion, with action, and with passion, than a thousand out of the thousand and one poems of the same class, that writers even of good mark have given to mankind.

We are borne into life—it is sweet, it is strange!

We lie still on the knee of a mild Mystery,

Which smiles with a change!

But we doubt not of changes, we know not of spaces;

The Heavens seem as near as our own mother's face is,

And we think we could touch all the stars that we see;

And the milk of our mother is white on our mouth!

And, with small childish hands, we are turning around

The apple of Life which another has found:—

It is warm with our touch, not with sun of the south,

And we count, as we turn it, the red side for four—

O Life, O Beyond,

Thou art sweet, thou art strange evermore.

Then all things look strange in the pure golden ether:

We walk through the gardens with hands linked together,

And the lilies look large as the trees;

And as loud as the birds, sing the bloom-loving bees—

And the birds sing like angels, so mystical fine;

And the cedars are brushing the archangel's feet;

And time is eternity—love is divine,

And the world is complete!

Now, God bless the child—father, mother, respond.

O Life, O Beyond,
Thou art strange, thou art sweet.

Then we leap on the earth with the armour of youth,

And the earth rings again!

And we breathe out, 'O beauty,—we cry out, 'O truth,'

And the bloom of our lips drops with wine;

And our blood runs amazed 'neath the calm hyaline—

The earth cleaves to the foot, the sun burns to the brain—

What is this exultation, and what this despair—

The strong pleasure is smiting the nerves into pain,

And we drop from the Fair, as we climb to the Fair,

And we lie in a trance at its feet;
And the breath of an angel cold-piercing the air

Breathes fresh on our faces in swoon;

And we think him so near, he is this side the sun!

And we wake to a whisper self-murmured and fond,

O Life, O Beyond,
Thou art strange, thou art sweet!

And the winds and the waters in pastoral measures,

Go winding around us, with roll upon roll,

Till the soul lies within in a circle of pleasures,

Which hideth the soul!

And we run with the stag, and we leap with the horse,

And we swim with the fish through the broad water-courses,

And we strike with the falcon, and hunt with the hound,

And the joy which is in us, flies out with a wound;

And we shout so aloud, 'We exult, we rejoice,'

That we lose the low moan of our brothers around—

And we shout so adeep down creation's profound,

We are deaf to God's voice—

And we bind the rose-garland on forehead and ears,

Yet we are not ashamed;

And the dew of the roses that runnoth unblamed

Down our cheeks, is not taken for tears.

Then we act to a purpose—we spring up erect—

We will tame the wild mouths of the wilderness-steeds;

he deep in the ships
double-decked ;
We will build the great cities, and do
the great deeds—
Strike the steel upon steel, strike the
soul upon soul,
Strike the dole on the weal, overcoming
the dole—
Let the cloud meet the cloud in a grand
thunder-roll !
While the eagle of Thought rides the
tempest in scorn,
Who cares if the lightning is burning
the corn ?

Speed me, God !—serve me, man !—I
am god over men ! •
When I speak in my cloud, none shall
answer again—
'Neath the stripe and the bond,
Lie and mourn at my feet !—
O thou! Life, O Beyond,
Thou art strange, thou art sweet !

Then we grow into thought—and with
inward ascensions,
Touch the bounds of our Being !
We lie in the dark here, swathed doubly
around
With our sensual relations and social
conventions—
Yet are 'ware of a sight, yet are 'ware
of a sound
Beyond Hearing and Seeing—
Are aware that a *Ilades* rolls deep on
all sides,
With its infinite tides,
About and above us—until the strong
arch
Of our life creaks and bends as if ready
for falling,
And through all the dim rolling, we hear
the sweet calling
Of spirits that speak in a soft under-
tongue,
The interpretive sense of the mystical
march :
And we cry to them softly, 'Come
nearer, come nearer—
'And lift up the lap of this Dark, and
speak clearer,
'And teach us the song that ye
sung.'
And we smile in our thought, if they
answer or no—
For to dream of a sweetness is sweet as
to know !—
Wonders breathe in our face,
And we ask not their name ;
And Love takes all the blame
Of the world's prison-place.
And we sing back the songs as we guess
them, aloud ;
And we send up the lark of our music
that cuts •
Untired through the cloud,
To beat with its wings at the lattice
Heaven shuts :

Yet the angels look down, and the mor-
tals look up,

As the little wings beat,
And the poet is blessed with their pity
or hope.

'Twixt the Heavens and the earth, can
a poet despond ?

O Life, O Beyond,
Thou art strange, thou art sweet !

Perhaps you may have to read it
twice—a great reproach to the writer
as an artist—perhaps after reading it
twice or oftener, there still may be
portions of it which you cannot un-
derstand—a strong reproach to the
writer both as a poet and a versifier ;
but with all this you gather from it a
multitude of conceptions, vivid, lively,
fruitful of new combinations, all rising
to a lofty philosophic and pious notion
of the relations of man to God, which
it is good for us to receive into our
minds, and which we could hardly re-
ceive there through any more pleasing
combinations of intellectual and moral
perceptions.

Miss Barrett is, at least to some
extent, conscious of her peculiarities
of phrasology ; and not only admits,
but takes a pride in declaring her
anxiety to grasp at forms of expression
adequate to carry out all her thoughts
to the utmost extent. " I strive and
struggle," she says, and says it with
wonderful vigour and ability—

With stammering lips and insufficient
sound,

I strive and struggle to deliver right
That music of my nature, day and night
With dream and thought and feeling,
interwound ;

And inly answering all the senses round
With octaves of a mystic depth and
height,

Which step out grandly to the infinite
From the dark edges of the sensual
ground !

This song of soul I struggle to outbear
Through portals of the sense, sublime
and whole,

And utter all myself into the air.

But if I did it,—as the thunder-roll
Breaks its own cloud,—my flesh would
perish there, •

Before that dread apocalypse of soul.

Now in all poetry there must be far
more hinted at, suggested, credited to
the sympathies of the reader, than ex-
pressed ; and whenever the expression
requires the employment of a vehicle
such as cannot enter in at the gates of
the mind without an effort, then it is

surely better to trust to these auxiliaries whose assistance we must depend on to so great an extent, at all events, for the spontaneous communication of the extra image, analogy, or sentiment, than, by calling down all the faculties to make way for it, crowd and obstruct the very avenues of thought. Miss Barrett herself has presented us with the image which we had nearly degraded to a wagon of hay in a gateway. "A poet," she says, and truly, "ought not to read his own verses,"

"For the echo in you, breaks upon the words which
you are speaking,
And the chariot-wheels jar in the gate thro' which
you drive them forth."

Still more ought the poet to guard against such jars against the gate-posts, in driving the chariot of thought in; and indeed there are abundant means of expression without resorting to these new-fangled phrases. Thebes surely had enough of properly-appointed chariots without choking its gates with the wagons of Scythia. But Miss Barrett will not admit the justness of the comparison; for these uncouth vehicles, to which she occasionally commits her more daring imaginations, belong to that new hundred-gated city of conceits, founded by the Shelleyists, and lately adorned with gilded battlements and certain splendid dog-vanes by Tennyson, out of which the disciples of that school will not allow that any thing issues that is not golden, graceful, and magnificent.

That this new Jerusalem of theirs sends forth, however, many emanations too dazzling for the purblind eyes of the present age to make head or tail of, they all readily admit. But this, say they, is because the dulness of the age lags behind our mounting spirits, and we expatiate in a region to which the mind of man in the mass has not yet ascended; and so when they find their intellectual conceptions unlike those of the rest of the world, they doat on them with the same fondness that parents show towards rickety, precocious children, singing complacently—

My song I fear that thou wilt find but few
Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning,
Of such hard matter dost thou entertain;
Whence if, by misadventure, chance should bring
Thee to have company, as chance may do,

Quite unaware of what thou dost contain;
I pray thee comfort thy sweet self again,
My last delight! tell them that they are dull,
And bid them own that thou art beautiful.

If poets could be sure that they sing in advance of the intellect of the age, the consolation of knowing that the time of appreciation was approaching, might reconcile them in some measure to their barren vocation, though the consciousness of having withdrawn faculties, given by God for the use and pleasure of the world we live in, to the service of a world the very existence of which still rests in speculation, must always dash the solitary enjoyment with more or less self-reproach; but how poignant must the sense of these misfeasances be in the mind of any one who has begun to suspect that instead of being in advance of the intellect of the age, he has only been *beside* it. Miss Barrett has imaged the condition of the former class very truly and touchingly in the case of the rose blown prematurely in the spring, and whose leaves had all fallen before the advent of the nightingale. The verses, apart from that odious practice of the London school, of making the words of least significance, the "thes" and "ands" of the verse, bear the main burthen of the rhythmical emphasis—are sweet and significant; and we have no doubt that they were written in the full and sincere belief of all that they so feelingly express.

A rose once grew within
A garden April-green,
In her loneliness, in her loneliness,
And the fairer for that oneness.

A white rose delicate,
On a tall bough and straight!
Early comer, early comer,
Never waiting for the summer.

Her pretty gestures did win
South winds to let her in,
In her loneliness, in her loneliness,
All the fairer for that oneness.

"For if I wait," said she,
"Till times for roses be—
For the musk-rose and the moss-rose
Royal-red and maiden-blush rose—

"What glory then for me
• In such a company?—
Roses plenty, roses plenty,
And one nightingale for twenty?"

"Nay, let me in," said she,
 "Before the rest are free—
 In my loneliness, in my loneliness,
 All the fairer for that oneness.

"For I would lonely stand,
 Uplifting my white hand—
 On a mission, on a mission,
 To declare the coming vision.

"Upon which lifted sign,
 What worship will be mine?
 What addressing, what caressing!
 And what thank, and praise, and blessing!"

"So praying, did she win
 South winds to let her in,
 In her loneliness, in her loneliness,
 And the fairer for that oneness.

But ah!—alas for her!
 No thing did minister
 To her praises, to her praises,
 More than might unto a daisy's.

No tree nor bush was seen
 To boast a perfect green;
 Scarcely having, scarcely having,
 One leaf broad enough for waving.

"The nightingale did please
 To loiter beyond seas.
 Guess him in the happy islands,
 Learning music from the silence!"

Only the bee, forsooth,
 Came in the place of both;
 Doing honour, doing honour,
 To the honey-dews upon her.

—Poor Rose to be misknown!
 Would, she had ne'er been blown,
 In her loneliness, in her loneliness,
 All the sadder for that oneness!

Some word she tried to say—
 Some *no* . . . ah, wellaway!
 But the passion did o'ercome her,
 And the fair frail leaves dropped from her—

• Dropped from her, fair and mute,
 Close to a poet's foot,
 Who beheld them, smiling slowly,
 As at something sad yet holy:

Said, "Verily and thus
 It chanceth eke with us
 Poets singing sweetest snatches,
 While that deaf men keep the watches—

"Vaunting to come before
 Our own age evermore,
 In a loneliness, in a loneliness,
 And the nobler for that oneness!"

A great advocate in the peroration of a speech on a political trial said to the jury, "If I have alarmed your consciences, my client is safe." In like manner, if any thing we have said or may say, can alarm Miss Barrett's confidence in the coming of that time which she expects, when man will abandon the broad, strong sentiments appealed to by the elder poets, for the fine curiosities of thought and feeling which she so devotedly struggles to express—if any thing we should say can induce in her mind a doubt or a question whether possibly she may not have been straying beside the mind of the age, while she believed she was expatiating in advance of it, then our client, Literature, is saved from the loss of much that is good, beautiful, and ennobling, and a fine intellect is brought back again to efficient labours of love. If, on the contrary, she prefer the fascination of what is mysterious and transcendental, and the praises of a school, to the positive, though homely pleasure of calling up life's ordinary emotions in the breasts of honest, warm-hearted people, and to the approbation of plain students, who care for little else, then we must reconcile ourselves to the loss, and turn for amends to our own young poets, who have learned their art apart from the sophistications of the newspapers, and the illusions of the *soirees*. But while we say this, we must own we see nothing among them at all so capable of great things, if it would only condescend to a legitimate style, as is the fine and strong intellect disguised under these oddly-expressed thoughts and evanescent images of Miss Barrett.

Criticism rarely fulfils any other office than that either of yielding the tribute of praise, which a writer receives as his due, or of dispensing censures, which may sometimes have the effect of repressing dulness or ignorance at the outset; but we are hardly ever fortunate enough to win a genius from its faults. Yet we would fain hope that what we have said in condemnation of these excesses and defects, deforming so the fine conceptions of a gifted writer, may, in this instance, be vouchsafed a more auspicious influence; for we write in the most absolute earnestness of conviction—away from any interest, personal, publicational, or of any other kind what-

ever, except that interest which devotion to our native literature has given us in hailing whatever is worthy of our own young writers' emulation wherever it may appear. Besides this, we are persuaded we address a mind too candid to evade a full and fair inquiry into these points of difference, which so strongly distinguish the present London school from the elder poets; and we would confidently hope that if such an examination should result in satisfying the inquirer that these peculiarities address themselves to only a small section of those for whose benefit her genius has been confided to her, we will yet have the pleasure and profit of hearing from Miss Barrett in strains more suitable to her really great and admirable vocation.

We have now done with whatever we deemed censurable, and desire—continuing, however, our protest against the occasional odd images and the emphatic “thes” and “ands”—to express our sense of the extreme grace and beauty of some of Miss Barrett's minor poems. Of these the longest, and perhaps, on the whole, the ablest, is the “Vision of Poets,” a piece composed in triplets, even difficultly elegant in the elaborateness of its versification, but full of beauty and thought. The true and *pseudo* poets are passed successively in review, and you feel, as you proceed, that you are in the company of one to whom all the masters of the Greek, Latin, and Italian schools are familiar in the originals; for Miss Barrett's writings bear all the tokens of being the work of a scholar, and a ripe one. Perhaps if we had to point out the piece in the whole collection which gave us, on the first reading, the greatest amount of pleasure, we should select the graceful lines addressed to her tutor, H. S. Boyd, Esq., who appears to have read with her, not only the ordinary classics, but the Greek romances, several of the Christian fathers, and many of the disquisitions of the early schoolmen. The sentiment is something like that of Moore's beautiful “Take hence the bowl,” the lines being suggested by a present of some wine of Cyprus, sent from the east by Mr. Boyd to his former pupil.

Very copious are my praises,
Though I sip it like a fly !—

Ah—but sipping—times and places
Change before me suddenly—
As Ulysses' old libation
Drew the ghosts from every part,
So your Cyprian wine, dear Græcian,
Stirs the Hades of my heart.

And I think of those long mornings
Which my thought goes far to seek,
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek.
Past the pane, the mountain spreading,
Swept the sheep-bells' tinkling noise,
While a girlish voice was reading—
Somewhat low for *ai's* and *o's* !

We have an impression on our mind that this is one of our county Antrim Boyds, and, coupling this with a phrase in the same piece, “Do you mind that deed of Atè?” we begin to suspect that Miss Barrett herself is, like that other admirable daughter of genius, whose maiden name we only recognized the other day, Mrs. Jameson, a countrywoman of our own; for, indeed, in what department of art, or of letters, is not the intellect of this part of the empire outstripping all competition? But to return to the poems before us. We shall say no more of the “Brown Rosary,” the “Romaunt of the Page,” and the “Lay of the Duchess May,” than that they are pieces of a kind in which the writer, though always graceful, is far from being at home; but of “the Lay of the Swan's Nest,” “the Bower,” and especially of that sweet and pathetic ballad of “Bertha in the Lane,” we have nothing to express but admiration, joined with thanks to the delicate genius which has given us creations so exquisite. “Bertha in the Lane” is the beautiful and tender confession of a wounded spirit, gentle, sensitive, and self-sacrificing. Her own sister has won her lover from her, and as the wedding-day approaches, the wronged but affectionate and forgiving soul, pours itself forth in a confiding detail of its emotions, which none but a woman of exquisite sensibility could have conceived, and none but a very able poet could have so exquisitely expressed. It is a piece, however, which will be infinitely better understood by women, and by those who have loved deeply, than by men. Men, fortunately for themselves and for society, require the presence of the loved object and the bond of chil-

dren, to sustain an early passion undiminished through life. Women having loved once, will, too often, love on, feeding a destructive passion on their own bereaved hearts, though the object of their affection be lost to them for ever. We cannot commend the indulgence in this excessive sensitiveness, though some affect to take it for almost the divinest quality of the female breast; nor do we think it desirable that there should be many *Berthas* in society. But if ever a gentle, confiding, pious creature claimed our sympathy for a passion, which she could not conquer, we may take Miss Barrett's *Bertha*, as the most exquisite exponent of the case of such a one—a being, indeed, made up altogether of love, of faith, and meekness.

We are so unlike each other,
Thou and I; that none could guess
We were children of one mother,
But for mutual tenderness.
Thou art rose-lined from the cold,
And meant, verily, to hold
Life's pure pleasures manifold.

I am pale as crocus grows
Close beside a rose-tree's root!
Whosoe'er would reach the rose,
Treads the crocus underfoot—
I, like May-bloom on thorn-tree—
Thou, like merry summer-bee!
— Fit that I be plucked for thee.

Colder grow my hands and feet—
When I wear the shroud I made,
Let the folds lie straight and neat,
And the rosemary be spread,—
That if any friend should come,
(To see thee, sweet!) all the room
May be lifted out of gloom.

And, dear *Bertha*, let me keep
On my hand this little ring,
Which at nights, when others sleep,
I can still see glittering.
Let me wear it out of sight,
In the grave,—where it will light
All the Dark up, day and night.

On that grave, drop not a tear!
Else, though fathom-deep the place,
Through the woollen shroud I wear,
I shall feel it on my face.
Rather smile there, blessed one,
Thinking of me in the sun—
Or forget me—smiling on!

Art thou near me? nearer? so!
Kiss me close upon the eyes,—
That the earthly light may go
Sweetly as it used to rise,—

When I watched the morning-gray
Strike, betwixt the hills, the way
He was sure to come that day.

So,—no more vain words be said!
The hosannas nearer roll—
Mother, smile now on thy Dead,—
I am death-strong in my soul!
Mystic Dove alit on cross,
Guide the poor bird of the snows
Through the snow-wind above loss!

Jesus, Victim, comprehending
Love's divine self-abnegation,—
Cleanse my love in its self-spending,
And absorb the poor libation!
Wind my thread of life up higher,
Up through angels' hands of fire!—
I aspire, while I expire!

The "*Lay of the Swan's Nest*," and "*the Bower*" deal with a less painful subject, though one that has wrung many a sigh from the hearts of every generation of mankind—the regret merely which ingenuous hearts experience in the loss of the ideal illusions of youth. Both aim at exciting the sentiment by the simplest incidents. Little *Ellie's Swan's Nest*, which she was to show *The Knight*, when he should come by-and-by "riding on a steed of steeds" to court her—God bless the little innocent dreamer and her visions of pages and palfreys!—found deserted, and the reeds which had protected it from observation gnawed away by the river rats; and the *Bower* which little *Elizabeth* had found out, and seen once, and once only, in the coppice, lost to all her further search, and nothing like it ever to be found in any wood or grove again. These are the incidents which, simple as they are, Miss Barrett has invested with a great degree of interest for the imagination, as well as with much significant matter for the graver uses of reflection. The "*Bower*" especially rises to a fine religious significance at the close; and we will not mar the effect it is calculated to produce on sensitive and pious minds by adding any further observations of our own.

Years have vanished since, as
wholly
As the little bower did then;
And you call it tender folly
That such thoughts should come
again?

Ah! I cannot change this sighing for
your smiling, brother-men!

For this, loss it did prefigure
 Other loss of better good,
 When my soul, in spirit-vigour,
 And in ripened womanhood,
 Fell from visions of more beauty than
 an arbour in a wood.

I have lost—oh, many a pleasure—
 Many a hope, and many a power—
 Studious health and merry leisure—
 The first dew on the first flower !
 But the first of all my losses was the
 losing of the bower.

I have lost the dream of Doing,
 And the other dream of Done—
 The first spring in the pursuing,
 The first pride in the Begun—
 First recoil from incompleteness, in the
 face of what is won—

I have lost the sound child-sleeping
 Which the thunder could not break ;
 Something too of the strong leaping
 Of the staglike heart awake,
 Which the pale is low for keeping in the
 road it ought to take.

Some respect to social fictions
 Hath been also lost by me ;
 And some generous genuflexions,
 Which my spirit offered free
 To the pleasant old conventions of our
 false humanity.

All my losses did I tell you,
 Ye, perchance, would look away—
 Ye would answer me, " Farewell !
 you
 Make sad company to-day ;
 And your tears are falling faster than
 the bitter words you say." "

On this couch I weakly lie on,
 While I count my memories,
 Through the fingers which, still
 sighing,
 I press closely on mine eyes—
 Clear as once beneath the sunshine
 behold the bower arise.

Springs the linden-tree as greenly,
 Stroked with light adown its rind—
 And the ivy-leaves serenely
 Each in either intertwined,
 And the rose-trees at the doorway, they
 have neither grown nor pined !

From those overblown faint roses,
 Not a leaf appeareth shed,
 And that little bud discloses
 Not a thorn's-breadth more of red,
 For the winters and the summers which
 have passed me over head.

And that music oversloweth,
 Sudden sweet, the sylvan caves ;
 Thrush or nightingale—who know-
 eth ?
 Fay or Faunus—who believes ?
 But my heart still trembles in me, to the
 trembling of the leaves.

Is the bower lost, then ? Who
 sayeth
 That the bower indeed is lost ?
 Hark ! my spirit in it prayeth
 Through the solstice and the frost—
 And the prayer preserves it greenly, to
 the last and uttermost—

Till another open for me
 In God's Eden-land unknown,
 With an angel at the doorway,
 White with gazing at His Throne
 And a saint's voice in the palm-trees,
 singing—" ALL IS LOST...an d uon".

A CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR THOSE AT HOME.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

Again, again old Winter comes with silent, snow-clad feet,
 To sit, a king of clouds and storms, on his accustomed seat ;
 We know him by unerring signs none fail to understand—
 The holly berries on his brow, the ivy in his hand.
 Strange, that his breath, which brings to flowers and buds a deadly blight,
 Should waken blossoms of the heart in colouring doubly bright,
 And bids us send to every friend a voice of hearty cheer—
 “ We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year !”

No matter though our lot be far from each familiar scene,
 Though mountain-paths divide us, or the ocean rolls between,
 The Christmas Angels that proclaimed to all the earth “ good will,”
 Bear messages from heart to heart with holy greetings still.
 Then do we feel affection’s links, a pure and gentle chain,
 More closely press about the heart when Christmas comes again ;
 Then do we think of those we love with memories doubly dear—
 “ We wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year !”

To each and all the greeting !—for each and all ’tis meet—
 For the youthful, and for those in age, whose hearts less lightly beat !
 God loveth cheerful service, and why should we be sad
 At the season when the Day-star rose to make all nations glad ?
 What, if we may recall some years from which the joy was reft ?
 Let us be thankful that we have so many blessings left—
 Let us cast off, in humble faith, the lingering clouds of fear,
 And hope for “ a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year !”

Father ! though almost fourscore years their wintery snows have shed,
 Sometimes in storm, sometimes in peace, upon thine honoured head,
 Methinks thou still wilt love to hear an absent daughter’s lay,
 That thy dear heart the thought will cheer—“ She thinks of me to-day !”
 Mother ! though God hath sealed thine eyes, he hath not closed thy heart,
 Full of all kindly sympathies I know that still thou art—
 And prayerfully thou’lt echo back these words and hope sincere,
 “ We wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year !”

Sister, beloved ! the wish for thee is warmly, fondly given—
 May guiltless joy and blessings free be poured on thee from heaven !
 And thou to whom her fond heart’s faith in truest love is plighted,
 May’st thou pursue thy onward way with heart and hope unblighted.
 Forget we not the absent one, the brother far away,
 Who in God’s holy temple prays and ministers to-day !
 To each and all our greeting shall go forth in accents clear—
 “ We wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year !”

Oh ! when we think since last we sent our Christmas greetings forth,
 How many have been called to lay their loved ones in the earth—
 How many have been ta’en away who were a household’s pride,
 Whilst gratefully we count our own “ though scattered far and wide,”
 Surely a joyful thankfulness may glow within the breast—
 In mutual gratulations be that thankfulness expressed ;
 And, taking courage from the past, we say in hopeful cheer—
 “ We wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year !”

MAHOMET'S SONG, FROM GOETHE. *

BY JOHN ANSTER, LL.D.

Lo ! bright in joy, the Fountain from the rock
Sparkling with starry gleam !—Above the clouds,
Him, in his youth, did gracious spirits rear,
Between the hidden cliffs, in the thick coppice !

Lo ! with the freshness of young strength,
Down leaps he from the cloud—
Down, with exulting dance,
Upon the marble rocks,
And shouts aloud to heaven !

And see ! where, playful as the days of childhood,
Adown the hill-side channel, a glad stream,
He hunts the sand-grains twinkling in the sun.
—See him now, in bolder pastime,
Leader of his tribe from boyhood,
See him hurry, onward with him,
All his tribe of brother waters !

Downward see you in the valley,
Flowers, to meet his footsteps, springing !
And the meadows, and the field-flowers,
How they live upon his breath !

Him detaineth not the valley
With its shadows—nor the wild-flowers
That around his knees are clinging,
And with loving eyes would woo him !
To the wide plain still he presses :
Onward—onward see him swelling,
Rolling, winding, ever thither !

And the streams wind circling toward him,
Fain would they be his companions.
See him where, in silver glitter,
Proud he moves along the lowlands—
And the lowlands, they too glitter.

And the Floods of the far valleys,
And the Streams all down the hill-sides,
Shout exulting to him—" Brother !
Are we not thy brothers ? brother !
Brother ! take thy brethren with thee—

* We transcribe, from Joanna Bailie, a passage not altogether unlike :—
" By Heaven, there is nothing so interesting to me as to trace the course of a prosperous man through this varied world. First, he is seen like a little stream wearing his shallow bed through the grass, circling and winding, and gleaning up its treasures from every twinkling rill as it passes; further on, the brown land fences its margin—the dark rushes thicken on its side; further on still, the broad grass shake their green ranks—the willows bend their wide boughs o'er its course; and yonder, at last, the fair river appears, spreading his bright waves to the light."

GRIFFITH'S PORT PHILLIP.*

SIR Walter Raleigh had almost resigned his task of writing a history of the world, when he found it so hard to come at the truth respecting a fray outside his own prison-window. When therefore, we take up a book, professing to treat of one of the remotest regions of the globe, whither few, if any, will go to find out for themselves the correctness of what is stated concerning it—whence it is impossible, at least in any reasonable time, that confutation will be produced to rectify error, and in the composition of which the mere circumstance of the author's being an interested party is calculated to suggest suspicion, or at least to qualify complete credence—the first points we naturally look to, are the character and aspect it bears upon the face of it as regards correctness of statement, and impartiality of views. Now there is, luckily, in most instances, an impress stamped on the productions of the human mind, as upon the human countenance, which enables an observer of ordinary capacity to form a pretty correct opinion, or at least to guard him against being very grossly deceived.

The most striking feature in the volume before us is its *truthfulness*. From the beginning to the end every thing encourages belief of an unswerving integrity of intention; and hence, without taking into consideration the ability which marks the execution of the work, a value is given to it at once, which is increased in the ratio in which we have learned to distrust much of what has been hitherto put forward on the subjects it treats of.

We gather this from the care with which Mr. Griffith has confined himself to statements which he can prove—the absence of all undue or exaggerated colouring in his descriptions—his reluctance to draw inferences where they are not forced upon him—and the caution with which he enters upon speculative questions, or theoretical disquisitions. His book is, in the best

sense of the word, *practical*; and the amount of solid information it contains might have been spun out, in the hands of one of the book-making fraternity, to a length imposing in proportion as it ceased to be valuable.

It is, therefore, with sincerity that we recommend this volume, not merely to the general inquirer after information on an interesting and popular subject, but more particularly to that numerous class which in these countries has turned its eyes towards emigration, and yet fears to embark its fortunes upon the credit of statements which have been found in innumerable instances so fatally mislead.

To those who form this class we are happy to be able to hold out cheering prospects. There have been some ruinous errors committed, and overwhelming disasters have been the consequence, no doubt; but it is equally plain that the worst is over—nay, that the occurrence of these very disasters has formed an opening for well-directed enterprise for the future, which would not exist at the present time, or at least not to the extent it does, had they never fallen upon the colony; for the depreciation in the value of stock has in a corresponding degree raised the value of money, and the slow but continuous improvement which for some time past and up to the latest accounts has taken place, makes it evident that the crisis is over, and furnishes reasonable hope that things will, at no very distant day, regain their level, and flow on in a career of uninterrupted prosperity.

The reader will pardon us, if we endeavour to show that Mr. Griffith has grounds for his confidence as to the prospects of the colony.

"In order to give a succinct view of the causes of this depression, I do not think that I can do better than make an extract from the report of the Legislative Council on immigration, which

* The Present State and Prospects of the Port Phillip District of New South Wales. By Charles Griffith, A.M. Dublin; William Curry, Jun. & Co.; Longman and Co., London, 1845.

briefly recapitulates them. After going into the present state of the labour market, and stating their conviction of the absolute necessity of restoring emigration from Europe, the report goes on thus :—

“ The proceeds arising from the sale of waste lands of the colony have been hitherto appropriated for this purpose. During the last six years no less a sum than £1,000,000 sterling has been expended in the introduction of emigrants from the United Kingdom. The expenditure of so large an amount, and its sudden abstraction from the colony, has been productive of consequences which your committee cannot but regard as disastrous, and as originating to a considerable extent the embarrassments under which the community are now suffering.

“ The advantages which the colony had previously enjoyed from the supply of cheap labour, under the transportation system, had, conjointly with the advanced price of wool, created a high degree of prosperity. A spirit of enterprise extended itself through the colony, and its waste lands were eagerly purchased at the government sales. The result of this speculative disposition was, that enormous accumulations of money in the government treasury were effected. The sums thus realized to the public credit were subsequently deposited in the several colonial banks, and an interest on these deposits was exacted by the government successively at rates of four, five, and seven per cent. The banks were under the necessity of extending their discounting transactions in a corresponding degree, thus keeping alive an inordinate and unjustifiable spirit of speculation throughout the community. The sudden expenditure of the whole accumulation which had been made from the land sales in immigration, and the immediate curtailment of discounts by the banks upon the withdrawal of the government deposits, have produced a degree of exhaustion which has more than equalled the previous excitement.

“ Simultaneously with the occurrences above enumerated, and tending to aggravate their unfortunate influence, was the measure of her majesty's government for raising the upset price of land from five shillings to twelve shillings, and subsequently from twelve shillings to twenty shillings an acre. The adoption of this scale of augmented upset prices has been a complete annihilation of the land fund; neither the profits of sheep-farming nor agriculture can ever justify the investment of capital in land at these prices; nor do your

committee believe that any capitalists will ever be induced to emigrate from the mother country whilst such a system of regulating sales is in force.”

“ Although the suddenness of the withdrawal of large sums from circulation did, no doubt, cause a great shock to public credit, yet was it the extent to which speculation had been previously carried, particularly in the purchase of land, which was, in my mind the real original evil.”

“ What renders the matter worse,” says the report, “ is the fact that a large portion of the sum paid for land thus applied to the purposes of immigration was borrowed.” On this Mr. Griffith observes :—

“ If it had been added that far the greater part of the land was bought on speculation, in order to sell again at an enormous advance to expected immigrants—that a small number of men, having a large command of capital, attempted a monopoly with this object, and this speculation failed—that while the land yielded no return, the interest on the borrowed capital had to be paid—sufficient cause of ruin might have been discovered without looking for its origin in the subsequent disbursement of the purchase-money, ‘this greatest, this most fatal error, as it is called.

“ When,” he adds, “ Lord John Russell's measure was announced, making all surveyed land open to selection at £1 per acre, the bubble burst, and the ruin of the men who had speculated in land with borrowed capital was from that day certain, no matter what became of the purchase-money, and whether it were expended in immigration or otherwise.”

The crisis, in fact, was unavoidable—its causes being—

“ The abstraction of government expenditure, the rise in wages consequent on the withdrawal of the convicts, the great fall in the price of wool, and excessive speculation encouraged, no doubt, by the facility with which individuals obtained accommodation from the banks.”

These causes have ceased to operate, at least to the degree which caused such lamentable consequences; and as they must, even in their continuance, only, or at least principally affect those who had invested their capital previously to the monetary confusion of

1841, it is plain that they may be said so far to prove advantageous to the new settler, by increasing the value of his money, and enabling him to profit by the lesson the misfortunes of others are calculated to teach him.

It is, therefore, with reason that Mr. Griffith concludes that if the suggestions submitted in the report relative to the selection of emigrants, the rate of wages, and the tenure and privileges of stockholders, be adopted—

“There is scarcely any limit which we can assign to the ultimate employment of labour, save that afforded by the want of a market beyond a certain amount for a surplus agricultural produce.”

Having thus glanced at the “prospects” of the colony, the most important, though perhaps not the most interesting part of Mr. Griffith's book, we proceed to lay before our readers, such information regarding its “present state,” as our limited space will allow of; and this, having regard to the natural curiosity of the public, shall be confined to extracts from a few of the most picturesque scenes and incidents sketched in the volume. We pass over, therefore, the first three chapters, which are principally confined to geography and statistics, and introduce the reader at once to “life in the bush,” in which the “squatter” is found *in situ*, now as distinct a class, if not a race, as the Duck-bill or Kangaroo.

The *habitat* is thus described:—

“Suppose, for instance, a valley of about one or two miles wide, confined by banks, in some places steep, rocky, and wooded, in others sloping and grassy. A few large trees are scattered here and there over a rich alluvial flat. Either a chain of water-holes, or a river runs along the centre, whose course is marked in some places by reeds, in others by tall gum trees. You see at some distance an enclosure of eight or ten acres, fenced with post and triple rail, in this there is a promising-looking crop of oats and potatoes. There is also a garden, fenced something in the same manner. Near this there are three or four huts, which seem to have been dropped in the places they occupy, without the least reference to each other. The principal one, however, stands somewhat apart from the rest, and is surrounded by a palisade, which also en-

closes a small flower-garden. This hut is a rude erection, the sides of which are made of upright slabs, about seven feet high, plastered at the interstices, and whitewashed; the roof is of bark; a rude verandah occupies the front, and there are two windows of about two feet square, one on each side of the door. The whole hut is about twenty-two feet long and about twelve feet wide. The door opens into the sitting-room, which is about twelve feet square, and has a fine large fire-place. It is furnished with a couple of tables, a sofa covered with an opossum rug, and a few chairs. The walls are lined with coarse canvas, and are hung with book shelves, a few prints, some guns, daggers, shot-belts, whips, &c. The floor is of slabs, adzed smooth. This room is divided from the sleeping-room by a wall or screen reaching as high as the wall-plate of the hut, with an opening above it, the whole height of the pitch of the roof; behind it there is a kitchen. The other huts consist of men's hut, store hut, sheds for carts, overseer's hut, &c.: at a greater distance there is a wool-shed, generally a large building.”

In this dwelling the squatter contrives to make himself not only comfortable, but happy, and if he be a man of reading habits and active mind, can never be alone, though he have no fair sharer of his lot—not but that we can gather from the pages before us how greatly such a society must sweeten the solitude of the bush;—and let us observe to those of the softer sex who may feel an undefined dread of facing even under the protection of the partners of their happiness, the monotony of a bush life, that although Mr. Griffith puts their privations before them with disinterested candour, there is much in his volume to remove their reasonable fears. Danger is almost out of the question—an abundant supply is certain of all the necessaries of life, and many of the luxuries, unattainable to the generality of people here—a soft and salubrious climate ensures the health and invigorates the spirits, and, in the Port Phillip District more than in any other, a society is found, though not numerous, yet of a highly polished and intellectual cast. We have indeed, in the interesting tract lately published by Messrs. Chambers, entitled *Life in the Bush*, one of that sex himself bearing testimony to the accuracy of Mr. Griffith's representations on these points.

But the squatter must not, even with such inducements, be always found at home.

"When a settler leaves home, he generally travels on horseback. About forty miles is considered a moderate day's journey; and on a pinch, I have known men to ride the same horse seventy miles in a day; this is, however, far too much for a horse who has to go several days' journey. Horses are very cheap, and at almost every station there are a few brood mares, and thus the settlers have a command of excellent horses at little or no expense, save that of the original outlay for the mares. There are always roads or tracks leading from each station towards Melbourne, Geelong, Portland, or Port Fairy, as the case may be, so that a stranger can generally make his way without a great deal of difficulty, as long as he keeps to the main tracks: but when it comes to travelling from one station to another across the country, it becomes more puzzling. Some people never succeed in becoming good bushmen; and there have been instances of persons being *bushed* (that is, having to spend the night *al fresco*,) within a mile of their own doors. No man should travel without a pocket compass; for in the wooded parts of the country, the forest, though generally open enough for most purposes, is so close as to prevent your having a view of more than a hundred yards in any direction; and the appearance of the ground and trees being in most places similar, there is nothing to direct you but the wind, the sun, and your compass. The last is the best to trust to, as in summer the sun is so near the zenith that it is not easy to steer by it in the middle of the day; and the wind is not to be depended on for any thing of correct steering, and is always liable to change. If you know the course you are to steer, and use your compass properly, you go on very well at first, that is, if you escape being (what sailors call) brought up by some impassable marsh or gully, not laid down in your instructions. And here I should advise all new comers, before venturing upon a journey through the bush, to ascertain the meaning of the words, a tier, a range, a creek, a gully, a track, a river, and a road. He may probably imagine that he knows the meaning of the last three; but he

may nevertheless find himself mistaken. It sounds rather Irish to say, that when you have arrived at a place, you are in the greatest danger of losing your way; but such is very nearly the case. When you think that you ought to be at the place of your destination, you find yourself suddenly, perhaps, on the edge of an impassable gully or river, and there is nothing to inform you whether you ought to go to the right or left: and as it is impossible in a ride of ten or twelve miles through a forest, to be sure of steering by compass within less than half a mile of your point, you cannot tell whether you are too much to the north, or too the south, or to the east, or to the west. You have then to look out for sheep tracks, or horse tracks, or dray tracks; and if the night be closing in, this becomes a very interesting search. If not successful in obtaining any clue, you must take chance for it, and go either up or down as your fancy leads. If you find a station, you are all right; if not, you may for a last chance cooeey,* or fire a pistol, and then listen with your ear to the ground for the barking of dogs. If this be in vain, you then tether your horse, look out for a cherry tree, which is the most approved tree to sleep under, as it affords the most shelter, and makes the best mi-mi or breakweather. If you have the means of lighting a fire, you may consider yourself fortunate. This is the regular process of being bushed, and in fine weather it is no great hardship, if you are not very hungry.

A summer night in greenwood spent
Were but to-morrow's merriment.

But in the long, and frequently wet, winter nights, it must be any thing but a joke."

And most heartily do we concur in the reflections with which this chapter closes:—

"The chief charm of a settler's life is its independence. There is something too in the reflection, that by his gains no one is injured; his fee is not subtracted from the pittance of indigence, nor his gains derived from the crimes or misfortunes of mankind. By how much his wealth increases, by so much is an addition made to the stores of mankind. By his efforts, too, the bounda-

* The cooeey is a call in universal use amongst the settlers, and has been borrowed from the natives. The performer dwells for about half a minute upon one note, and then raises his voice to the octave. It can be heard at a great distance.

ries of civilization have been enlarged. And if that man be pronounced a benefactor to his species who makes one blade of grass to grow where none grew before, surely he is entitled to at least equal praise, who becomes the pioneer for his fellow-man to regions of almost boundless fertility. These are reflections which do not occur every hour, nor every day, nor to every mind; but they do exercise a more practical influence on the happiness of some men than many people are aware; and there is nothing which so powerfully chills the energies, or throws a damp over exertion, as being unable to give a satisfactory answer to the question *cui bono*."

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book is that entitled "The Aborigines." The natives seem to be a singularly harmless and inoffensive race, and, although proved on incontrovertible evidence to be cannibals, yet, strange as it may seem, this fact furnishes no argument for their ferocity. They eat their enemies and their surplus children in all innocence—giving quarter to the former by quartering them into joints, and portioning their younger sons, by cutting up their bodies instead of their own estates; and their dispositions and consciences seem as little efferrated by such diet, as were Friday's, when he stole away to the sand to dig up the tit-bit of humanity he had secreted there. The New Zealanders, indeed, would appear to imbibe with their "cold-clergyman" luncheons but little of the spirit that once animated their meal; but in Australia it seems certain that it is the gastronomic propensities alone that are at fault, and that a native can serve up the most respectable individual to table, and yet say with Othello—

"Naught I did in hate, but all in honour."

They are, in truth, though exceedingly deficient in intellectual organization, a happy, easily satisfied, gay, good-humoured race, and seem to give as large a place in their interest to their country Polka, the Corrobaree, as if they been reared in the perfumed luxuries of a west-end saloon, instead of the somewhat more *Gorgonian* atmosphere of an Australian "break-weather."

But they occasionally engage in exercises more serious than the Corrobaree.

"I was once, by chance, present at a fight between two tribes, and a description of it may probably prove interesting to some readers: It was caused by a man of one of the tribes carrying off a woman belonging to the other: there were about twenty men engaged on each side; they did not come to close quarters, but stood in two open lines, with intervals between each man of about thirty feet; the two lines were distant from each other about sixty yards at the centre, but drawn in at the wings, so as to form a slight curve; none of the men engaged shifted their position from the place first taken up. They seemed to be pitted each against an antagonist in the opposite line, whom they kept constantly watching, at the same time poising a spear, and drawing up alternately one leg and then the other, as if for the purpose of rendering them supple, or else going through the pantomimic representation of avoiding a spear. While this was going on, they from time to time harangued each other, much in the style of Homer's heroes. Occasionally one, as if moved by a sudden impulse, but in reality I suppose, seeing the eye of his antagonist removed from him, would either throw a boomerang, or launch a spear. The boomerang, when used in war, is generally thrown so as to take the ground a few yards in front of the person at whom it is aimed, and is intended to wound him as it rises from the earth, by touching which, its rotatory motion is accelerated, if it miss its object it comes back to the person by whom it was thrown. In the hands of these savages it is a very formidable weapon. Behind one of the lines of combatants stood a woman, a hideous creature, and rather old, whom I understood to be the *terrimima causa belli*; if so, the ravisher must have been one of those frantic lovers who see 'Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.' This dame seemed excited to the greatest pitch of fury; she held in her hand a stick about four feet long—one of those used for grubbing up murnongs—with this she struck the ground, at the same time bending her body with the most violent contortions, or else brandished it in the air with the wildest gestures, to give force to a torrent of eloquence, something between a chant and a harangue, which she screamed forth until she foamed at the mouth; her dishevelled hair streaming in the wind, her fur cloak flying about with the violence of her motion, her thin, skinny arms tossed about with the wildest fury, her unearthly screaming and violent gesticulations exciting the idea of a demoniac

fury, more than of any thing human; indeed, she would have done admirably for one of the devils who appear in the last scene of *Don Giovanni*. I witnessed this scene for about three quarters of an hour, and was then forced to go on. Returning in the evening, I inquired the result from an old black friend of mine, named Jack Mungit, who told me that two men had been speared, one through the calf of the leg, and another through the thigh, and that a third had his cheek cut open by a boomerang; he seemed rather ashamed of having been engaged in so foolish a business, but the women seemed delighted with the row. I was not, however, able satisfactorily to ascertain whether this was a regular fight, or one of their judicial combats. On the one hand, they did not make use of the flangle, their most deadly weapon—this does not look like the former; but on the other, there were three men wounded, which is not in accordance with one's idea of the latter, unless one would suppose it to have been a kind of general gaol delivery."

Mr. Griffith describes two kinds of weapons in the hands of the natives, one being the Wiwi, the other a nameless implement, resembling in some respects the bowstring of the east, which have neither of them been noticed, it is believed, by other writers. Indeed, his researches, as they bear the character of patient investigation,

naturally result in the acquirement of valuable information, which, as we have already said, is what we most want. It is a matter of regret that he has not thought fit further to illustrate his volume by drawings, several of which, highly interesting in their subject, and spiritedly executed, we have had the privilege of seeing. The old observation

"Sognius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus,"

no where more strikingly holds good than in the endeavour to represent natural peculiarities, in which a stroke or a tint can do more than the most elaborate description. But we have no right to quarrel with Mr. Griffith's judgment as to what he has given, and what withheld—he has certainly afforded us much that is valuable as well as interesting, in a small compass; and we can only say, in conclusion, that we confidently anticipate the approval and reward of his labours, at the hands not only of his brother settlers in New South Wales, and of the public here, but what is of more importance, of those parties in this country and in the colony with whom rests the settlement of those questions of policy and finance, which he has so moderately yet ably discussed.

SONG.

Alone, alone for ever,
With earth and heaven around;
But earth and heaven are dumb to him
Who listens for one sound—
To hear that sound, the solitude
Were peopled brighter than the sky;
The earth would sing, the heaven would smile—
And it is but a sigh!

The earth and sky are dungeons,
And Thought may wander far;
Alone, it seeks in vain to find
The secret of the bar.

It may be near us day by day—
Light may that finger's pressure be,
So light that Love alone can feel—
And all is liberty!

STRAY LEAFLETS FROM THE GERMAN OAK.—SIXTH DRIFT.

I.

The Deserted Mill.

AUGUST SCHNEZLER.

It stands in the lonely Winterthal,
At the base of Ilsberg hill ;
It stands as though it fain would fall,
The dark Deserted Mill.
Its engines, coated with moss and mould,
Lie silent all the day ;
Its mildewed walls and windows old
Are crumbling into decay.

So through the Daylight's lingering hours
It mourns in weary rest ;
But soon as the sunset's gorgeous bowers
Begin to fade in the west,
The long-dead millers leave their lairs,
And open its creaking doors,
And their feet glide up and down its stairs,
And over its dusty floors.

And the millers' men, they too awake,
And the night's weird work begins :
The wheels turn round, the hoppers shake,
The flour falls into the bins.
The mill-bell tolls agen and agen,
And the cry is, ' Grist here, ho !'
And the dead old millers and their men,
Move busily to and fro.

And ever as the night wears more and more
Now groups throng into the Mill,
And the clangor, deafening enough before,
Grows louder and wilder still.
Huge sacks are barrowed from floor to floor ;
The wheels redouble their din ;
The hoppers clatter, the engines roar ;
And the flour o'erflows the bin.

But with the Morning's pearly sheen
This ghastly hubbub wanes ;
And the moon-dim face of a woman is seen
Through the meal-dulled window panes.
She opens the sash, and her words resound
In tones of unearthly power—
' Come hither, good folks, the corn is ground ;
Come hither and take your flour !'

Thereon strange hazy lights appear
A-flitting all through the pile,
And a deep, melodious, choral cheer
Ascends through the roof the while.
But, a moment more, and you gaze and hark
And wonder and wait in vain ;
For suddenly all again is dark,
And all is hushed again.

It stands in the desolate Winterthal,
 At the base of Ilsberg hill ;
 It stands as though it would rather fall,
 The Long-deserted Mill.
 Its engines, coated with moss and mould,
 Bide silent all the day ;
 And its mildewed walls and windows old
 Are crumbling fast away.

II.

*Heinrich the Holy.**

FRANZ THEODOR KUGLER.

Duke Heinrich saw in middle night
 The fingers of a dazzling hand
 Inscribe, in characters of light,
 These words upon his chamber-wall,
When six—then pause and disappear.
 What hence might Heinrich understand ?
 Slight ground seemed here for hope or fear
 That good or evil might befall ;
 But this, he wist, could scarce be all.
When six.—The mystery couched behind
 The words perplexed his anxious mind.
 Anon he rose. The wall and room
 Were shrouded in their former gloom.
 Duke Heinrich was a godly man—
 Yea, he was even called the Holy.
 He paced his lampless chamber slowly,
 And in this wise his musings ran—
When six.—Ay, thus it is, my soul !
 When six brief days and nights shall roll
 Thou reachest thine eternal goal !
 These warning words, in mercy sent,
 Bid thee without delay prepare,
 By almsdeeds and the Sacrament,
 By fast, and solitude, and prayer,
 For that dread change which all must face !
 The morning dawned. Up rose the sun
 To run with joy his daily race.
 Duke Heinrich bade a last farewell
 To all his kindred, one by one,
 Arranged his temporal affairs,
 Then sought a lone and silent cell,
 And there with many tears and prayers
 Abode his doom. But Time rolled on,
 And when six days and nights were gone,
 He still survived. Six weeks went by,
 Six moons, and found him all unharmed,
 But unelate as unalarmed,
 And willing still to live or die ;
 And *when six* years at length were flown
 From that strange ominous night, behold !
 He sate upon the Imperial Throne
 In purple robes and diadem of gold.

* Henry, Duke of Bavaria, who was elected Emperor of Germany 1002.

III.

Where's my Money?

FRANZ FREIHERR GAUDY.

Ay! where's my money? That's a puzzling query.

It vanishes. Yet neither in my purse
Nor pocket are there any holes. 'Tis very
Incomprehensible. I don't disburse
For superfluities. I wear plain clothes.
I seldom buy jam tarts, preserves, or honey;
And no one overlooks what debts he owes
More steadily than I. Where is my money?

I never tittle. Folks don't see me staggering,
Sans cane and castor, in the public street.
I sport no ornaments—not even a *bague* (ring).
I have a notion that my own two feet
Are much superior to a horse's four,
So never call a jarvey. It is funny.
The longer I investigate, the more
Astoundedly I ask, *Where is my money?*

My money, mind you. Other people's dollars
Cohere together nobly. Only mine
Cut one another. There's that pink of scholars
Von Doppeldronk, he spends as much on wine
As I on—every thing. Yet *he* seems rich,
He laughs, and waxes plumper than a tunny,
While I grow slim as a divining-switch,
And search for gold as vainly. Where's my money?

I can't complain that editors don't pay me;
I get for every sheet One Pound Sixteen;
And well I may! My articles are flamy
Enough to blow up *any* Magazine.
What's queerest in the affair though is, that at
The same time I miss nothing but the *one*. He
That watches me will find I don't lose hat,
Gloves, fogle, stick, or cloak. 'Tis always money!

Were I a rake I'd say so. Where one roysters
Beyond the rules, of course his cash must go.
'Tis true I regularly sup on oysters,
Cheese, brandy, and all that. But even so?
What signifies a ducat of a night?
'The barmaids,' you may fancy. No. The sunny
Loadstar that draws *my* tin is not the light
From *their* eyes anyhow. Where then's my money?

However, *à propos* of eyes and maidens,
I own I *do* make presents to the Sex—
Books, watches, trinkets, music too (not Haydn's),
Combs, shawls, veils, bonnets—things that might perplex
A man to count. But still I gain by what
I lose in this way. 'Tis experience won—eh?
I think so. My acquaintances think *not*.
•No matter. I grow tedious. Where's my money?

IV.

The Faithless Bondsmaid.

JUSTIN KERNER.

["The event recorded in this legend is said to have happened in the year 830, near the castle of Lauffen, a town upon the Neckar. The name of the knight, a friend and favourite of the Emperor Ludwig, was Hernast (or Ernest). He had an only daughter, Regiswindis, whom he entrusted to the care of a nurse. One day the knight ordered the son of this bondswoman to be severely chastised, for not having well attended to his duty of seeing the horses properly fed. The punishment of her son maddened the nurse to such a degree* that she flung her little charge into the Neckar; but, being immediately after seized with remorse, she called for assistance to some people passing by; their endeavours to save

the child, however, were in vain. After the river had been searched for three days, she was at length found, with her little arms folded over her breast, and her face as white as snow. The knight caused her to be laid in a silver [or, according to Kerner, a golden] coffin, and buried with solemn pageantry. In the course of time many miracles were attributed to her intercession; and as she was murdered on the 15th of July, the custom of hiring servants on that day continued to the present time. The legend is related at greater length in the *Schwabische Chronik* of Martinus Crusius."—M. KLAUEN-KLATOWSKI. *Ballads and Romances*.—London. 1837.]

Sir Ernest was a fiery man: one day in mood of wrath
He smote the faithless bondsmaid; he spurned her from his path.
"Oh, by my soul and body," said the faithless one, said she,
"Sir Ernest, you shall rue the hour you lifted hand to me!"

She hastened from the chamber, she hurried through the hall,
She passed along the bass-court, where grew the poplars tall;
She sought the rosy valley, where the Ritter's daughter fair,
Young Regiswind, was weaving wreaths to deck her playmates' hair.

There gathered she, the faithless menial, roses white and red;
She smiled and laughed, and held them o'er young Regiswinda's head.
She lured the maiden onward till they reached the river-side,
Then grasped her by her golden locks, and plunged her in the tide.

The maiden sank and rose again, and sank again and rose;
Her snow-white features then were calm—her soul had found repose.
But fast and far the murderess fled; all hell was in her heart!
O'er plain and height she sped her flight, pale Fear her only chart.

Sir Ernest from his castle walls beheld the mourners' train:
He beat his breast, he tore his hair, his tears fell thick as rain.
Deep in a golden coffin did he lay his lifeless child,
And kissed her cheek so marble-pale and brow so angel-mild.

Since then hath many a mother, ere she knelt in prayer to crave
Some boon from Heaven, made pilgrimage to Regiswinda's grave,
And still to many a sickly child the maiden oft appears,
And heals its illness with a touch, and dries its parents' tears.

* Dr. Kerner, as a poet, gives, of course, a more poetical account of the provocation received by the bondswoman. He says—"Er schlug die falsche Dienerinn; er stieß sie mit dem Fusz."

V.

Bruder Klaus.

JOHANN GOTTFRIED HERDER.

Thrice had Charles the Bold been overthrown,
 Thrice the hosts of Burgundy defeated.*
 Nansen,† Murten,‡ Gransca,§ well had shown
 What brave men, by struggles oft repeated,
 May achieve against unrighteous Power.
 This was well. But, in an evil hour
 Feuds arose among the chiefs. Forgetful
 Of their former mutual friendly toil,
 They gave way to feelings angry, fretful,
 Proud ;—and all but fought about the spoil.
 For, alas ! with France's myriad men
 • France's vices had o'errun the land.
 Nearly rent already seemed the band
 Of the Swiss Confederacy, when,
 One calm day in Summertime, there stood
 In the middle of a clamorous throng,
 In the Council hall of Stantz, a man
 Of strange aspect. Aged, but still strong,
 Seemed he ; and his bearskin mantle's hood
 Shaded such a brow, so high and wan,
 And such eyes, translucent with devotion,
 As woke deep and singular emotion
 In the coldest bosoms. They who gazed
 On those marvellous features felt they never
 Had beheld a living Saint before.
 Slowly looking round him first, he raised
 Both his arms, and in a tone that ever
 Thrilled, as he proceeded, more and more,
 Thus the Venerable Stranger spake :—

“ Dearest Brethren ! by your hopes of Heaven,
 For your Fatherland's beloved sake,
 I implore you, suffer not the leaven
 Of revenge, or envy, or mistrust,
 Thus to work among you ! None are truly
 Free except the Brotherly and Just.
 Know your duties, and perform them duly !
 Banish your illiberal jealousies !
 Trifles lighter than the passing breeze
 Should not sunder patriots. Let them cease,
 Those ungracious wranglings. As your fathers
 Lived in generous concord, so live ye !
 Bear in mind that Charity and Peace
 Are the fairest flowers that Wisdom gathers
 In the Paradise of Liberty !
 There are other matters I would fain
 Also speak to you concerning. Cherish
 Hospitality to strangers. Vain
 Are your virtues if the poor man perish
 When you might have saved him. Do no harm
 To your private foes ; but, should you arm

* For the most concise and graphic history which has hitherto appeared, of the struggle between the French and Swiss, here alluded to, we would refer our readers to No. IX. of “Chambers's Miscellany,” lately published.

† Nancy.

‡ Morat.

§ Grandson.

For your country's honor, battle stoutly !
 Reverence your priests. Obey devoutly
 Their behests, even though themselves live ill :
 Water, whether quaffed from gold or wood,
 Is the same pure wholesome beverage still.
 Troublous times will come, when, like a flood,
 Evil will o'erflow the cantons, Fraud
 Multiply its wiles, and Vice grow bolder :
 Stand ye, therefore, shoulder unto shoulder,
 As one man, upon the bright and broad
 Base of Federal Union ; and admit
 Solothurn* and Friburg to a share
 In your councils. So shall Force or Snare
 Lose their power to hurt you ; you shall sit,
 Fearless of the threatening Future, down
 Under the green foliage of your vines,
 While the lustre of your just renown
 Shall fill Europe as a light that shines
 Brightly through the darkness of a cell.
 And now, dearest Brethren, Fare you well,
 And no longer be thus haughty-hearted,,
 For, believe me, soon or late, the Proud
 Will be humbled."

With these words he bowed
 Low before the Senate, and departed.

All who heard the hoary Holy Man
 Thought an angel surely must have spoken.
 For brief space the stillness was unbroken ;
 Then from one to other murmurs ran
 Of deep admiration and applause.
 Who then was he ? He was Bruder Klaus, †
 Hermit Klaus of Unterwald. His wasted
 Form appeared as risen from the grave.
 Twenty years within his chapel-cave
 Had he lived alone, and never tasted
 Earthly aliment in all that time.
 Often in his boyhood had sublime
 Dreams of purer worlds and brighter skies
 Raised his ardent mind above the earth.
 Often had a sun, to common eyes
 All invisible, been seen by him.
 Where the Multitude beheld but dearth,
 And found all things desolate and dim,
 He saw Light and Plenty. He had reared
 Sons and daughters ; and in days of danger,
 When his land was menaced by the Stranger,
 He had championed it. But, as he neared
 Middle age he felt his bosom swell
 More and more beyond this world of care.
 Tenderly he therefore bade farewell
 To his wife and children, and retired
 To the mountain-solitudes. And there
 Many anguished sinners, who desired
 To return to God, received from him
 Balsam for their bleeding consciences.
 Often did his prayers remove disease,
 Oft his touch renew the palsied limb.

* Solcure.

† Better known in hagiological biography as Nicolaus vander Flue.

Often prophesied he. Yea, he knew
 Even the inmost mysteries of the soul,
 For the Almighty bared them to his view.
 Yet, his every thought and wish and word
 Breathèd but profound humility,
 And as day by day he neared his goal,
 His continual prayer was—" Holiest Lord!
 Take, oh, take me from myself to Thee!"

Such was Bruder Klaus. What wonder, then,
 That his homily wrought a blessed change
 In the feelings of his countrymen?
 Wrath and Pride, which had begun to estrange
 State from state and even clan from clan,
 Disappeared. Men's hearts began to soften;
 And the Elders of the Council often
 Wished they could but see the Holy Man
 More in their assemblies, though he even
 • Wore the bearskin mantle which, 'twas known,
 • Had been given him from an angel's hand,
 • As his wingèd vehicle into Heaven,
 On the day his spirit should have flown
 From the Gloomful to the Glorious Land.*

VI.

The Bewildered Wintner.

HEINRICH AUGUST HOFFMAN (VON FALLERSLEBEN.)

"What, host! a *glass*? That's not the thing
 For any man that ever *drank* hard.
 Levant, you jolly dog, and bring
 Me in at least a gallon-tankard!"
 The crookèd-and-hookèd-nosed host
 Looks blind as a partridge,
 Looks blank as a cartridge,
 Looks owlish and muzzy: 'tis plain as a post
 He has had some schnapps to-day with his kroust.
 He stoops, he stumbles, he staggers about,
 He toddles in and he toddles out,
 For—he can't lay his hand on the key!

Covering the sanded floor, long bands
 Of guests throng tap-wards, thicker, quicker.
 —"Amid those barren burning sands
 We faint," they cry, "for lack of liquor!"
 O, host with the hooky beak,
 Thou stoopiest and staggerest,
 And puffest and swaggerest,
 And lookest most owlish! What bothers thee? Speak!"—
 The host, however, is mute as a trout.
 He stares at them all from lord to lout.
 He turns his pockets inside-out.
 He reels, he wheels, he wriggles about.
 The case is beyond any manner of doubt—
 He—can't lay his hand on the key!

* In using the words, "Though he even wore the bearskin," we perhaps do some injustice to the piety of the senators. The meaning of the original simply is, that "they wished Brother Klaus oftener among them, clad in the bearskin given him by the angel, and upon which, fashioned into the form of a basket (*Panier*) he was to enter heaven, after his departure from this world." But the passage is hardly susceptible of an accurate rhythmical translation.

Two hundred men besiege the bar
 For cider, hock, and eau-de-Dantsic,
 And ginger-beer for such as *are*
 And gin-and-beer for such as *a'n't* sick.
 Tremendous excitement exists
 In kitchen and tap-room,
 In smoke-room and schnapp-room ;
 And porter-tables and porters' fists
 Come into collision. Meantime, the lout
 Of a host keeps trundling in and out.
 He stares at the groups within and without,
 Burschen and burghers and rabble-rout.
 He jumps and skips and capers about.
 The fact is beyond a shadow of doubt
 That he isn't a martyr to palsy or gout :
 But—he can't lay his hand on the Key !

—“ O, host ! thou scamperest out and in,
 While we, thy guests, fry here like rashers.
 Thy lips are thin, thy nose and chin
 Meet like a pair of nut-squabashers.
 Small man of the nutcracking phiz,
 Who twistest and wheelest,
 And wrigglest and recleest,
 We warn thee, bring drink, ere our dander be riz !”—
 The host in silence hears them shout,
 He knows they are dying of horrible drought,
 He hears them roaring for “ cold without ”
 “ Tumblers of brandy,” and “ beakers of stout,”
 While the only *tumblers* and *beakers* about
 The house are himself and his hooky snout.
 He peers around, above, about.
 He stalks to-and-fro like a turkey-pout.
 His wits, it is clear, are up the spout,
 For—he can't lay his hand on the key !

The guests, thus turned to “ waiters,” grow,
 Some sad, some sulky, some outrageous ;
 But, as their threats are found “ no go,”
 The wrath ere long becomes contagious.
 They seize on the poker and tongs,
 The shovel and fender ;
 And every contender
 For justice and brandy harangues on his wrongs.
 They swear, they stamp, they storm, they shout,
 They bellow like Muscovites under the knout.
 They call for “ soda,” “ perry,” and “ stout,”
 “ Hollands ” and “ hock ” and “ cold without,”
 And other swash for a drinking-bout.
 Meanwhile the landlord runs about,
 And speers and spies like a Prussian scout
 Inspecting the strength of a Russian redoubt,
 Till at length and at last, like a gasping trout,
 He opens his mouth, and his words dribble out
 Like tea from a choked-up teapot-spout.—

“ E—can't—lay my—hand on—the key ! ”

(Upon which the customers, in a general chorus of amazement, repeat—)

“ He can't lay his hand on the key ! ”.

LYRIC POEM, FROM GARCILLASSO DE LA VEGA.

BY EDWARD KENNELLY.

A LA FLOR DE GNIDO.

Si do ma baxa Lira
 Tanto pudiese el son, que en un mo-
 mento
 Aplacase la ira
 Del animoso viento,
 Y la furia del mar y el movimiento :
 Y en asperas montañas
 Con el suave canto enterneciese
 Las fieras alimánas
 Los árboles moviesc,
 Y al son confusamente los truxese :
 No pienses que cantado
 Sería de mí, hermosa Flor de Gnido,
 El fiero Mario ayrado
 A muerte convertido
 De polvo y sangre, y de sudor teñido :
 Ni aquellos capitanes
 En la sublime rueda colocados
 Por quien los Alemanas
 El fiero cuello atados,
 Y los Franceses van domesticados.
 Mas solamente aquella
 Fuerza de tu beldad sería cantada,
 Y alguna vez con ella
 También sería notada
 El aspereza de que estás armada.
 Y como por ti sola
 Y por tu gran valor y hermosura,
 Convertida en viola
 Llora su diventura
 El miserable amante en tu figura.
 Hablo de aquel cautivo,
 De quien tener se debe mas cuidado,
 Que está muriendo vivo
 Al remo condenado
 En la concha de Venues amarrado.
 Por ti, como solia,
 Del áspero caballo no corrige
 La furia y gallardía,
 Ni con freno lo rigo
 Ni con vivas espuelas ya le aflige.
 Por ti, con diestra mano
 No revuelve la espada, presurosa,
 Y en el dudoso llano
 Huye la polvorosa
 • Palestra, como sierpe ponzoñosa.
 Por ti, su blanda Musa,
 En lugar de la citara sonanto
 Tristes quorellas usa
 Que con llanto abundante
 Hacen bañar el rostro del amante.
 Por ti el mayor amigo
 So es importuno, grave y enojoso :
 Yo puedo ser testigo,
 Que ya del peligroso
 Naufragio fui su puerto y su reposo.
 Y agora ental manera
 Venice el dolor á la razon perdida,

TO THE FLOWER OF GNIDE.

Had I the lyre whose silvery sound
 To music waked, could chain the rage
 Of tempests girt with thunder round,
 Or the wild ocean-wave assuage ;
 Whose breath, like that sweet, olden
 lute,
 So softly coursed the woods along,
 That stone, and tree, and savage brute
 Danced to its witchery of song ;
 Think not, O sparkling Flower of Gnide,
 That gentle lyre should wake the
 hymns
 Of Mars, with dust and bloodshed dyed,
 Of headless trunk, and lopped-off
 limbs ;
 Of warriors, fiery-eyed and brave,
 Or the rude German, by whose might
 The Frank first learned to act the slave,
 And save his life by coward flight.
 No—*thou*, my girl, shouldst be my
 theme ;
 Thy beauties, on each sounding string
 In music—like some charming dream,
 Thine or an angel's—aye should ring.
 A discord struck at times might speak
 Thy pretty poutings—but the chords
 Should hymn the brightness of thy
 cheek,
 Thine eyes, more eloquent than words,
 Thy statue-shape, the grace that plays
 Through all thy movements—and my
 heart
 Smit like a violet, when the rays
 • Of Summer round its blue buds dart.
 Yes - I would sing, how by thy power,
 A bondaged slave I'm doomed to be,
 Because in some unlucky hour
 I gazed on beauty—gazed on thee.
 And how since then I tug the oar
 In her sad bark, by Venus chained,
 No nearer to th' enchanting shore,
 But still repelled—still, still disdained.
 No more, through thee, I wheel the
 steed
 Along the plain, with curb of gold ;
 No more I urge his lightning speed
 With biting spur and reins unrolled.
 Through thee no more the sword I wield,
 Its glittering edge is dulled by rust,
 Nor wrestle proudly on the field,
 Stained with the combat's noble dust.
 Through thee, no more my once-loved
 Muse
 Delights my soul, inspires my mind,
 The amorous lyre alone I choose,
 Whose softness, like some warbling
 wind,
 Dissolves my soul in bliss away,
 And wakens only pleasing sighs :

Two hundred men besiege the bar
 For cider, hock, and eau-de-Dantzic,
 And ginger-beer for such as *are*
 And gin-and-beer for such as *a'n't* sick.
 Tremendous excitement exists
 In kitchen and tap-room,
 In smoke-room and schnapp-room;
 And porter-tables and porters' fists
 Come into collision. Meantime, the lout
 Of a host keeps trundling in and out.
 He stares at the groups within and without,
 Burschen and burghers and rabble-rout.
 He jumps and skips and capers about.
 The fact is beyond a shadow of doubt
 That he isn't a martyr to palsy or gout:
 But—he can't lay his hand on the Key!

—“O, host! thou scamperest out and in,
 While we, thy guests, fry here like rashers.
 Thy lips are thin, thy nose and chin
 Meet like a pair of nut-squabashers.
 Small man of the nutcracking phiz,
 Who twistest and wheelcast,
 And wrigglest and reeldest,
 We warn thee, bring drink, ere our dander be riz!”—
 The host in silence hears them shout,
 He knows they are dying of horrible drought,
 He hears them roaring for “cold without.”
 “Tumblers of brandy,” and “beakers of stout,”
 While the only *tumblers* and *beakers* about
 The house are himself and his hooky snout.
 He peers around, above, about.
 He stalks to-and-fro like a turkey-pout.
 His wits, it is clear, are up the spout,
 For—he can't lay his hand on the key!

The guests, thus turned to “waiters,” grow,
 Some sad, some sulky, some outrageous;
 But, as their threats are found “no go,”
 The wrath ere long becomes contagious.
 They seize on the poker and tongs,
 The shovel and fender;
 And every contender
 For justice and brandy harangues on his wrongs.
 They swear, they stamp, they storm, they shout,
 They bellow like Muscovites under the knout.
 They call for “soda,” “perry,” and “stout,”
 “Hollands” and “hock” and “cold without,”
 And other swash for a drinking-bout.
 Meanwhile the landlord runs about,
 And speers and spies like a Prussian scout
 Inspecting the strength of a Russian redoubt,
 Till at length and at last, like a gasping trout,
 He opens his mouth, and his words dribble out
 Like tea from a choked-up teapot-spout.—

“I—can't—lay my—hands on—the key!”

(Upon which the customers, in a general chorus of amazement, repeat—)

“He can't lay his hands on the key!”

LYRIC POEM, FROM GARCILLASSO DE LA VEGA.

BY EDWARD KENNELTY.

A LA FLOR DE GNIDO.

Si de ma baxa Lira
 Tanto pudiese el son, que en un mo-
 mento
 Aplacase la ira
 Del animoso viento,
 Y la furia del mar y el movimiento :
 Y en asperas montañas
 Con el suave canto enterneciese
 Las fieras alimañas
 Los arboles moviese,
 Y al son confusamente los truxese :
 No pienses que santado
 Seria de mi, hermosa Flor de Gnido,
 El fiero Murto ayrado
 A muerte convertido
 De polvo y sangre, y de sudor teñido :
 Ni aquellos capitanes
 En la sublime rueda colocados
 Por quien los Alemanes
 El fiero cuello atados,
 Y los Francoses van domesticados.
 Mas solamente aquella
 Fuerza de tu bildad seria cantada,
 Y alguna vez con ella
 Tambien seria notada
 El aspreza de que estás armada.
 Y como por ti sola
 Y por tu gran valor y hermosura,
 Convertida en viola
 Llora su disventura
 El miserable amante en tu figura.
 Hablo de aquel cativo,
 De quien tener se debe mas cuidado,
 Que está muriendo vivo
 Al remo condenado
 En la concha de Venues amarrado.
 Por ti, como solia,
 Del áspero caballo no corrige
 La furia y gallardia,
 Ni con freno lo rige
 Ni con vivas espuelas ya le afflige.
 Por ti, con diestra mano
 No revuelve la espada, presurosa,
 Y en el dudoso llano
 Huye la polvorosa
 • Palestra, como sicrpo ponzoñosa.
 Por ti, su blanda Musa,
 En lugar de la citara sonanto
 Tristes querellas usa
 Que con llanto abundante
 Hacen bañar el rostro del amante.
 Por ti el mayor amigo
 So es importuno, grave y enojoso :
 Yo puedo ser testigo,
 Que ya del peligroso
 Naufragio fui su puerto y su reposo.
 Y agora ental manera
 Vence el dolor à la razon perdida,
 Que ponzoñosa fiera

TO THE FLOWER OF GNIDE.

Had I the lyre whose silvery sound
 To music waked, could chain the rage
 Of tempests girt with thunder round,
 Or the wild ocean-wave assuage ;
 Whose breath, like that sweet, olden
 lute,
 So softly coursed the woods along,
 That stone, and tree, and savage brute
 Danced to its witchery of song ;
 Think not, O sparkling Flower of Gnido,
 That gentle lyre should wake the
 hymns
 Of Mars, with dust and bloodshed dyed,
 Of headless trunk, and lopped-off
 limbs ;
 Of warriors, fiery-eyed and brave,
 Or the rude German, by whose might
 The Frank first learned to act the slave,
 And save his life by coward flight.
 No—*thou*, my girl, shouldst be my
 theme ;
 Thy beauties, on each sounding string
 In music—like some charming dream,
 Thine or an angel's—aye should ring.
 A discord struck at times might speak
 Thy pretty pouting—but the chords
 Should hymn the brightness of thy
 cheek,
 Thine eyes, more eloquent than words,
 Thy statue-shape, the grace that plays
 Through all thy movements—and my
 heart
 Smil like a violet, when the rays
 • Of Summer round its blue buds dart.
 Yes—I would sing, how by thy power,
 A bondaged slave I'm doomed to be,
 Because in some unlucky hour
 I gazed on beauty—gazed on thee.
 And how since then I tug the oar
 In her sad bark, by Venus chained,
 No nearer to th' enchanting shore,
 But still repelled—still, still disdained.
 No more, through thee, I wheel the
 steed
 Along the plain, with curb of gold ;
 No more I urge his lightning speed
 With biting spur and reins unrolled.
 Through thee no more the sword I wield,
 Its glittering edge is dulled by rust,
 Nor wrestle proudly on the field,
 Stained with the combat's noble dust.
 Through thee, no more my once-loved
 Muse
 Delights my soul, inspires my mind,
 The amorous lyre alone I choose,
 Whose softness, like some warbling
 wind,
 Dissolves my soul in bliss away,
 And wakens only pleasing sighs :

Nunca fue aborrecida
Tanto, como yo del, ni tan temida.
No fuiste tu engendrada,
Ni producida de la dura tierra ;
No debe ser notada
Que ingratamente yerra
Quien todo el otro error de sí des-
tierra.

Hájate temerosa

El caso de Anaxarete, y cobarde
Que de ser desdenosa
Se arrepintió muy tarde,
Y así su alma con su marmol arde.

Estabase alegrando

Del mal ageno el pecho empedernido,
Quando abaxo mirando,
El cuerpo muerto vido
Del miserable amante allí tendido.

Y al cuello el lazo atado

Con que desenlazo de la cadena
El corayoncuitado
Que con su breve pena
Compro la eterna punición ajena.

Sintió allí convertirse

En piedad amorosa el asporoso.
O tarde arrepentirse !
O última terneza !
Como te sucedió mayor dureza ?

Los ojos se enclavaron

En el tendido cuerpo que allí vieron,
Los huesos se tornaron
Mas duros y cucioneron,
Y en sí toda la carne convirtieron ;

Las entrañas eladas

Tornaron poco à poco en piedra dura ;
Por las venas cuitadas
La sangre su figura
Iba desconociendo, y su natura :

Hasta que finalmente

En duro marmol vuelta y transfor-
mada,

Hizo de sí la gente
No tan maravillada,
Quando de aquella ingratitud vengada.

No quieras tu, señora,

De Nemesis ayrada las sactas
Probar, por Dios agora ;
Baste que tus perfitas
Obras y hermurosa à los poetas

Den innortal materia

Sin que tambien en verso lamentable,
Celebren la miseria
De algun caso notable
Que por ti pase triste y miserable.

Thus pass my hours, once bright and gay,
When absent from thy heav'n-blue eyes.
Through thee, my friend who loved me
well,

Importunate and harsh has grown—
There was a time when to my call,
As to some port, that friend has flown,
To pour his secrets in my ear,
To make his joys and sorrows mine—
Such were we once—alas ! I fear
Through thee I've burst that bond
divine.

He shuns my face, he hates my sight,
As hates the traveller the asp,
Whercat he gazed in rage and fright,
Ere strangled in his brawny grasp.
From the hard earth thou wert not born,
'The snow was not thy heartless sire—
Why then should aught so fair have
scorn ?

Should aught so fair give way to ire ?
'Tremble when thinking of that maid,
Fair Anaxaretè of old,
Who for her scorn, by heaven repaid,
Was turned to marble hard and cold ;
From her rough breast soft pity fled,
Till from her lattice she descried
Iphis, her lover, cold and dead—
A melancholy suicide !

Hanged by the neck, but beauteous still,
The fatal rope had eased his pain,
But given eternity of ill

For some few moments of disdain.
'Twas then her breast, to softness turned,
Felt Cupid's flames—but, ah, too late ;
'Twas then she cursed the heart that
spurned,

And moaned and raged, accusing Fate.
Alas ! what boots repentance now,
The shaft is shot, the boy's no more ?
Thus thought she, as with haggard brow
Her raven locks she wildly tore,
And gazed, and hardened into stone—
Through every vein, through every
limb,

An icy chillness, all unknown,
Shoots with electric force, till dim
Her bright eyes grow, and fixed her
hands,

Her rosy blood forgets to flow,
Her fillets became marble bands,
Her cheek put off its purple glow.
Like some fine sculpture thus she stood,
And Salamis, with wondering eyes,
Vowed that a maid of heart so rude,
Deserved the vengeance of the skies,
And less the miracle admired,

Than the dread punishment that fell
On her who once each bosom fired,
But loved not him who loved so well.

Be warned then, ladye fair, in time,
Lest Nemesis become thy foe ;
Let golden harp and splendid rhyme
The glories of thy beauty show.
And bless the bard who now awakes
The lute, to sing thy rosy bloom,
Ere Vengeance her red right-arm shakes,
And whelms thee fiercely to the tomb.

THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN—A TALE OF 1760.

CHAPTER XXIV.—A VISIT TO THE ROSICRUCIAN.

“A living dead man—this pernicious knave—
Forsooth, took on him as a conjuror.

Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.”

Shakespeare.

THE visit to Signor Barbarini was paid; and although the curiosity of the ladies was not gratified by any of the displays of art which they had anticipated, they had an opportunity of hearing a discussion, of much length if not interest, carried on between the sage and the sceptical viscount. This was an entertainment, however, in which they were not likely to forget that time was passing; and we are so apprehensive of a similar perverseness of memory on the part of the reader, that we shall very considerably abridge our minute of the conversation.

“You find the conjuror, ladies,” said Signor Barbarini, “unprovided with the properties of his craft. The apartment, you perceive, has no such apparatus as magical science is admitted to require. I am without my wand.”

“But not,” said Madame de Valmont, “without your familiar spirits.”

“You believe, then, that spirits may be commanded without having recourse to vulgar emblems as signs of power. The thought is natural,” and the light of a solemn smile appeared for a moment on the austere visage of the Rosicrucian, “in one who must be conscious of the dominion exercised by wit and beauty.”

“You are very amiable, signor; but believe me, I would much rather you were not so. It is difficult to try your art in spells and charms when you lay us under the charm of your politeness.”

“Ah, madame, I grieve that the resources of my art cannot be placed at your command. It was my design, indeed, to have exhibited some experimental proofs of a power rashly denied, because uncommon; but I have found myself under a necessity to forego my purpose.”

“Pardon us the intrusion on your
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leisure, or, very probably, your occupations. I wished to have an opportunity of witnessing the exercise of an art so much praised, sir, as yours; but I was even more desirous to convince my friends, especially Monsieur de Mortagne, who is, I am sorry to say, sceptical on more subjects than the art magic.”

“Madame is a little severe. My doubts can scarcely be called sceptical—I require no more than evidence to ensure my belief. For example, my faith in madame has never faltered or wavered. As to the art magic, I can know of it only through its ministers and professors, and they, I must confess, have not succeeded in convincing me. Indeed, if I may speak freely, their practices have rather indisposed me to belief. Their darkened chambers and Oriental costumes—their globes, and sculls, and stuffed reptiles—their periapts and sigils—their optical delusions and chemical surprises—all seemed to me to belong rather to juggling than to necromancy. I did not think disembodied spirits could be conjured by such material instruments. They affected me much like the oaths and assertions with which men, doubtful of their reputation for veracity, strive to accredit their recitals, proving rather their conviction that the story wants confirmation, than their assurance of its truth.”

“Your observations, sir, are most just. This material apparatus of which you speak—the only thing in which ignorant pretenders can imitate adepts in the science—may, possibly, have no direct influence on those unseen agents upon whose aid the sage relies, and yet may not be altogether superfluous at you think it. Permit me to speak as one whose knowledge respecting the arcana of true science is no more than is to be attained by

the unassisted faculties of a reflecting man. You hold it unworthy of belief, that spirits may be, in any degree, influenced by the machinery and decorations on which an adept seems to depend. You said, indeed, disembodied spirits. Does the expression imply that you distinguish between the spirit of man—living man—and the purer essences who are unencumbered with mortality?"

"Yes, I would make the distinction. That the human mind is affected by these external influences, I admit. Even I myself, sceptical as madame pronounces me, cannot altogether withstand their power. In their presence, when they are well contrived, the mind becomes, if I may say so, less logical, more disposed to welcome the marvellous, and certainly less inclined to doubt."

"If you sought a solution of this phenomenon, would it not task your ingenuity to explain it? And if you were to inquire whether disembodied spirits must necessarily be indifferent to influences which affect you, is it not very probable that you would have to seek long before finding? But there is another mode of viewing this subject—mind affects mind amongst us, not only through the intervention of those signs, natural and arbitrary, by which thought is interchanged, but also through sympathies which we call mysteries, and of which the outward expression has no recognized interpreter. Is it altogether beyond our power to comprehend that pure intelligences may be reached through this same instrumentality? The prisoned spirit may become a power to attract the free. The mementos in the chamber of an adept, if designed only to affect pure intelligences, may be—I do not say they are—mere juggling; but if intended to produce such effects through the instrumentality of the spirit of man, they may be contrivances worthy of the design to which they minister. What care you for the green sod placed within the cage of a solitary lark? But when the bird is gladdened by it, and pours forth rejoicing melodies, your soul is charmed and attracted, and even the free warblers of the air are often won to stoop towards their imprisoned brother. So it may be in other things. Spirits of the unseen world are attracted to the spirits of this, not by

the materials or the scenery of magic rites, but by the softened and elevated dispositions of human soul which these things generate."

"Charming," said the dame, "I love your philosophy much. But ——"

At this moment the door opened, and Carleton was struck breathless by an announcement of Monsieur le Comte and Mademoiselle Dillon O'Moore.

With a resolution which a stoic might envy, worthy of an Indian at the stake, Carleton controlled himself not to obey the passionate impulse of his heart. He did not look towards Madeleine. He saw, indeed, that she was covered with a thick, dark veil; and when he heard her speak, there was a hopelessness in her accents that pierced his heart; but still he struggled, and rose with his party to take leave, obstinately persisting in his resolution. He could not prevent Madeleine from being shocked at his death-like paleness, and by the agony visible in his agitated countenance; but he bore his pain without shrinking, and bore it aggravated by the voluntary torture of averting his eyes from her whom he felt still to be all that he was capable of loving. It was not so with Madeleine. On Carleton alone, from the moment she became aware of his presence, her eyes were bent, piteously and imploringly. Some say lovers are conscious of lovers' looks: Carleton was not so. He was departing—had nearly reached the door of the antichamber, when a sudden and startling cry struck consternation upon him. He rushed back just in time to behold Madeleine borne fainting by her father into an apartment entered from the salon in which Signor Barbarini had received them. Before he reached the door through which they passed, it was closed, and so fastened as to resist his attempt to open it. For a few brief moments Carleton, in extreme agony, remained with his party, who had re-entered the salon. His sufferings were wrought up to a pitch at which they were no longer endurable, when the sage returned and assured them that all was well: the young lady had been painfully affected by intelligence which her father had suddenly received, and the endeavour to appear tranquil was too much for her. She had recovered from a

fainting-fit, and entreated so earnestly to be taken home, that he thought it advisable to have her indulged.

"Is she about to leave the house?" said Carleton, with a voice scarcely audible.

"She has left," said the signor;—"she was able to walk to her carriage—you hear it driving off."

Carleton could no longer contend with his emotions. Muttering some inarticulate sounds as a species of excuse, he hurried to the door, and, bounding down the staircase, rushed on in pursuit. He was late, although speed like this was little likely to be outstripped by any thing that moved in the shape of steed or vehicle in Paris. In a fair plain, Carleton would soon have overtaken the carriage he pursued, but in the intricacies of crossing streets he lost it. As he passed the outer gate of the house, the carriage turned a corner, where, when he arrived, he no longer could descry it. How he chafed at the houses by which it was hidden, and at the variety of openings, through any of which it could have disappeared! At length he came to his senses sufficiently to call a coach, and hasten to the Rue ———, and to the hotel where Madeleine had her residence. On inquiring of the porter, he learned that the count and his daughter had not returned; and, in order to have the speediest tidings, he entered a café from which the gate was visible, and seated himself at the window. An hour passed—no tidings. Another, and still the answer was a blank. At last, when night had actually commenced, and Carleton's reason had almost gone, he learned that the count was not expected to return. A message had come from him, directing that his daughter's trunks should be sent to the Hotel ———, from which they were to set out the following morning on a long journey. To the Hotel ——— Carleton repaired with frantic haste, and hastened only to meet a fresh disappointment. Neither daughter nor father was there. Apartments had been ordered for them, but they were subsequently countermanded, with directions that any thing sent to their address should be forwarded to another hotel, of which the person in attendance gave Carleton the name. Thither he proceeded with the feel-

ings of one who thinks all things existing in a league against him, and looks to varieties of disappointment and disaster as the only vicissitudes upon which he can reasonably reckon. The gates were closed, and yielded, certainly, to no gentle summons. As the wicket slowly turned on its hinge, he rushed in, and cried—

"Monsieur le Comte Dillon O'Moore?"

"He has left, monsieur," said the impassive concierge.

"Left the hotel?"

"Left Paris, monsieur."

"Alone?"

"No, monsieur—with mademoiselle his daughter."

The distress of Carleton, manifest and extreme as it was, appeared to produce little effect upon the yawning functionary, who seemed to have no other wish than that of being released from an intruder; but there was a somewhat gentler eye that marked the comely youth's dejection. Madame la concierge was more compassionate than her husband. She came out of her little apartment, entreating that monsieur would be seated, and would drink a glass of wine; and then remembering a commission in the midst of her courtesies, she said it must be for monsieur that a message was left with her. A lady in the hotel desired to be informed, if a young gentleman inquired for monsieur le comte or mademoiselle.

"Was it madame, the aunt of mademoiselle?"

"No; it was a young person, her attendant."

"Mademoiselle Annette?"

"Yes sir, I shall inform her you are here."

"I pray, conduct me to her at once."

There was a moment's hesitation; but Carleton remembered that there was a mode of persuasion which he had not yet tried; so while he assured madame that she might very safely gratify him, he confirmed his reasoning by an application of the kind which seldom fails. Madame, accepting the louis from Carleton's hand, took the light from her husband's, and offered herself as monsieur's conductor.

Poor Annette had evidently wept much, but at the sight of Carleton her tears flowed again, and she sobbed violently.

"Ah, sir, mademoiselle is gone—she is gone, and would not take me; but she has promised to send for me, if monsieur le comte permit. Here is a billet. She said to me—'Annette, if he come to seek me, give him this;—but if he do not come this night, burn it. Promise me.' 'But, mademoiselle,' I said, 'I can give the letter to-morrow;' and she said—'No, no!' and Annette imitated her mistress's passionate manner—'if he do not come, destroy it. Swear to me that you will,'"—and Annette, sobbing as she spoke, threw herself into a chair, and wept violently.

Carleton opened the billet. It contained only these words:—

"Pity me. I shall never see you more."

How Carleton passed the night, he would have felt it wholly impossible to describe; but on the morning following, he found himself in the apartment he had dignified with the name of a library, attired in the easy grace of a rich dressing-gown, and sipping chocolate with the air of one who, if he chewed the cud of bitter fancies, found that occasionally something very sweet mingled with the mournful repast. All was not dark around or within him. He believed that he was loved. Golden days of youth, how credulous they are of good! Nothing had been explained to Carleton of the incidents which had so disturbed him. He had not even the sensitiveness of conscience which might teach him to account for Madeleine's agitation and desertion of him at St. Germain l'Auxerrois; but it seemed as if explanation was now unnecessary. The events of the preceding day, and the precious little billet which he had found as many occasions of reading and re-reading, as if it were couched in the obscure and ambiguous characters of an ancient oracle, satisfied him that his love was shared. Youth and a happy temperament did the rest. There was nothing clear and definite in his plans for the future. How he was to achieve the success he coveted, he could not say or think;—but the end, he felt persuaded, was to be good—compared with his sensations on the preceding day, he might be pronounced almost happy.

His earliest morning visitor was De Mortagne.

"I thought it better," said the viscount, as he entered, "to make another perquisition here before having the Seine dragged. Accept my congratulations on the present posture of affairs. It will be a satisfaction to Madame de Valmont to find that she has not been accessory to your incurring a violent death. To do you justice, you seemed an eligible candidate for the Bicêtre. When you vanished yesterday, we would gladly have compounded for your having no worse asylum."

"Spare me," said Carleton;—"you are taking the stronger side if you join fortune against me." Try a new sensation—he merciful."

"Only give me an opportunity. To do so, you must try a new face. Your actual visage is not framed to move compassion. It lets out too much of your secret, and shows a kind of lurking satisfaction that has got something the better of your sorrow. There is a little of sadness, but of the kind your Jacques could suck out of a song. Like your glorious old cavalier, Ormond, when he would not give his dead son for any living son in Christendom, you would not sell or swap your sadness for any vulgar joy."

"The more fool should I be for my nicety. Madeleine is gone—gone with her father. Where? That is the question."

"A question, probably, not incapable of receiving an answer. I cannot yet say whether the movements of O'Moore are designed to be secret. If they are not, you shall soon know of his whereabouts. I expect aid from our sublime Rosicrucian. Do you know, I recognised in him an old ally of mine in gayer days than I am likely to see again."

"You did not appear to me to be acquainted with him."

"It was after you managed to effect so dramatic an exit the recognition took place. Your disappearance, indeed, seemed to rouse him into something like alert sensation. He even did you the honour to inquire who you were. His change of countenance was, to be sure, but for a moment—but it was enough. The light that just glanced upon it, although

fading in the instant it was seen, showed me many a little trait that would without it have remained unnoticed. In a word, I recognised my old friend; but I did not forget myself or lose my ordinary coolness. No one of the party saw any thing unusual except the sage. He saw he was known. He, too, recollected me; and when, after waiting on Madame de Valmont to her carriage, I returned, he was ready to receive and recognise me. I have no doubt he will be equally prepared to render me, and you for my sake, any service in his power."

"I have no design to task him heavily. If he will merely say where Count Dilloff O'Moore has taken his daughter, I ask no more."

"No more!—merely! I can tell you there are cases where such intelligence is no small matter. But I have reasons to expect more than a trivial service;—not because I have served him much. I acknowledge no fitness in the barter of services rendered and returns expected. Transactions of this description are usurious. Your law condemns them, so does our church, and so do I, although not very much addicted to church or law. I look for favour in the sight of our sage, not because I served him, but because we were friends once; and I have seen enough of him to be satisfied that old feelings are not dead in him."

"You may be right, and he may be all right, and have much within; but certainly there's not much life in his outward man. I never saw any thing so little like life as his whole appearance. I would not say he looks like death—there is too much power of mind and body to admit of such a comparison; but if I did not rely on your discernment much, I should feel little encouraged by your report of him. To me he seems like one who has outlived, if his present existence can be called life, all sympathies by which ordinary mortals are affected. Have you seen Murillo's picture of St. Bonaventure, who had got a few months' leave of absence from death, for the purpose of completing his memoirs? There's your man—your Rosicrucian."

"I cannot call to remembrance any picture such as you allude to. Tell me something about it."

"The tradition of St. Bonaventure

is, that he died while engaged in writing his memoirs, and on the fact being ascertained, he was sent back to complete the work. The subject of the picture is curious. You can see so plainly that Death has given leave of absence reluctantly. It has given to the saint 'no jot of colour,' and it has withheld all the expression that belongs to life. And the painter represents him, not as active in the discharge of a duty so soon to be done, or to be abandoned, but as if he were gazing with surprise, and an inability to comprehend how he could have ever written the manuscript before him. The pen is idle in his hand. Confess, does not our Rosicrucian friend a little resemble this resuscitated saint, giving you the idea of two lives, one existing in his memory, and existing without the power to feel, and the other a boon indulged to him for a little, and which he never loses the consciousness of having received from death?"

"Do you know, Mr. Edward Carleton, that without intending it, you have made a very decided hit—your foil has touched. What will you say when I tell you that somewhat about twenty years ago, I was to have been chief mourner at the Rosicrucian's funeral?—I told you I had served him. Here was one of my services—an obligation not to be forgotten."

"An obligation, indeed—one which few have lived to recompense, and fewer would choose to have returned in kind. Mourner at his funeral! An heir or a disconsolate widow might be grateful for such attention, but for the party more immediately concerned—the body-snatcher who achieved his resurrection would seem to me more entitled to gratitude."

"Youth is rash and opinionative—I must be indulgent and explain. 'There are occasions and causes, why and wherefore, in all things,' *teste* the disputatious Welshman. In truth our Rosicrucian—then no Rosicrucian and no sage—was in a danger from which he had no chance of escaping, except that of hiding from death in death's own mansion. I proceed to explain, and give me credit for entering upon my subject with true historical dignity."

"It was at the time when James III. (you would call him the Pretender; and I must admit, Providence or for-

tune seems to be of your opinion ; however, there were some who thought differently)—to resume—when James III. was causing proclamations to be distributed through England, in which he invited King George to lay down the British Crown, promising that in return he would recognise his right to Hanover, and indulge him in the peaceable possession of it. This was all very amicable and persuasive ; the arguments, too, by which your George was to be influenced were altogether logical and profound, based upon considerations moral, religious, and prudential—excellent good counsel. Still James did not appear very confident of its success ; but while distributing arguments, was actively engaged in the gathering together, at least in the enlistment of, soldiers ; believing, no doubt, that bayonets are not without their use in political controversies.

"The activities were not all on one side. King George, you may be sure, was not idle, and he had ministers worthy of much praise for their skill in countermining. Whatever Walpole may have wanted, he certainly had a head ; and with a command of the public treasury, and a freedom from prejudice and scruple that gave him an ample choice of expedients, he was enabled to checkmate many a subtle intriguer. Our friend the Rosierucian had managed to become a little too notorious. He was suspected ; spies were set upon him, and all his movements were watched. We, too, had our intelligence : we knew the danger—how to escape was harder to be learned. At this time we were both living *en garçon* at Bath, that agreeable watering-place—agreeable, I mean, for England—pardon me."

"Use no ceremony," said Carleton, "I would rather hear the end of your story than listen to excuses."

"Anxious and dull as we were," resumed de Mortagne—"I say we, for I would not separate myself from my friend—and indeed were I so disposed, my own danger was not inconsiderable—we dared not change our habits of life, and were preparing to keep an appointment at an assembly in the public rooms, on the very night we were driven to extremity.

"Come," said I, in reply to a knock

at the door—'here are our chairs, let us be going.'

"I was wrong. A visitor entered—a medical doctor, in good repute with both parties in Bath, though secretly a staunch adherent of King James III.—on right good terms with himself, too, if his rotund and rosy aspect told the truth.

"I have a commission for you," said he, 'from a lady'—naming the Mayor of Bath's beautiful wife—"I left her house this moment, where I can tell you there is no small commotion, as indeed the whole town is in a blaze—plots discovered—arrests making ; but my commission, that is my concern. Madame begs that you will translate for her into French, a passage from the tragedy of Macbeth ; here it is.'

"It was that which commenced, 'To-morrow—and to-morrow—and to-morrow.' Scarcely had I commenced my translation when I felt that it was not wanted. I divined a hidden meaning in the commission. Repeatedly before I had been favoured with intelligence from the same quarter.

"'Doctor,' said I, 'Mrs. — does not want a French translation. Madame gives us counsel to beware of to-morrow.'

"'You are right,' said he ; 'I have no doubt of it. Some intelligence seemed to have reached her suddenly ; there were several persons in her drawing-room at the time ; she must have devised this mode of apprising you that there is danger. You may reckon on any assistance in my power to render.'

"I spare you the detail of our further deliberations. The time was full of peril for the Rosierucian, and not without its threatening towards my less important self. There had been a plan laid, no matter now whether well or ill, to seize on the tower of London for King James, and call out, after the success of this enterprise, all the secret strength of the royal cause—I beg your pardon, you would suggest a different epithet—in England. The plot was discovered, and the trial of parties concerned—as of Laver who was hanged, and of Bishop Atterbury who was banished—will show you that, at the time, your country was rather in the Cambyzes vein, and could not wisely be trusted

by any who did not choose the conquering side in distinguishing between the rival sovereigns.

"I cannot, at this distance of time, say whether Macbeth helped me to the expedient we adopted. Immediately before the passage on which I was requested to officiate, was the line, 'she should have died hereafter.' I think it possible that it may have instructed me. In fine, we resolved that the Rosierucian—not the lines in Macbeth—should undergo translation. To preserve his life he must die.

"The doctor was^a worthy of all praise for his exertions in this new *Materia Medica*. He assisted in our preparations,^b and provided the necessary confederates. At dawn of the following day there was a duel fought, in which the Rosierucian was shot dead. His antagonist gave a new turn to thought and speech in Bath, setting off with his second at runaway speed from the consequences of his success. While they posted in a travelling chariot, the victim to the laws of honour had his abode in the last receptacle of the dead, practised upon so as to be made convenient and accommodating as so narrow a tenement could be rendered. I was to have attended as chief incurner in the funeral procession from Bath; but I found it expedient to be somewhat irregular in my movements. The day brought its quota of startling intelligence. The Duke of Norfolk had been arrested. A little billet from Madame decided my course, and forced me to leave the *post mortem* care of my friend to himself and the doctor. And so we separated, and until yesterday I had no knowledge of my old confederate or his movements, for nearly twenty years."

"And you find him now in rather an equivocal character. I would swear he is no dupe to his own imaginations.

He wears mystery as a halo around him, but it is an innocent light. Knowledge of the world and of men, keen sagacity and good sense, are visible through it. I cannot comprehend a man of such powers stooping to such a role as his.

"But of this you may be sure—the Rosierucian can serve you. If there are not strong reasons for keeping Count Dillon O'Moore's movements secret, we shall discover them."

"You have alluded more than once to the probability of secret movements; is it fair to ask why? Do you speak of secrecy arising out of engagements to the society of which I understand your Rosierucian friend is a member, and which excites so much interest in the idlers about your court?"

"Not in idlers only. But you are right in your conjectures. I speak with reference to engagements contracted to a society which will yet exert much influence in the world; every science will be made tributary to it—art will enrich it with her treasures, and nature will retain no secrets from it—a society which will soon govern all political movements in the world where we live, and which is even now unveiling all mysteries of that unseen world upon which the wise of former days were almost afraid to speculate."

"You grow warm in your praises; no common incident of your expressions. You would hardly speak, I should think, with such interest of any thing known to you only by report, or known so well as to expose its defects and weaknesses."

"I have been a member of the society long enough to have sounded its depths. I seldom speak of it. When I do, I speak as I feel—not more warmly than the subject merits."

CHAPTER XXV.—THE ROUGE-CROIX.

"King James, with many of his most zealous adherents, had taken refuge in France. But they took Freemasonry with them to the Continent, where it was immediately revived by the French, and was cultivated with great zeal, and in a manner suited to the tastes and habits of that highly polished people. The Lodges in France naturally became the rendezvous of the adherents to the exiled king, and the means of carrying on a correspondence with their friends in England."—*Proofs of a Conspiracy*, &c. &c.

"By the deep, soul-moving sense
Of religious eloquence;
By visual pomp; and by the tie
Of sweet and threat'ning harmony;
Whiles the white-robed choir attendant,
Under mouldering banners pendant."

WORDSWORTH.

ENGROSSED as Carleton was with a lover's passion, he was able to feel curiosity respecting the secrets of a society eulogized so, as this of the Rouge Croix.⁹ It was invested, too, with an interest not its own, from the circumstance of numbering the father of Madeleine among its members. There was little matter of surprise then in the fact that, at the conclusion of a long conversation, in which de Mortagne contrived to pique his curiosity, and to flatter his hopes, it was decided that Carleton should be proposed for admission at the noviciate of the society.

It is not essential to our story to describe all the thrilling ceremonies by which the fancy of the candidate for initiation was taken captive. It was at the great gate of Notre-Dame he was directed to await a conductor on the night when he was to be initiated into the society. To this conductor he had to surrender his arms, and was conveyed in a coach, he knew not whither, blindfolded and silent. De Mortagne received him at the gate where he alighted; but soon resigned him to an unknown guide, under whose care, although sometimes not in his presence, he underwent the various experiments upon his superstitious or visionary feelings, by which candidates for admission into the Rouge Croix were to be influenced or tested. The effect they produced on the mind of Carleton may be judged by a single incident. When de Mortagne rejoined him for the purpose of introducing him to the assembly, he was alone in a spacious apartment, where a light of intense brilliancy, representing what Carleton judged to be the crown of England, was silently burning.

"Thoughtful?" said the Vicomte, as he observed his paleness. "Thoughtful?"

"Perhaps!" said Carleton. "The matter seems more serious than I had imagined. Whatever your juggleries may be, they have affected, I may say a little disturbed, me. I have a secret to confide to you. My name is not Carleton, and in my present state of mind I am unwilling to enter your society under what may seem an imposition. This is not the time to tell you the reasons for my wearing a mask. My real name is Edward Marmaduke Neville. There was nothing dishonourable in my motives for making a temporary use of another."

"I have full faith in your honour," said De Mortagne; "I will set the matter to rights"—and he left him.

The neophyte was not left long to his solitary meditations. The light which was recently most brilliant, began to fade very rapidly, and Carleton as he looked up saw that the form of the crown was broken. Suddenly it seemed to fall in pieces, and the chamber was immersed in total darkness. After a short time he became sensible of a current of air as from some new opening in the apartment; then a light fell on him and the spot where he was standing, while all beyond was shadow so deep, that the utmost a strong eye could detect in the distance were faint and uncertain outlines which at one moment the mind would regard as evidence that human beings were there, and at the next, would dismiss as illusions of its own creation.

Carleton was not a man to be unduly affected by such pantomime as was displayed around him; but he was not altogether free from a feeling of suspense and expectancy. Before his eye was able to penetrate the darkness, he heard a voice which issued from a much greater distance than was reconcilable with the limits, as he had seen them, of the apartment.

"A person unknown is in the vestibule. Who is he, and what is his name?"

The answer was delivered in the voice of de Mortagne, speaking also from a distance—

"Edward Marmaduke Neville; in the courtesies of the world esteemed noble."

"What is his desire?"

"He supplicates admission to the noviciate of the venerable order of the Rouge Croix."

"Who answers for him that he is worthy?"

"I, the Brother Gualtier Vicomte de Mortagne."

"What of your own knowledge do you pronounce him to be?"

"Faithful—firm—and humane."

"Will he approve himself loyal—brave—and constant?"

"Yes, to his engagements."

"Will he embrace with true zeal, the cause our brotherhood promotes?"

"Therein the candidate must answer for himself."

"Edward Marmaduke Neville, listen to the first lesson of the noviciate whereinto you desire to be admitted."

A different voice here made itself audible, and read as follows:—

"In the visions of the night I was troubled, when I remembered strife, and cruelty, and hatred among brethren; and I asked, how long shall these things be, and what shall be the end of them? A voice said—hearken. It was wisdom that spake, and I listened.

"The voice said—Unity is good—and all things that be of good observe the law of unity. God is one, and he hath made all things of one, in his worlds of nature, providence, and grace.

"The luminaries that he hath set up in Heaven to rule for him the day and night—each is one.

"Of one hath he made the whole race of man. By one hath he, in sundry times and divers manners, saved from ruin the creatures he hath made. And, in the fulness of time, when he vouchsafed his saving grace, it was in the seed of Abraham, which is one, all his nations received the promised blessing.

"The law of unity is good, let all men honour and love it."

Here the reader ended, and the former voice said—"Edward Marmaduke Neville, you have heard the lesson of initiation read—do you assent that it is true?"

"I do not deny or dispute its truth," was the reply.

"Hear the second lesson."

The reader resumed—

"Yet again spake wisdom unto me, and my soul listened. The voice said—Love the rule of one—it is good—but the dominion of many gendereth contention—love the rule of one, and love him that ruleth. Judge him not, O man, for he is set in authority over thee. From his own master he shall receive judgment. Reverence him that ruleth, and set not thyself on high to judge him."

"The second lesson is ended," said the first voice; "the candidate may advance, and make his promise of obedience."

"To the principle of the lessons," said he, "I cheerfully assent, and am willing to promise obedience in all things just and honourable."

"Your sponsor has instructed you that no other obedience is desired."

The room now became suddenly dark. For an instant there was the silence and stillness of the grave. Then a haud was laid on Neville's—so cold that he shuddered at the touch. It was as the hand of death, but that it trembled. It led him forward to a door, at which he heard his conductor knock once and repeat a word of which he did not know the meaning. A whisper was then spoken in his ear, asking where he resided. When he had given his address, his conductor said with much earnestness, though in a whisper, "Expect a visitor at noon to-morrow—remember, noon." There was time for no more—the door flew open suddenly and disclosed a scene, not a little animating and startling, in the chamber into which he entered.

Two rows of men in rich dresses of black velvet, doublet and hose, ornamented with studs of jet, were standing with swords held up, and meeting over their heads. Through the vista thus formed a throne was visible at its termination, and seated on it a figure in rich mourning robes. The room was brilliantly illumined by lights dis-

posed to advantage, so as to give the utmost effect to the arch of steel formed by the weapons, and to the forms and dresses of all the parties engaged in the tableau. Through this arched passage Neville passed alone, and bending on one knee before the grand master, seated on the throne, made his vows, in general terms, and was initiated into the signs and pass-words of the order conferred on him.

Wonder after wonder succeeded in this eventful night. Scarcely had the new candidate been admitted into his noviciate, when he was summoned to accompany his sponsor, De Mortagne, to a festive party, and was surprised to find himself, after being led by a secret passage through some neglected apartments, in the salon of Madame de Valmont. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the society of the Rouge Croix, however mystic its ceremonies and pretensions, was in reality an agency for promoting the cause of the Stuart family, attracting by its lavish promises and mysterious adjuncts, members upon whom it exerted influences calculated to mould their political principles. It was a matter almost of course, that, in Paris, female genius should claim its part in the enterprise thus promoted; and accordingly an "order of felicity" was instituted, in which many ladies of the court became members. At their sittings, for routine business, no male person was admitted, but the lady-president and her council conferred on matters of moment with the grand master and officers of the Rouge Croix.

The real business of both societies was done most effectually in re-unions, such as that to which Neville was now invited, in which members of the society had opportunities of free intercourse with those whom they desired to influence, and could insinuate their views under forms not likely to be suspected.

It was a gay and varied scene into which Carleton was introduced. Throngs of richly-dressed and decorated ladies and cavaliers were standing in groups, engaged in animated conversation, or were moving from chamber to chamber. In one brilliantly lighted apartment there was a space sufficient to exercise and display all the spirit and graces of the dance. Every where was

life, in a state of most vivacious if not elevated excitement, forming such a contrast to the species of phantasmagoria, by which Carleton had been lately acted upon, as to dazzle and bewilder him.

The dance proved a restorative, and he had recovered his usual spirits and self-possession, while he led his partner, Madame de Valmont, through the mazes formed by brilliant groups and clusters, sparkling with gems of price, and who, not unfrequently threw out a compliment or returned a repartee more glittering than any jewel. They were standing near an open door, and Madame, stimulated by the admiration excited by the spirit and grace of her sketches, was giving very animated portraits of the company, when Carleton interrupted her to ask if she could tell whose was a voice, which, through all sounds of the night, had reached him from time to time with a sense of distinctness that compelled his attention. Madame listened—"Yes," said she, "I know that voice. What do you think of it? Why should we not have a physiognomy for the expression of voice as well as countenance? What do you think of this?"

"All I can say is, that I must forget the tone, or become woefully used to it, before I could trust the speaker. I have no great prejudice in favour of your religion, but I should think he is worse than a devotee. I should take him for one of your most daring and unbelieving philosophers."

Madame de Valmont answered with a smile, "Perhaps you are not very wrong—the master of that voice is, philosopher or not, the most impartial and consistent of all our unbelievers. Generally men have some resting-place which they make a home for their thoughts and affections. Some reject religion, and betake themselves to magic—to philosophy: but this infidel is at war with all—with religion secretly, with all other dogmas openly; his talents against the one—his life against the other. In short, the voice, you must have often heard of him who gives it utterance, is that of Dillon, archbishop of Narbonne."

"Come here, dearest," said a lady, not young, but, in revenge for youth, jewelled and rouged to an extreme, "come, and listen to

the representation; there is a most charming quartette in this little salon. Your friend, the Vicomte de Mortagne, is here, the English Lord Annandale, the Archbishop, and an Abbé—sly and merry—he is an Irishman they say, but speaks reasonably well. They have been discussing Damien's death, and Lord Annandale has spoken very beautiful things about the laws in England. But do stand here with me."

Madame de Valmont and Carleton accepted the invitation, and stood at the door of a little chamber into which they could not possibly enter, so densely was it occupied. From the place where they stood, elevated by a step, they could see the four persons named, seated round a small table, on which cards were now lying. Conversation had evidently prevailed against whist, and was continued without the slightest restraint from the consciousness that an auditory had been attracted to it. Perhaps indeed it derived additional spirit from the feeling that on the circle grouped around the table no happy expression would be lost.

"I doubt much," the Vicomte de Mortagne was speaking, "whether France has not chosen the most merciful as well as the wisest rule of action. Human life is too precious a thing to be squandered. We should make the most and the best of an execution. It is not for mere revenge we are to put a criminal to death, but to make his death a lesson to others who may profit by it. In fact the offended laws are to make the best of the offender—he has forfeited himself to them. Well," said he, applying to a snuff-box at his side, and holding his finger and thumb in the attitude of possession, "well, my lord, the best use that can be made of him is to put him to death by torture. An execution of this kind has a far more powerful effect upon the beholders than a mere simple termination of existence. Many an execution may be prevented—many a life saved—many a thought of crime put aside—by that rather revolting scene of Damien's death. Every remembrance of it will be a *garde-du-corps* for our beloved Louis. A thousand English executions would have a feeble effect. In fact, you do not get up these things in such a way as to be impressive. They are not di-

versified enough, nor thrilling enough. An execution ought to be a revolting thing, and we make it so. We have no wish to recommend it by accessories which would lessen its horrors."

"It is an awful thing," was the reply, "deliberately to take away life. I shall never regret that England does not unnecessarily add to the horror of it. I very much doubt too whether it is the fact that death by torture has all the efficacy you would ascribe to it."

"Is it more than reasonable to do so?" said the vicomte. "Will not thousands remember for ever the sufferings of Damien, who would soon forget his death?"

"I was about to observe," said Lord Annandale, "that the death of an Indian at the stake has not terror enough to discourage his nation; nor do I think you have less of crime in France where you break an offender on the wheel, than in England where his death is milder. But what I most strongly protest against is, the right to aggravate the infliction of death by any unnecessary horrors. The offender has forfeited his life, but not his soul, to the laws. Whatever may be the opinions of individuals, legislators should act as if they believed in two worlds; and while they appoint the circumstances in which men should be removed from this, they ought not to carry their severities further. It is dreadful to think of a wretch dying in agonies which make his last breath expire in curses and despair."

"If I might intrude on your discussion," said the voice which Carleton had already noticed, and which he now found lost nothing from the physiognomy at once caustic and enjouée of its master, "I would say that England is not so clear as your lordship seems to think, from the charge of cruelty and injustice. The cases are numerous in which your laws aggravate the pain of death by the worst tortures."

"Will your grace have the goodness to name to me an instance of this description," said the English peer, with grave, but not alarmed, surprise.

"The cases are unhappily numerous, my lord," said the archbishop. "Whenever your laws condemn a Catholic to death—at least in Ireland—the most cruel tortures are added to his punishment."

The astonishment of Lord Annandale now became extreme. He was for a moment speechless, and the silence of the surrounding company was breathless.

"This is a cruelty of which I have never had the remotest idea. I must beg of you to name some instance of it. No British minister will, I am persuaded, suffer any agent in such an enormity to remain unpunished. Let the instances be but known."

"They are known, my lord, thoroughly, as I shall presently satisfy you," and the archbishop paused, enjoying, it was evident, the amazement of his antagonist, and the appearance of the surrounding group, intense life in the eager expectancy of their looks, while they stood motionless and silent as the grave. He resumed with slow and deliberate emphasis—"England denies to a condemned Catholic in Ireland the ministrations of his religion. He cannot die in peace and hope, without the comforts which his priest is commissioned and authorized to impart. England stands between the miserable man and this last consolation. No physical torture can equal the dreadful severity of an infliction like this. Honour to England—in the competition of cruelty she has carried the prize."

There was a solemnity of manner and intonation in the archbishop's utterance of this little speech, that had an effect on every hearer. Lord Annandale made a confused reply, alleging his opinion that the severity of the law was connived at in the execution of it—that inasmuch as ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome were supposed to be adherents of the house of Stuart, and as they refused to swear fealty to the family on the throne, it was not thought wise openly to favour men who were thus manifestly estranged from loyalty; but that the law connived at infringements on its rigour, and suffered things to be done which were not formally legalized.

"My lord, I assure you," said the archbishop, "in this instance there is no such indulgence as you imagine. The law is rigorous. Abbe O'Hagerty," said he, turning to a person who had as yet sat silent—the same person whom Carleton remembered to have seen at Varangeville—"you could, I think, convince his lordship. If I

mistake not, you had recent experience that the law I speak of is rigidly executed."

The Abbe O'Hagerty paused to recollect, or to plan, his story, but did not pause long. After about a minute's silence he commenced:—

"A few years since, I made a journey to Ireland. I belong, my lord, to that country of chaos, and I returned there to visit an aged parent. I do not fear to confess to your lordship that I travelled in disguise. I had a dispensation to do so, and I journeyed, under the credentials of my elder brother, a colonel in the Irish Brigade. When I was on the point of returning hitherward, I learned that one of my father's dependents, for whom I entertained a remembrance of old affection—one who had played with me when a child, and had been an attendant upon the sports of my youth—was in the county prison, and condemned to die. The report reached us in a few hours after sentence was passed—passed, by the way, at midnight;—and at an early hour on the following day I was at the prison.

"I had previously secured an entrance to that dreary abode in a written direction to the keeper of the jail, given me by the high sheriff. Armed with such an authority, and by aid of a *douceur*—a language understood by the turnkey, who attended me—I found it no difficult matter to obtain a free interview with my poor condemned friend. The turnkey understood that I was to be left some short time alone with him.

"As we passed along the dismal gallery, terminating in the condemned cell, I was fearfully affected by the piteous cries which issued from it. I have suffered and done enough to have the keenness of early sensibility abated; but the heart will not all die; some feeling will still live, and mine was strongly excited by the affliction of my poor dependent. 'How he caws,' said the turnkey, 'and, queer enough, loud and bitter as he shouts out now, when he comes to the gallows, I'll be bound he'll die hard enough. Isn't it odd, sir, such a coward in the dungeon, and when the rope is round his neck, so brave.'

"The turnkey was grossly mistaken. There was no fear of death in the heart of the condemned, nor in his

cries. I paused at his door before entering, and arrested the steps of my conductor. The poor wretch within had not heard us: he was all absorbed in the one great subject of his thoughts: he was praying—sometimes it might be said, howling a prayer. It was an odd medley—by no means orthodox—sometimes bordering on the ludicrous; but it so strongly illustrated the truth I would communicate to his lordship, that I am disposed, with your permission," said he, glancing a look round his auditors, "to repeat it."

At a sign of assent from all the company, he continued—

"Oh, blessed and holy Mother of God!" cried the poor wretch, 'is there no hope for me? What on earth will I do? What is to become of me? Oh, holy St. Michael, and all archangels, have ye no compassion?' Then he would break out into a frenzy of unmeasured violence. 'What will I do for a priest?—a priest—a priest? Am I to be sent to hell? and is it for such a thrifle that I'm to be ruined for ever and ever? A poor boy that never did hurt or harm to mortal, except of a start now and then to a proctor or a bailiff, and would again, glory be to God—and would again. Oh, is there no mercy? many's the miracle ye done—is there ne'er a one for me? Oh, what'll I do at all at all? Mother of Mercies—Tower of Ivory—oh, if ye'd soften the hard heart of the jailer, an' make him let Father Hennecey—ay, or the cruellest priest that ever heard a confession, to come in to me and save me, before I'm damned.' Such was the strain in which this poor wretch prayed. As to his death, he did not even seem to think of it. He was silent for a moment, and we were about to enter, when he broke out again. 'What'll I do to airm a meracle? Here I am, black fasting for my sins, since the pint of whiskey I drank with James Morissy on yesterday morning. Isn't that pennance? an' is this pennance?' Here we heard a sound as of a heavy blow, and a body falling. The door was opened, the turnkey retired, agreeably to our compact, and when I entered, I saw the poor wretch on the ground: he had struck himself a violent blow with his manacled hands, on the forehead. Two streams of blood

were coursing down his face, but consciousness had not utterly left him. The prudent turnkey had closed and locked the door when he departed, and unembarrassed by his presence, I soon succeeded in restoring the poor wretch to a state in which he knew me. At first he recognised me as the son of his master, and for a moment the recollection of early days cast out all thoughts of the dreadful present. But when he came to understand that I was an ecclesiastic—oh, my lord, it would require your own Shakespear to give even a faint idea of the poor man's ecstasy. He felt as if the miracle he prayed for was wrought in his favour. God, or our Lady, had sent me to his cell in answer to his prayers. I heard his confession, and I have only to add, that never hero or martyr seemed more triumphantly reconciled to his approaching fate, than Jeremiah Dwyer, the murderer."

There were murmurs something like applause as the speaker ended. Among them, Lord Annandale was heard returning thanks for the information which drew his attention to a subject he had thought too little of before. A glance of inquiry, and of approval, was exchanged between the priest and prelate, but neither spoke. As the quartette broke up, and passed into the outer room, the archbishop and De Mortagne addressed their compliments to Madame de Valmont; and Lord Annandale, who passed with a bow, found an opportunity to say to Carleton, in an under voice—

"I wish you to come with me, can you do so?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Then disengage yourself, without attracting observation. You'll find my carriage waiting."

Carleton made no long delay, and was soon seated in Lord Annandale's library.

"I do not ask you," said the venerable peer, "if you have been admitted into this new mystic society. One thing I am sure of—you have contracted no obligation to disable you from rendering your country a service—I see I am right."

"Only name to me what I can do, you shall not find me slow."

"You have been free for some time to take your departure from France. Are you willing to leave Paris imme-

diately, and hasten with all speed to London?"

"May I ask with what object?"

"Will you be the bearer of a dispatch to the minister? It is of the very utmost importance that it shall be conveyed speedily. I am a prisoner at large here—the safety of our country is at stake—you shall have the dispatch, and all things necessary, in an hour—shall they find you ready?"

"Surely—I shall endeavour to prove myself worthy of the honour you confer on me."

Carleton was in the act of leaving the room, when Lord Annandale recalled him, to say—

"You must not confide to any person that you are returning to England."

Carleton was confounded. His design was to seek De Mortagne before he set out, and to arrange with him how he was to have the intelligence he had been so eager to obtain. To depart without some arrangement of the kind, would be to cheat and frustrate his most cherished expectations.

His tremor and confusion could not escape the notice of an observer less acute than Lord Annandale, who said to him—

"I see you are irresolute—refuse me, if you find what I require of you too much to grant to your country."

"My lord," said Carleton, recovering himself—"I had but one arrangement to make before leaving. It was," said he, his colour heightening as he spoke, "to contrive how I might receive a letter from M. de Mortagne. He hoped to procure for me the address of a person who left Paris a few days since."

"Of two persons, I think you mean," said Lord Annandale, with a smile—"unless you reckon father and daughter one. The Count Dillon O'Moore is on his way to Ireland, where he purposes remaining some time, with his daughter, now the companion of his travels."

"My lord," said Carleton, "I am ready."

"That youth is saved," said Lord Annandale, as Neville retired.

CHAPTER XXVI.—ALTERED FRIENDS.

"I had, ah have I now, a friend!"

Dillon.

"Thy visional power subdues no mysteries:
Mole-eyed, thou mayest but burrow in the earth:
"The common, the terrestrial, thou mayest see,
With servicable running knit together
The nearest with the nearest; and therein
I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er
Full of mysterious import nature weaves,
And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust
Even with the starry world, with thousand rounds,
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministries
The circles—the circles that approach
The central sun with ever narrowing orbit—
These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye,
Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre."

Coleridge's Wallenstein.

The Vicomte de Mortagne was undergoing the ennui of a rather elaborate toilette when he was informed that a person who urgently entreated to be admitted to his presence was in waiting to deliver a letter.

"Take it from him, and let me have it."

"He says he was charged to present it to my lord's own hand."

"Then show him in."

The letter was from Carleton, who remembered before the end of his first stage from Paris that he had con-

tracted an engagement to receive a visitor, and who wrote to entreat that De Mortagne would take his place, and explain that his absence was unavoidable. The letter contained nothing more except some few commissions which he begged his friend to execute.

There wanted but a few minutes to noon when De Mortagne arrived to keep his friend's appointment. Hastily summoning Carleton's valet whom his master had left behind, he gave him directions to inquire of any visitor whether he came by appointment, and

took his place in his friend's library. He had not been there many minutes when a visitor was announced.

"Who is he?"

"Monsieur declines to give his name."

"Does he come by appointment?"

"Yes, my lord. He says that he apprised Monsieur of his intention to visit him last night."

"Show him in."

The valet retired, and the Rosicrucian, Signor Barbarini entered.

It was a meeting which caused a lively surprise to the Vicomte, and in which the Rosicrucian seemed to feel something like veneration and disappointment. The embarrassment, however, was but of brief duration. De Mortagne explained, so far as he was able, the delegated duty he had undertaken, and did not refuse to offer his conjectures as to the cause of Carleton's absence.

"You call him Carleton," said the Signor; "was he not initiated under another name?"

De Mortagne explained, and there was a short silence: the Signor broke it—

"You think he has set out in quest of the Count O'Mooro. Could we reach the person who was the bearer of his letter to you?"

"Yes; I have arranged for all that."

The bearer of Carleton's letter soon gave up the little information in his power to impart; and, scanty as it was, it sufficed to render the probability strong that the route of the youth was for Great Britain or Ireland, where, De Mortagne was aware, it had been for some time free for him to proceed.

There was much conversation between the two who

"Had been friends in youth"—

but the Rosicrucian did not seem to yield frankly to the influences of old remembrances. He had fought in the cause of Maria Theresa, had been for many years a prisoner, and in the solitude of a most dreary captivity became an altered being. The visions of his dungeon gloom had put on reality in his remembrance of them; and while perfectly clear and collected in his observations on the actual world around him—and proving that he could dis-

criminate with much sagacity the true from the seeming, and could act with promptitude and peace of mind—it was manifest that he had a thorough belief in the possibility of intercommunication between mortal and incorporeal beings, and indeed a persuasion that he was himself not unfrequently favoured with the privilege of such intercourse. It was in such a persuasion he gradually warmed into a freedom in which he disclosed to De Mortagne his prospects as to the future fortunes of the Stuart cause, the promptings of his own sagacious mind seeming to come back upon him as though they were the revelations of some favouring spirit.

As De Mortagne listened to these dark prognostications, his own spirits fell—fell, not because his feelings were engaged in the falling cause, but because his fortunes were implicated in it, and must fall with it. At an early age master of his own possessions, and at an early age the squanderer of all he possessed, De Mortagne attached himself as an adventurer to the house of Stuart, and offering to its service courage and intelligence, accomplishments and a title, he contrived so to profit by opportunities which fell in his way, that he was enabled to resume, although with more discretion, the life of luxury in which he had passed his youth, and to obtain the credit of devoting his life to the service of the cause on which it had become dependent. This cause was now a most frail and uncertain dependence. Lost in England—crushed in Scotland—not countenanced in France—how little was to be expected from the strength that could be gathered to its aid in impoverished and semi-barbarous Ireland! De Mortagne separated from the associate of his former years with no enviable sensations—he spoke of the ruin of the royal cause, but it was the thought of his own overthrow that (like the urn in which the ancient actor embraced the ashes of his son) gave his regret its reality.

As he passed in review the depressing subjects of reflection thus presented to him, in the natural process of his thoughts he adverted to the unlooked for estrangement of his ancient friend from all topics or feelings of old remembrances. Strange that a life such as he had led should have so

obliterated friendship! Strange that superstitious fancies and the solitude in which they started into being, should rival the incidents and dissipations of Parisian life in their hardening influence upon the heart! He had no right to complain—he could not contrast his old friend's indifference with his own constancy of affection, but still he thought it strange. Pondering on these comfortless speculations, he returned to his hotel, where he passed the day alone, and was concluding his solitary dinner when a note was brought to him. The bearer had been at Carleton's lodgings, and thence, after inquiring, as he was directed, at various places where the Vicomte usually resorted, sought him at his home. The note ran thus:—

"We have parted, as the denizens of different spiritual worlds must long continue to part, in mutual coldness. My share in this I confess and lament—but I dare not change. My life is yet too feeble and ill assured to hold affectionate intercourse with the dead. But I do not forget that the death you exist in seems life to you—and in your life of death I would willingly serve you. The messenger I send is trusty—you may confide in him, and answer in plainness of thought and speech the questions I have commissioned him to speak for me."

"Who brought this note?" said the Vicomte.

"A Monsieur who says your lordship is acquainted with him. His name is Ryan. His face is dreadfully marked by a scar."

The messenger, James Ryan, whom in Ireland we introduced to the reader's notice, and who was the hero of De Mortagne's tale at Madame de Valmont's, entered. His commission was to ascertain if the Vicomte would take charge of certain papers which had been the object of conversation between him and Barbarini in the morning, and would present them to the parties before whom they were to be laid. De Mortagne understood the purpose of his old associate. He had, himself, been for some time less honoured by the Stuart party, and less trusted with their secrets than he had, as he thought, deserved, and had not been altogether silent on the subject in his morning's conversation. He felt that the coin-

mission now to be confided to him had for its object to reinstate him in his former position. He gave the answer expected, and Ryan having had his mission completed, prepared to retire. He remained at the pressing invitation of De Mortagne, and took a seat at his table.

"You must refresh yourself," said the host; "you have passed the greater part of the day on a business that concerned me—give a few moments now to yourself."

Ryan, as soon as he had yielded to the invitation, showed that he was not indisposed to profit by it. In other society the freedom and ease of his manner might have made his social position uncertain; but seen in comparison with one of the lofty and graceful bearing of the individual in whose presence he was now seated, there would be little difficulty in detecting the tone and breeding of one whose habits were not formed in high society.

"I am happy to see that you do not appear to have suffered by your change of life. At the same time I should tell you that you have marred a fairer prospect than any you are likely to realise. You gave much satisfaction by your adroitness and energy in the police; and at the time of your incomprehensible disappearance, I had obtained a promise of considerable promotion for you."

"You are good, sir, very good. Will you allow me the liberty to ask one question?" De Mortagne bowed assent. "Did Monsieur de Bertines, or any of his gang, make an ill report of me when I was out of their way—accuse me of any misconduct?"

"No: on the contrary, there was an acknowledgment of your merit, and regret for the loss of your services."

"Thanks, sir—thanks; I wished no more. More than once I could have served myself largely. You would hardly credit the bribes I have refused—not from respect to my employers, or any power in France, but in honour of your recommendation. You saved my life; you saved me from disgrace. If I ever do you or your recommendation wrong, may there be no help for me in my worst extremity. No, sir—you put me into the police, and I did you no discredit. But for

the matter of promotion"—here he filled a crystal goblet with sparkling wine, which he eyed for a moment, using it as a magnifying glass for the light, and then laid it down untasted. "That cup of good wine, sir, I would not forfeit for any advancement that could be given me." Then draining the glass at a long draught, and smacking his lips as he set it down, he continued—"And if his Majesty were to send me wine like that from his own cellars, and to reward me for every day's cajoleries by a night of revelry with such liquor and jolly companions—may I be cursed if I would take the place of the Intendant Lieutenant-General himself to purchase such a merry existence. My nature is against it: I was born an enemy to kings and laws, and I have no more taste for them in France than ever I had in my own old Ireland. At first, sir, things were well enough. I was saved from the galleys or the dungeon—things I had no fancy for—I liked the plots, and schemes, and adventures; in short, I liked the life I led—but I did not at all like the accounting with Monsieur de Bertines, and the way he gave me my orders. Then, again, I was a servant of the king, and an enemy of all that broke the law. I did not like this—no. It was better than the college, because I had more fighting and more feasting." Here he diversified the narrative by a bumper. "But still I was under authority; and sometimes when I had to outscheme a poor wretch whom I knew not to have done any thing dishonourable—and when I knew that the man who schemed to put him up in a dungeon was a tyrant and a scoundrel—little as I have of conscience and feeling, I found I had some, and it went against the grain to be ever and always quarrelling with them for the sake of the laws. Besides, my pay and appointments from the king were not half what I could pick up for doing the very things I wished to do, and would do but for the respect I bore you"—another bumper.—"In short, sir, at the end of the second year I could bear it no longer. If you had been in Paris I would have done myself the honour to wait on you; but I did not owe any thing elsewhere. I took my --- and gave my services—when I

to labour, I ceased to draw my pay. Here is all."

"I only hope all is well. Have you any plan formed for the future? Your conduct in Ireland, I understand, has given satisfaction. Are you thoroughly tired of the part you played in it?"

"I have consented to return there again; and yet it is not for the love of country. I have loved too many things good and bad to retain that passion. But what was I to do? I have no wish to lose my life, or to live without enjoying life—and so I must work. Besides, my lord, I like the kind of work I have to do there. If I have no more of the honorable weakness that men call love of country, I have a passion not weaker or less exciting. I have as much satisfaction in counterplotting an oppressor as another man has in doing his country good. In short, I like my employment in Ireland."

"How have you sped there? I know your spirit and exertion; but had you success?"

"A year or two may show. One part of it was easy enough. Where the people hate the laws, there's little trouble in engaging them to conspire against their rulers; and what the rulers can expect, while they neither satisfy the people nor put them down, it puzzles my poor brain to comprehend. Still they are a stirring set of fellows, brave and determined. They hold the country with a high hand, and will fight a hard battle to keep it. Your lordship will find a copy of the Report among the papers I had the honour to present you."

"You told me, I think, that you had some narrow escapes?"

"Yes, we were kept a little on the alert. The danger, however, was chiefly when personages of your lordship's class came amongst us. Poor knaves like myself passed free enough: while I could have my share in carousing, and pay my way before me, and never took a life or a purse—nobody took the trouble to suspect me. I thought, when I went over first, I must take to some trade or calling, and purposed to be pedlar, or tinker, or horse-dealer, or something else that gives a right to be a vagabond; but I misreckoned—my remembrance of poor Ireland was sadly con-

fused—I recovered my senses when I trode on the old soil, and found that the safest trade I could take to was that of an idler able to live at my own cost; give an occasional cup of wine, or bowl of punch, to the constable, and propitiate his superior in authority by an offering, when I knew it to be seasonable, from my rod or gun. It is very inconvenient to suspect the party who is to supply fish or game, when great guests are to sit at table. Sometimes, in a fit of passion, such persons may forget themselves, but they soon set matters right again, as I have reason to know. Things were changed with me when some of the

grands came over to mix themselves in the affair, and French gold began to be seen too often. The Signor Barbarini, although he kept himself as close as man could do, there was the world and all of work to get at him. It was to him I had to make my reports; and although I did the business as cleverly as I could, he made me become a suspected character. The fact was, my lord, there was a notice, I believe, that he was the prince himself, or somebody else almost as great. He is to try another game, I understand, when we go next."

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE PRINCE.

"Cold friends to me! What do they in the North?
When they should meet their sovereign in the West,"
Shakespeare.

DE MORTAGNE'S conference with the Archbishop of Narbonne, to whom he was duly accredited by the Signor Barbarini, was of a more stirring interest than he had anticipated. He found the prelate in a state of much excitement, at a late hour in the night, alone, pacing with disordered steps in his luxurious library.

To understand the cause of his mental disquiet, his relations with the French court, as well as with the pretender to the throne of England, should be taken into account. From the one he derived consideration in the societies of Paris; from or through the other he hoped to attain a still higher ecclesiastical distinction than any the French monarch was likely to procure him. The divided allegiance thus contracted came attended with no slight inconvenience. The cause of the Stuart family had lost favour at the court of France. The representations made by the emissary De Burgh had effected its ruin. He described the state of Ireland as that of a country ripe for revolt from British authority; but affirmed that the house of Hanover was scarcely less odious in the judgment of the people than that of the exiled family. If there were to be an invasion, it should be one, he said, having objects and interests distinct from those of the Stuarts. If that family had any partisans in Ireland, they were, with very few ex-

ceptions, such only as the ecclesiastics, their nominees, were able, by unremitting efforts, to keep together; and he intimated with much plainness, that even the ecclesiastics themselves were beginning to become cold as hope deserted them.

De Burgh prudently left it to the high personages whom he addressed to consider for themselves how the relations of European policy affected their deliberations. He confined himself to the state of Ireland, and showed that there it was impolitic to lift the flag or the name of a family for whom Ireland cherished no feeling of respect or devotion. His representations prevailed. It was determined that the Stuart cause should have little countenance—and while the friends and partisans of that house were labouring with zeal in a cause that had become their own, the court of France had abandoned it.

Such a state of things will sufficiently explain the disquiet of the Archbishop of Narbonne at this period of our story.

"Welcome, most welcome, good friend," said he, as the viscount entered; "never was archbishop, bishop, or priest in more discomfort; I am in dire extremity, in profundis!"

"My dear lord, I am wholly incapable of comprehending your agitation or imagining a cause for it."

The archbishop walked up to him,

looked steadily in his face for a moment without speaking, then whispered, "The Prince!"

"The Prince! What of him?"

"I expect his royal highness here this night."

"You astound me—the thing is impossible. What can have induced your grace to form such an idea?"

"Read this, and say whose writing it is. I found it on my table this evening, and could learn no more than that a person whose face was concealed, delivered it at the gate, with directions that I should see it immediately on my return home. Read it."

De Mortagne read—

"One who has fought and suffered for the church, sends to the Archbishop of Narbonne this brief notice of a visit. Circumstances render a more ceremonious notice impossible—nor is a longer notice necessary to ensure all that is looked for—a pastor's blessing and advice—a soldier's entertainment."

"Well," said the archbishop, "can you doubt the hand—are my fears unreasonable?"

"It certainly is like—in every respect like—but still the probabilities are against you. Not to reckon up so many others, look here. Here is a letter to which much importance seems ascribed. It contains the opinion of a professor of Louvain, of most extensive knowledge of the subject he writes on. A doctor of the Sorbonne, well known to your grace, was commissioned to procure his opinion. It was then forwarded to the Cardinal Protector of Ireland, and has been finally transmitted to me, by the king's confessor, for my judgment, and with instructions that I should also procure the judgment of your grace. While the court is proceeding so cautiously, and, I would add, prudently, it is difficult to think that the prince should decide upon any thing so hazardous as appearing here, until he had ascertained that the irrevocable step was likely to be taken."

"Monsieur le Vicomte, you forget to make due allowance for the disturbing effects of filial piety. You reason as if his royal highness were a party to these prudent consultations, while the truth is, he has so much respect and consideration for the king, as to spare him the annoyance of his own irregu-

larities. The prince carefully shuns the place where his royal father resides. He has been, for I have accurate knowledge of his movements and sojournings, at Avignon, at Lyons, ay, at Fontainebleau; disguised, no doubt;—but what my agents have penetrated, others may. He is at this moment in Paris. Indeed so strongly am I impressed with the expectation or fear of his coming, that I must entreat you to—listen. What do you say now? Is that his step?"

They listened but for a moment; in another instant the door was opened—a head appeared—and, after pronouncing the words, "My lord archbishop—General Stuart"—was withdrawn, to appear again, as Charles Edward entered with that air of frankness and unconscious dignity which was characteristic of him, and which often disarmed enmity by the charm of seeming never to apprehend it.

"Archbishop of Narbonne, and Monsieur le Vicomte de Mortagne," said he, as the two approached to offer their respectful salutations, "I accept it as a happy augury to find you met together. Two friends more attached to my father's person and interest I could not meet—none for myself could I have more desired to meet."

"Ever may we be found faithful, sir," said the archbishop. "I pray you pardon my unreadiness to receive your royal highness with the honours I should have been proud to offer. It was not undutifulness."

"Not a word on that subject, my good friend; I availed myself, as in old times, of the secret spring, and was happy to find your hospitable gate still obedient to it. Unless it were unavoidable I would not have summoned an attendant. Is not this a little like prudence? and—another prudence, for which I expect my reward, since I left Fontainebleau I have not eaten."

"My dear prince. Alas! alas! for the times. There is a poor collation prepared. Will it please you to refresh yourself. My friend and I will, to our best abilities, wait on you."

The archbishop had rung a bell when the prince entered, and had been satisfied, by a sign which he understood, that a repast was prepared in an adjoining chamber, and that no servant remained in attendance. The prelate's

household had, indeed, been disciplined to such observances, and the precaution passed as a mere matter of course.

"Nay, nay!" said the prince, as the archbishop and de Mortagne conducted him, retiring with their faces towards him, into an adjoining room, "no such ceremonies now. We shall enact such things if better days come, for the entertainment of the crowd. Charles Edward and his faithful friends will ever be, I trust, as we shall be now. The loyalty of a true gentleman is the living soul that gives ceremony worth; wherever it has been proved, ceremony is better dispensed with. Sit, dear friends. The good cheer of my excellent prelate is worthy of the best honour we can offer it. Why, archbishop, if my cousin Louis were to be of the party, you need not have made more elaborate preparation."

"Your royal highness is so condescending. The best that a short time admitted I have done. The first thing to be thought of, when a much-honoured guest arrives or is expected, is to prepare for his rest and refreshment. So the Holy Scriptures themselves inform us, and indeed the father, or prince, as we may call him, of what is best in Heathen poetry, is, in this, but a copyist or commentator on the sacred. Homer's heroes always pay a visit to the kitchen, or send orders there, when friends are coming."

"Another of Homer's good rules, my lord archbishop, is never to speak of business until the desire of eating at least has been satisfied. I am not in the humour to violate so good a rule;—so gentlemen I shall only say, here is Charles Edward, ready, like the barbarian general of old, to fling his sword into the scale where our noble enterprise is in the balance, and to follow it with his life. Come, gentlemen, you will both pledge me. The king—father though he be to a graceless son—the king shall have his own again."

A short time passed over gaily. Topics of the day were the subjects of their conversation. The court—the theatre—the personages of transitory celebrity were passed in rapid review, and suggested observations replete with good sense, or poignant with wit, as each, in its turn, was dismissed.

The prince recounted agreeable incidents of his travels, listened to recitals of the comments passed in the salons and public places of Paris on his person and his cause, and seemed at least equally with his companions, devoted to the cheerfulness of the moment. Singular power of the human mind! three beings engaged in an enterprise of much moment and peril—in the very crisis of it—can apparently dismiss every serious thought, and assume the spirit and temper of men who have no care, but of embellishing the hours as they pass with the graces of wit and pleasure.

The disengagement implied in such an effort could not be sustained long. It was evident soon that each had his secret, which would not consent to remain neglected. The gaiety became interrupted—wit sparkled less brilliantly—seriousness showed itself upon lately unclouded brows; there were silences. "Come, gentlemen," said Charles Edward, "poetry gives precedent for no further mirth. With your permission we will to business."

"Here is a letter, sir, with which the archbishop was occupied when your royal highness entered. Is it your pleasure to read it?"

De Mortagne explained the purpose for which it had been sent. Charles Edward took the letter and commenced the perusal of it.

"You may observe, sir, that the only passage of importance is in the fourth page. It contains the opinion which we would submit to your royal highness, as to the expediency of an immediate descent on Ireland."

"Pardon me, I will read the whole. The non-essential parts of the letter may assist me in assigning a value to the more important."

The patience of the prince can be judged of only by those who imitate him in perusing the letter which was as follows:—

"Louvain, College of Pope Adrian VI.

"Feast of the Conception of the Holy Virgin.

"Esteemed and worthy Friend—If I have incurred the blame of dilatoriness by the lapse of time, measuring not less than nine days, which has intervened since your epistolary greeting reached me, I may say, with all sincerity, that I have not been a wilful offender. *Inimicus hoc fecit*, not as

Holy Scripture sayeth, *Inimicus homo*, the inimical man, but an enemy more ireful and inclement than even adverse man—my unforgiving gout. Alas! my friend, even in these sharp visitations, God admonishes the faithful and offers instruction to the unbeliever. There will be a purgatory for the carnal delectations of this life. Who can doubt that there may be chastening torments hereafter, when they are found to be sent to us here?"

"It may be prejudice, archbishop," said the prince, "but I cannot feel the force of the worthy father's reasoning. There is not much to console a gouty man in the thought that his present sufferings contain the promise of worse; and as to the chastening effects of pain, I confess, what I have seen of gout, would lead me to an opposite conclusion from our pious friend. Gout is certainly no sweetener of the temper. I do not see why purgatory should prove more efficacious."

The archbishop smiled—but whether indulgently to the sally of the prince, or in approbation of his argument, would be hard to determine. De Mortagne's shrug was more unequivocal. The prince proceeded—

"Let me be indulged, good friend, in this moral reflection, and pardoned for my tardiness. Ascribe it to the infirmity of my members—acquit my heart of being voluntarily culpable."

"Certainly, good father, you have borne your pains meekly," said the prince.

"I grieve to inform you that the spirit of Jansenism has not been cast out from the hearts of all." "Jansenism—what has that to do with the subject," muttered the reader, impatiently—"even within our academic retirements. It is the spirit of this evil which I condemn, reject, and anathematise; towards its erroneous opinions I could be more merciful. I would implore pardon and compassion for a false doctrine, even while shuddering at the leaven of Calvin within it, but for a rejection of the bull issued by our holy father, revered by the Catholic church, there can be no mercy. No; Jansenism is now open heresy, the pestilence that walketh in the noon day. Its essence is license of private judgment—it is the spirit of revolt, moving over the face of order, to

convulse it into chaos again. *Anathema, maranatha.*

The prince lifted his head impatiently—De Mortagne anticipated him. "Your royal highness will please to remember that you were warned. The opinion of the writer is given in the fourth page. It was your pleasure to read the irrelevant matter preceding it." "True," said the prince, "I can accuse only myself. I shall go through with my labour."

"The friends respecting whom you have interrogated me here, are, I firmly trust, sound in the faith. One was recently admitted a licentiate in our university. Would that the proud, and the sordid, and those scornors who, I am informed, have begun to arrogate to themselves the name of philosophers, (and in Heathen times philosophy was good, because it was better than false religion,) were influenced to meditate on the ceremonies with which our honours are conferred, or even to observe them. Heathens could discourse upon the ameliorating influence of letters, and become eloquent upon the benignity with which they made all men brothers. All this was imagination and fantasy in those dark days. It is in the Catholic religion alone letters have power to promote so felicitous results. In the Catholic religion alone they obliterate national distinctions and redress inequality of condition. A few years only have elapsed since Eugene O'H. sought a temporary home in our university. Not to be severe, I may aver, and you know yourself, he was not a man, *factus ad unguem*. He was deficient in the humanities—but imperfectly learned—and in outward aspect and manner somewhat uncouth. How changed did he appear yesterday, when he walked forth from our theatre, a licentiate, entitled to take rank with men of gentle blood, and qualified, by his acquirements, to maintain the post in which Christian literature had placed him. Verily, there was a gravity not undignified in his air while Flanders rung her joy-bells, and commanded her trumpets to sound, proclaiming the honors she had conferred on the native of a country, of which, if religion had not created the intercourse of Catholic communion, she could have little or rather no knowledge. Here is a triumph of Christian unity, well worth defend-

ing against Jansenism and every other species of self-will, which may boastfully call itself philosophy, or may most falsely denominate itself religion."

"Pray, archbishop," said the prince, was this eulogy on the Catholic religion designed to instruct the king, or is the worthy scribe merely indulging his love of essay-writing?"

"Your royal highness is, I believe, about to come at the pith of the matter," said the archbishop. "If I understand the venerable professor right, his design is to give the letter, as far as he can, the character of an epistle on an ordinary subject. You may remember in how many instances the cipher adopted to serve the royal cause has been discovered. The learned professor thought that he was guarding best against detection, in the event of his letter being seized, by accompanying the important part with all this extraneous matter—the old Roman device, to ensure the safety of the anile—he is to be pardoned, sir, for being a little too garrulous in praise of what is very dear to him."

The prince bowed, and read on.

"As touching the question you have propounded to me, upon which I have meditated with penance and prayer, weak as my judgment is, I give you the answer which I firmly believe my guardian angel has given unto me—the time is not yet. There must be a costly suit at law sustained, and crowned with success, before the estates are won back. Money must be provided, sufficient evidence must be procured. Both may be found on the estates themselves; but to gain and apply them, demands caution and time. There are many retainers, from of old, on the land, who would befriend their master's son; and there are some followers of the intruder, who would kill him, because 'he is the heir.' As these would do to the son, so do they towards his faithful adherents; who, have not yet learned fully the wisdom, and become possessed with the boldness, necessary to maintain a cause, which is in one respect, perhaps primarily, their master's; but indubitably, and perhaps not secondarily, their own also. If I might dare to counsel your excellent friend, I would advise delay. Postponement has not always the vice of procrastination. The retainers, upon whose good

will and resources he is much depending, are not neglected. They will soon learn to withhold from the intrusive landlord the revenues which justice would refuse him; they will consult together how to maintain the true landlord's right, and to support each other. This most desirable process has commenced; to engage prematurely in a lawsuit would disturb it. For the present, it is much more advisable to encourage the tenantry in their good dispositions; to promote their plans for combining with each other; to provide funds, and procure evidence. When this beneficial process has arrived at its completion, your friend may claim his rights with a good prospect of success.

"These observations I have yielded to your earnest entreaties, all unaccustomed, as I am, to affairs of a secular nature. I have taken the liberty, at the same time, to offer for your acceptance some volumes lately imprinted here, among which you will find an edifying history of the miracles of the holy sacrament. I have also forwarded a case, containing a few dozen bottles of strong waters, portion of a larger quantity sent by a considerate Christian, for my stomach's sake. Very gladly would I have you a participator in all my blessings, and most earnestly I supplicate a good God, that your guardian angel may ever have you in his charge, and protect you from all adversities—especially from the evils of Jansenism and philosophy.—Thus prays your friend and brother in the faith,

"CHRISTOPHER DAVENIN."

"Cold counsel, gentlemen," said the prince, as he laid down the letter, "may I hope that your opinions are less tainted with timidity."

"My gracious prince," said the archbishop, deprecatingly, "the caution of my reverend friend, I humbly entreat you to believe, does not merit so severe a censure. He is cautious. He has become so from calamitous experience, but he has very extensive knowledge, and a heart of unswerving loyalty to your royal house."

"Loyalty! loyalty! what is that? Is it a principle that neither hazards nor suffers? a principle that satisfies itself, when it has dictated learned discourses, or made florid professions,

or killed the spirit of enterprise by its freezing counsels? Is this, my lord archbishop, loyalty? It may be. It is the loyalty that kneels in cathedral cloisters, or slumbers in a professor's chair. My lord, when a lost throne is to be won, and a houseless monarch is to be restored to the palace of his ancestors, loyalty should be in the field."

"I do not wonder at your royal highness's heat, but I shall wonder much," said the archbishop, "if it make you what I never knew you to be after reflection, unjust. Deign to give my friend's suggestion a little thought. I answer for him—his zeal is of the steaming quality that never tires. Will you endure me, while I confess that his sentiments of caution are mine. They are sentiments which spring out of a true and lively affection for you. Yes, my prince, although my profession is not military, my mind is not wholly estranged from things of military concern; and I can remember, that even in my boyish days, Fabius Cunctator was an object of my fervent admiration. Had his advice been followed, the fatal day of Cannæ would not have clouded the fortunes of Rome."

"And, my lord archbishop, had his advice been followed, the enterprise of Scipio Africanus would not have restored them."

"Could your royal highness command an army and supplies like those of the Roman general, you should not hear a dissuasive from me; but, alas! sir, Ireland is not prepared to give the support which your small forces would render indispensable. A rash effort would only disturb the processes through which the country is becoming ready. Oh, dear prince, reflect upon the last enterprise, and do not rush into another, until all that prudence can do, has been done to provide for its success."

"If I do reflect upon that enterprise, disastrous as it was, what but hope can I derive from the reflection? Without an army, or the supplies for an army, I land in Scotland; I land with nothing but the name of Stuart, and a rightful cause, to strengthen me. With what success, with what result, my lord archbishop? You ask me to reflect—is the thought ever absent from me? No; not the

most passionate dissipation of this abode of human pleasures, could ever long detain me from it. Loyalty, my lord archbishop, wore a more gallant bearing in Scotland than in your universities. It was sparing of counsels, it was prodigal of life and lands. I see, even now, the noble and true—their gathering clans. These were sights that would stir your heart with new sensations, and show loyalty in its noblest forms. I tell you, my lord, you never saw ocean agitated before the sweep of a mighty wind, more deeply, more passionately, than Scotland was moved through all her gallant people at the spell of the sovereign's name. Scotland was won—it was ours. Tower and town—glen, and heath, and mountain—all was for the king. England was in our power—the throne was undefended before us. Why was it not won? Because the loyalty that delights in giving counsel, prevailed over the loyalty that unsheathes the sword, and cries God defend the right. Thus were we defeated. Let me find in Ireland the same true zeal that burned among the king's Scottish subjects—the zeal that burns highest in the hour of danger—I ask no more—the recollections of our late enterprise teach me that I need no more to repair and to avenge its worst disasters."

"Oh, sir, this fine spirit will be in its proper place when prudence has first made all the due preparations. How many a precious life has been cast away? How many a gallant champion of your illustrious house has been lost to the cause he would have died to serve, would have rejoiced to serve by dying for it, and which his death has only harmed. Gracious prince, among the noble names that can never be forgotten, when the faithful and brave are remembered—have you heard of the tragical histories in which some are commemorated?—Have you seen the notices in their London journals?"

The archbishop arose as if to seek one of the papers to which he alluded.

The effect of the movement on the young prince was one for which the prelate was altogether unprepared. Living himself in opulence and security, a life no otherwise diversified than by the incidents of luxurious society, and untroubled, except by little ambi-

tions, which stirred the depths of no strong passion; formed, too, by the prevailing selfishness of the times, in habits which rendered it very easy to endure the misfortunes of others, when they did not move the heart by an immediate appeal to the senses, he was unprepared for the effect his allusion was likely to produce on a spirit like that of Charles Edward. The prince had seen recitals of the execution of some of his faithful adherents in Scotland and London. These stories had a shocking fascination for him; and when reminded of them, he was, as it were, transported into the actual presence of ghastly scenes, where he beheld, with a vivacity keener than the senses, the victims, whom loyalty to his house led to the scaffold. When the archbishop arose, he wished to detain him, but was unable to give utterance to a sound. The archbishop, arrested by the energy with which he threw out his arm in a gesture of command, and by the pallor of his countenance, rendered more fearful by the wild glare of his eyes, stood fixed, gazing upon him with looks of unfeigned amazement and interest. At length the prince started from his chair and recovered the power of speech.

"Nay, good father, spare me, spare me this agony. God knows, and ye, too, glorious martyrs, ye know if Charles Stuart has not felt the bitterness of death in your sufferings."

For some time he paced the room in a paroxysm of grief so manifest and so commanding, that not a word was spoken by either of those who witnessed his distress. During this pause he filled mechanically, as it were, a goblet with wine; but in the moment when he was about to drink, laid it down untasted, and turned from it with a shudder. At length he approached the archbishop.

"It is over," said he; "let us return to the subject I have reason left to speak on. What is the state of preparation in Ireland, and what prospects are there that render it advisable to remain inactive for some time longer?"

"The main object to be attained, sir, is, that the loyal in Ireland shall be habituated to know and depend on each other, and be made familiar with the use of military weapons. Not much

less than half a million of soldiers can be raised for your service; but, as yet, it would not be practicable to bring ten thousand armed and moderately disciplined into the field. If your royal highness approves, Monsieur de Mortagne will lay before you details on which you can form your own judgment."

De Mortagne bowed, and the prince having signified assent, read the following:—

"REPORT.

"The state of Ireland at this moment is one, perhaps, unparalleled in the history of nations. The population consists of three millions, of whom five hundred thousand are said to be Protestants. These latter have sworn allegiance to the house of Hanover. The remainder withhold their allegiance and refuse to be sworn.

"This large population is oppressed by a code of laws severe enough to irritate and inflame them; but not, especially as they are exercised, sufficiently burdensome to break down their spirits or compel them to renounce their principles."

"My lord archbishop," said the prince, interrupting the reader, "you were wiser in France. My cousin, Louis, and his predecessor, had more sagacious counsellors than those of the Elector. No man can complain that the laws of France against religious dissent were light, or that in the dragonades appointed to carry them into execution, they were rendered criminally amiable."

"May it please you, sir, the right was at our side. We had to maintain the Catholic religion of sixteen centuries—the religion of our Lord and his apostles—to maintain it against daring innovators. We were bound by a sense of duty to be severe. Not so the heretics we contend against. The very principle in which they have their being, constrains them if they would be consistent with themselves, to be indulgent towards the faithful."

"Sublimereasoning," said the prince. "You are followers of Jesus, the merciful—the Saviour, and therefore have a right to be cruel. Their religion is false, therefore they must be merciful. Pray, proceed."

"Thus, in Ireland, a great majority of the male population is disaffected to the elector of Hanover. The majority, too, consists of persons individually brave, intelligent, patient of hardship and privation; but, through the defect of education, and from the influence of an oppressive system, incapable of acting in concert, with the mutual confidence and dependence which are essential to success. The great objects to be sought in such a state of things are to introduce arms, and the use of them; to create a popular opinion, and erect it into a power; and to obtain such relaxations in the code of laws by which the people are oppressed, or such improvement in the more mitigated execution of them, as in times of tranquillity the ruling powers may be induced to grant, and such as shall best favour the designs and increase the strength of the loyal party.

"To effect this great object, it is of much moment that the usurping government shall not be aroused to suspicion. Already the penal laws, in the execution of them, have been materially relaxed. Catholic churches which had been closed, have been, by permission, re-opened. The rites of the Catholic church are openly celebrated, and the whole ecclesiastical body, bishops and clergy, zealous and faithful servants of the king—selected for the higher posts, in all instances, with a view to the service of the royal cause, remain unmolested—almost free from suspicion.

"Here it may be observed, that it is impossible to exaggerate the praises to which the episcopacy of the Catholic church in Ireland have honourably entitled themselves. Their self-denial—their self-devotion—their discretion, are worthy of the highest honour. Living in the presence of enemies who have command over their liberties, if not their lives; the pastors of a people, whose natural impetuosity would make them unsafe depositaries of a secret, and who must have hope or occupation to keep them estranged from their oppressors, the Catholic episcopacy, through their clergy, have kept their people a nation apart, and yet have provided, that the activities and enterprises which have been thus eminently successful, should be of a

kind to disappoint the suspicions of their adversaries.

"These adversaries, principally Calvinists, are disunited among themselves. One part are at the command, or in the pay, of England; the other part, because they are unemployed, affect what they term patriotism. From one or the other his Majesty's faithful subjects can always obtain countenance or support so long as the country remains undisturbed, and, by a judicious use of opportunities at the command of the loyal, preparations indispensable for casting off the usurper's yoke, can be made compatible with much security.

"At this moment there are in Ireland, engaged in the duty of training the multitude to habits of military discipline—

"In Munster, three captains, three lieutenants, five sergeants, and thirty-two rank and file of the regiment of O'Mahony.

"In Connaught, a similar number, from the regiments of Dillon and of Bourke.

"In Leinster, it has not been thought advisable to place more than three officers, one a major and two captains, from the regiment of Lally—no non-commissioned officer or private soldier.

"In Ulster, a larger number has been hazarded—two captains, three lieutenants, two sergeants, and ten private soldiers, from the regiment Berwick."

"Here, sir," said de Mortagne, "are reports from all these detachments. Your royal highness will find them encouraging. Each officer and soldier was promised promotion, although none were permitted to engage in such a duty who did not feel the honour of serving his royal master sufficient reward."

The prince bowed and de Mortagne concluded the report.

"According to the representation of the parties thus employed, it appears that there are in process of discipline, in Munster, sixty-five thousand men; in Leinster, ten thousand; in Connaught, fifteen. The returns from Ulster are indistinct. The numbers there are not ascertained, the officers being yet unable to distinguish the parties who would engage in activities

prohibited by British law, in merely an adventurous and lawless spirit, from those who could be relied on as enemies of the usurper."

Charles Edward had listened, with much interest at first, and throughout, with a decent attention; but at last he felt his thoughts beginning to wander. The question of most moment to him, he considered, was already decided. There was not to be an immediate descent on Ireland. Every thing else was of secondary importance. The report could wait—other engagements could not.

"Pardon me, my lord, and Monsieur le Vicomte," said he, "if I interrupt the reading of this invaluable state-paper. It is becoming too complicated and interesting for my ex-

hausted faculties. I have endeavoured to fix the substance of it, so far as it has been read, in my memory. If need be, I will acquaint you with my decision upon it, and now, good night."

"Your royal highness," said the archbishop, "surprises and afflicts me. Will you not rest one night under your faithful servant's roof?"

The prince resisted the archbishop's entreaties—refused even permission to De Mortagne to escort him. He maintained his purpose with a good-humoured firmness and dignity which would not be intruded on, and could not give offence, and at length left the hotel of his adherent to pursue his way as a pedestrian through the dim and solitary streets of Paris.

RAMBLING RECORDS OF PEOPLE AND PLACES.

NO. III.—A DAY AT WINDSOR.

Of the Railway to Windsor, and a Conversation on Pleasure Excursions.—How on one occasion a Party of Pleasure became a Party of Pain.—Eton College.—Historical Reminiscences of Windsor Castle, its Founder, Improvers, and Architects.—William of Wykeham.—The State Apartments, Paintings therein, Views therefrom, and Vistas.—Private Apartments.—The Corridor.—The Terrace.—Musings on Days of Old.—St. George's Chapel.—Tombs and Epitaphs.—Monument of the Princess Charlotte.—The Railway Station, and who were waiting for the Train.

It was the balmiest, brightest, most beautiful morning in spring. Every field, and tree, and hedge, decked in its new-born verdure, rejoiced the eye by the variety of soft and tender green, unsoiled by dust, unscorched by sun, fresh from the Creator's hand. The hazy atmosphere of London, its din and turmoil, had been left behind, and under a clear blue sky we were flying along the Great Western railroad, at the rate of between thirty and forty miles an hour, towards Windsor.

Railway travelling, and the dreamy luxury of a soft, sunshiny spring morning!—how incompatible they sound! The way to enjoy the latter is *certainly* not in a steam-coach; and of all the modes of performing a journey, that "per rail" is the least interesting.

A lovely scene opens upon you; the exclamation of delight it extorts is

scarcely uttered, when lo! your person is already a mile or two off, while mind and wishes linger longingly upon the beauty, of which so tantalizing a vision was caught. Moralists tell us that happiness does not lie in either of the two great extremes of life; and never does this truism seem more true than when, as is generally the case in railway travelling, you are either elevated high above all surrounding objects, or else sunk beneath the surface of the earth, looking gaspingly up at those hopeless sloping banks.

Then the pleasant bustling country towns, the trim road-side inn, the picturesque villages and lovely hamlets, sweet nooks, whose quiet rural beauty makes you long to stop and pitch your tent there and live secluded, far away from the noise and strife of the great Babel, filling you with all manner of

Arcadian and impracticable schemes— all these are lost; and sorry is the change to the weary monotony of the "station"—the over-and-over-repeated waiting-room, porters, policemen, clerks, luggage, passengers, hissing engines, and ringing bell.

Notwithstanding all drawbacks, however, I question whether a more merry party were often assembled, or one better disposed to be pleased with each other and with what they were going to see, than were we, bound on the aforesaid morning for the ancient abode of a royal race. Some of us had never been at Windsor before, and one had been very near going, and narrated a wonderful escape she had once had of making one of a party who arranged to visit it on a Sunday. She told how she had been prevailed upon and over-persuaded to accede to the scheme—how all her scruples about Sunday parties were combated and turned into ridicule—how her friends, one and all, declared they would not go without her, so that if she persisted in refusing, she would be the means of spoiling and breaking up all their enjoyment. At last, and sorely against her conscience, she consented; and then came misgivings and remorse! What a night she spent, and how she despised herself for her weakness, unable to say no, and yet feeling she was going to do wrong, and dreading the coming excursion. Every disaster and accident that ever happened on a railway rose up before her, and none seemed too bad as a punishment for what she was going to do. She made up her mind that she should never get back to London safe; and then morning dawned upon her sleepless eyes, and she got up to dress for the pleasure-party. How jarring were the high spirits of her friends, and how discordant was their merry laughter, their talking, and their mirth, and all the joyful anticipations of a pleasant day! and how reproachfully sounded in her ears the sweet church bells, chiming and ringing on every side their invitation to morning prayers. What would she not have given, even now, to turn back!—but it was too late; they were hurrying along on their way to the station.

At the station they arrived, and when they got there—oh, relief! the Windsor train had just started, and

there would be no other till evening!

Right happy did she feel while they were retracing their steps to spend a quiet Sunday in London; and yet humbled withal, for it was by no effort or act of her own she had escaped doing wrong and wounding her conscience.

This little story turned the conversation upon Sunday excursions, and the very different way in which the Sabbath is kept in various countries. England, Scotland, and a few of the most Lutheran parts of Germany, bore away the palm for its good observance. I called to mind a scene that had occurred in Ireland connected with the subject we were discussing, and remembered how struck an English friend, then staying with us there, was with what she that morning witnessed.

It was Sunday, and we were driving to church along the lovely banks of the Lee, about two miles from Cork. The day was beautiful, and the whole surface of the river, sparkling with sunshine, was dotted over with innumerable boats filled with gaily-dressed citizens, going to spend the day at Cove or Passage.

Our friend was looking out with that interest and curiosity which every thing excites in a country not our own. She expressed her surprise at all these water parties, observing that elsewhere such a mode of spending the Sabbath would be looked upon with a superstitious, if not a religious dread.

"Now do look," she exclaimed, "at yonder little tiny boat, so crowded that it seems just ready to sink. I would not be in that for the world!"

The road just then approached so near the brink of the cliff, that we could plainly see down into the little boat, whose edge almost touched the water, so heavily was it laden; while the noisy voices of those on board rose to us mingled with the strains of a couple of musicians, whom they had brought with them to enliven the excursion.

A turn in the road led us farther from the bank, and the view of the river was for a few moments intercepted by trees and houses. Our friend still continued to talk of the crazy-looking little skiff, and the danger of its thoughtless cargo.

"I tremble for them," she said. "I never yet, in my experience, knew of a party of pleasure on a Sunday, that some mischance did not befall: there seems always a curse upon Sabbath-breakers.

She had scarcely uttered the words, when we came again in sight of the river, and an exclamation of horror from those outside the carriage caused us to look eagerly out of the window. There lay the little boat capsized on the water, its unfortunate passengers struggling with the waves, some clinging to the slippery sides of the skiff, others endeavouring to swim to shore, and all shrieking wildly for help.

Our gentlemen lost not a moment in alighting from the carriage, and scrambling down the cliff, to the aid of the sufferers. Some fishermen, who had been lying stretched on their nets, half asleep in the sunshine, came running to the spot, and a boat that happened to be not far off, made towards the overturned skiff in all haste. From our elevated position on the cliff, we could see all that passed, and watched the scene in anxious suspense. In the part of the river where the accident occurred, the channel most providentially ran very close to the shore, so that the task of rescuing the sufferers was more easily accomplished. The women were first dragged out of the water, and at last the remainder of the half-drowned party were brought safely to land. While each was seeking out his relatives and companions among the dripping crew, and gathering up his scattered habiliments, a fisherman spied a hat floating on the water, near the overturned boat.

"Maybe this belongs to some of ye," he said, and taking an oar, he endeavoured to draw the hat towards him. It did not yield immediately to the touch of the oar: there was evidently a slight resistance.

"There's a head under it!" exclaimed a dozen voices, and in a moment the old fisherman stripped off his jacket, and plunged into the water.

The body had sunk as soon as the hat was displaced, and it was not for a long time, and without a great deal of diving and groping about, that the old man at length succeeded in bringing it up by the hair of the head.

A shout from the breathless spectators greeted the success of the fisher-

man's exertions. Their exaltation, however, was soon hushed by the sight of the inanimate form of a fine young man of about five-and-twenty stretched upon the beach. He was apparently quite dead.

The body was carried to the nearest house, and a messenger despatched to Cork for his friends. Meantime, restoratives were applied, and every means used to produce re-animation, but without effect. No signs of life had appeared when the wretched parents arrived, and their agony and despair, as they hung over the motionless form of their child, were described as truly heart-rending.

But it pleased God to spare them the misery of seeing the young man cut off suddenly, at a moment when he was so ill prepared for eternity. Animation at length returned, but his ultimate recovery was slow, and for a time doubtful. A lingering fever and ague were the consequence of his long immersion in the water; and during his protracted illness, the sufferer made, doubtless, many resolutions against ever again being tempted to join in parties of pleasure on a Sunday.

"SLOUGH STATION"—a loud snort; convulsive pantings; the hissing steam escaping fiercely:—we are arrived. In another moment, every door was thrown open, and the occupants of the crowded train were dispersing themselves on their several ways, of business, or pleasure.

Eton!—what a host of associations are connected with the name!—how various were the "thick-coming fancies" that crowded upon me at the first earnest gaze at those

"—distant spires, and antique towers,
That crown the watery glade;
Where grateful silence still adores
Her Henry's holy shade."

Gray's exquisite ode on "a distant prospect of Eton College," in which the poet apostrophizes the scenes,

"Where once his careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain,"

in strains breathing such saddened and touching tenderness, adds an indescribable interest to the place. We passed the play-ground; and there, in groups, under the trees, or scattered over the fine level green fields, were

the young students, merrily and noisily engaged in their various games. Who could see them, without calling to mind the words of the ode:—

"Say, Father Thames; for thou hast seen

Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace.
Who, foremost now, delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?

The captive linnet which onthal?
What idle progeny succeed,
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

"While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murmuring labours ply,
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint,

To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still, as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

"Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd!
The tear, forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast;
Theirs, buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn."

There they were all gathered together, those young and happy ones, in a few short years to be scattered far and wide over the world, to tread in different paths, and meet with fates wholly dissimilar. Of those joyous groups, some, perhaps, were destined to lay their youthful heads on the last pillow ere yet their auburn locks had lost one sunny wave of childhood's clustering curls—surrounded by the wrecked hopes of anxious parents, the tears of young companions; bewailed with that bitterest of all grief, the first; when the shock is so startling in the midst of life, and hope, and anticipation.

Others, on the contrary, would run a bright and prosperous career, blessing, and blessed; its tranquil close, when the heat and burden of the day were over, cheered by the favour of God, the affection of man, and the glorious prospect of eternity. But,

before all those unconscious spirits, however different their fates and destinations, lay the same irrevocable heritage of humanity—that mixed cup, of which all who live must taste. The hopes and fears, joys and disappointments; moments of heavenly bliss and deep despondency; struggles of strong temptation, and calm of quiet happiness—all, in short, that enters into even the least eventful existence. Many and various were the pictures that came crowding into my fancy as we proceeded along by the bounds of the play-ground; and sorry should I have been, could some of them have become known to those gambollers, with their joyous faces, bright eyes, and glowing countenances, flushed with exercise, and beaming with glee, health, and intelligence: sorry that reflections, caused perhaps by an early acquaintance with death and bereavement, should cloud for a moment the sunshine of those looks, or hush the merry shout.

But Windsor, with all the historical, military, and chivalrous associations connected with its royal abode, was now in view, and every thought beside vanished.

The palace, or rather castle—for its original destination seems rather to have been that of a fortress, than a dwelling-place for kings—was built by William the Conqueror. It was occasionally inhabited by him, however, and Christmas and Easter festivities held there; also a solemn synod, at which various important matters were arranged. William Rufus kept Whitsuntide in the castle, in 1095, and during his reign, and that of his successors, jousts, tournaments, and other chivalrous fêtes took place at Windsor. As the second fortress in the kingdom, it figures in the history of the contentions between Maude and Stephen.

Henry the Third augmented the strength of the place, by building additional outworks. During the wars between him and his barons, it was strongly fortified, and a garrison, composed of foreigners, maintained here, under Prince Edward, afterwards Edward the First. The Prince, with his wife, Eleanor of Castile, and their children, occupied the castle; but in 1263, they were forced to retire from it, and it was given up to the

barons. This was immediately previous to the disastrous battle of Lewes, in Sussex, at the commencement of the following year, when the royalists were defeated, and Henry the Third, with his brother, the King of the Romans, Richard, earl of Cornwall, were taken prisoners by the barons.

But it was to Edward the Third, that Windsor, his birth-place, is chiefly indebted for its magnificence. His affection for it was so strong, that he spared no pains to embellish it; and the accounts given of the means employed, the coercion resorted to, to procure workmen and artizans, are rather curious. Holingshead says that, in 1359, "the king set workmen in hand, to take down much old buildings belonging to the castle of Windsor, and caused divers other fair and sumptuous works to be set up, in and about the same castle—so that almost all the masons and carpenters that were of any account within the land, were sent for, and employed on the same works."

Some years before this, commissions were issued for impressing workmen to begin the operations, and surveyors were appointed to superintend them, of the king's own choosing. In 1356, William of Wykeham, then Edward's private chaplain, was made clerk of the works, with a salary of one shilling a day, whilst at Windsor; and two shillings, when the business of the building obliged him to go elsewhere.

The great architectural genius of this extraordinary man found full scope for its exercise at Windsor, and gained for him, more than any thing else, the favour of his royal patron. Among the many associations connected with the castle, not the least interesting is the almost romantic history of William of Wykeham—the humble boy, whose bright face and genius-lit countenance attracted the attention of a wealthy neighbouring squire. By him, the youth was sent to the grammar school of his native town, Winchester, whence he entered on that proud career which made him the most powerful and wealthiest prelate of his times, on whom honours and dignities were heaped in lavish profusion—the king's prime minister—secretary of state—warden of the royal forests—lord high chancellor of England—and more than all, the creator of palaces, and founder

of colleges, which will make his name imperishable. The divine power of all-conquering and transcendent genius was strongly visible in the annals of William of Wykeham. Like Thomas à Becket, and Cardinal Wolsey, he attained the pinnacle of worldly distinctions—but, unlike those overbearing despots, he was pious and unselfish in his ambition: his acts were regulated by the fear of God, and the love of his country and fellow-men. Unlike them, too, was he, in his end. Instead of downfall and disgrace, he maintained his elevated station during three reigns, though troubled more than once by the machinations of enemies, whom his success had raised up against him, and expired tranquilly, at eighty years of age.

William of Wykeham is said to have caused the following inscription, capable of a two-fold meaning, to be inscribed on the round tower, which he completed at Windsor:—

"*Et hic made Wykeham.*"

It was under the superintendence of this great architect, that, in 1360, nearly four hundred workmen were impressed, to be employed on the buildings, at the king's wages. Some of these, afterwards, clandestinely left Windsor, and engaged with other employers, for higher payment: whereupon a writ was issued, proclaiming that all persons thus engaging tradesmen, should forfeit all their goods and chattels to the crown; and the men engaging themselves were liable to be apprehended, and committed to Newgate. These stringent measures soon put a stop to further defaulters. In 1362, however, the king's workmen were greatly diminished in numbers by the ravages of the plague, and new writs were issued to the sheriffs of divers counties, commanding them to impress three hundred masons, stonecutters, and glaziers, for the works. The counties of York, Salop, and Devon, were to furnish sixty men each.

In the year 1373 this noble work was completed, comprising the king's palace, the great hall of St. George, the lodgings on the east and south sides of the upper ward, the round tower, St. George's chapel, the canon's houses in the lower ward, and the

whole circumference of the walls, with the towers and gates.

Two vanquished kings were imprisoned in Windsor Castle during the reign of Edward the Third—David, King of Scotland, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Durham, in 1346, and King John of France, who, with his fourth son, Philip, was captured by the Black Prince, in 1356, at the battle of Poitiers.

After entering the castle we went first to visit the state apartments, which are splendidly fitted up, and contain beautiful pictures. The walls of one are covered with Vandykes only—an excellent collection, among which those that attracted us most were the portraits of Charles the First and his family. There is a very fine one of the King on horseback, riding under an archway; the bridle held by a follower, who is looking up with affectionate reverence to the interesting countenance of his sovereign. Opposite this is a family group;—Charles seated, his face full of the touching and saddened expression so remarkable in all the portraits of this amiable and unfortunate king;—a little girl at his knee, and Queen Henrietta beside him, with a lovely infant in her arms. Over the chimney is another picture, representing the children of Charles the First surrounding a fine dog.

In the chamber called the Waterloo Gallery are portraits of the Duke of Wellington, Marquis of Anglesey, and all the heroes of Waterloo: also of George the Third, George the Fourth, and William the Fourth, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of which last there are so many copies in the castle, that one becomes quite tired of seeing them. There is likewise in this apartment a fine portrait of Cardinal Gonsalvi, and a very interesting one of Pope Pius VII., expressive of suffering and extreme old age.

The throne-room is decorated with alternate panels of looking-glass and garter-blue velvet. The ball-room, gorgeously gilt and fitted up, is hung with Gobelin tapestry, and the furniture, lustres, &c. are all in the Louis XIV. style. The guard-chamber is filled with armoury, the walls being covered with guns, sabres, &c., all disposed in a very tasteful and fanciful manner. In this room is a trophy to

which every succeeding year will add fresh interest, and which, doubtless, will be regarded by posterity with even more veneration than that with which it inspires us—a part of the mast of the Victory, perforated by a cannon-ball, and forming the pedestal supporting a bust of Lord Nelson by Sir Frances Chantrey.

These splendid rooms have, many of them, beautifully painted ceilings, and are hung with antique tapestry. The carving by Gibbons, that wondrous carver, who lived in the reign of Charles the second, is one of the most curious and beautiful works of art in the palace. Nothing can exceed the exquisite minuteness of the bunches of fruit and flowers—so airy and delicate, they look as if a breath would blow them away from over the door-ways and arches where they are suspended in graceful festoons. The artist must have been as industrious as he was skilful—one life seems scarcely long enough to have accomplished all he did.

I must not forget an exquisite painting in one of the rooms—a Holy Family by Annibal Caracci. It is called in the catalogues "*Silence.*" The infant Saviour lies asleep—and such a beautiful picture of the perfect and graceful repose of childhood!—the lips apart, the rounded limbs relaxed. His mother bends over him, and warns away, with hushing and uplifted finger, Saint John, who is advancing with eager animation to call the attention of his little companion to something he is pointing out. His hand is already on the baby's foot, and the childish energy of his attitude is finely contrasted with the perfect calm of the sleeper. The watchful solicitude of the young mother is very touching. Altogether, this group is quite a gem.

Surely, if ever a view were in keeping with a kingly abode, it is that commanded by these royal apartments of Windsor Castle;—the terrace, with the tops of the trees planted underneath it on the slope, being the foreground to the magnificent picture. Beyond, fine level fields, over whose green expanse the shadows were rolling slowly and majestically;—the town and river on the left, with the picturesque chapel and pinnacles of Eton College;—Windsor forest to

the right, and a rich cultivated country stretching away in all directions as far as the eye could reach—the Surrey hills bounding the distant horizon. The thickness of the castle walls causes the windows to be in deep recesses; and a luxury indeed it is, to sit in these charming niches, and allow the eyes to revel over the gorgeous landscape beneath.

The state apartments were crowded with visitors, and I could not help now and then withdrawing my eyes from the splendid ceilings and carvings, and looking from the painted groups on the walls to the living groups moving through the rooms. Among them I remarked a form and face, as lovely a study as any of the artists whose works we were admiring could desire; but, alas! their owner seemed so conscious of her attractions, that it spoiled their effect. A fine picture has one great advantage over its original: none of the faults of manner and character are visible, and we can invest it with all the mental perfection that ought to belong to a beautiful exterior.

I observed two persons sitting in one of the deep windowed recesses. The lady was admiring the view, and her companion was looking so kindly under her bonnet, and pointing out with such affectionate anxiety every thing worth notice, that it was quite pleasant to watch them. At last she turned her face towards us. It was one of unusual plainness—not a tolerable feature, or even a redeeming expression in it. How equally does a good and kind God dispense his gifts! This person, so totally devoid of every atom of beauty, was blessed notwithstanding with the most precious thing that beauty could win for itself—the tender love of him with whom her fate was linked.

There was another youthful pair, whom we pronounced, after a little observation, to be newly married. Though belonging to a large party, they never left each other for a moment, and yet were evidently not lovers; for they were not so engrossed with each other as to be unmindful of what they came to see, and the feeling with which they were possessed seemed to make them enjoy more intensely than any of their party the beautiful objects around. Besides this, there

was an air of confiding, happy security in their manner, a something in the way the young woman hung on her companion's arm which showed that all the doubts and fears of the "course," which "never did run smooth" were at an end—that he was, indeed, "all her own."

Our surmises were correct: they were afterwards pointed out to us as a bridal party.

We had procured an order to see the private apartments of the castle: so that after making the tour of the state rooms, we descended the grand stair-case, and crossed the court to another entrance. The private rooms are, if possible, more handsomely fitted up than the others. There is a corridor extending round the south and east sides of the quadrangle, five hundred and twenty feet in length, which contains such a variety of curious and interesting objects, that one might linger there the whole day without being tired of examining them. The walls are covered with a beautiful succession of Canalettis, and there are several curious paintings descriptive of scenes from the lives of different English sovereigns, and incidents of their domestic history. Among others, the marriage of good King George the Third. The artist has not flattered the bride. She is marvellously ill-favoured. Near her are two or three ladies whispering to each other behind their fans. There is a very pretty picture of the poor Princess Charlotte by Sir Thomas Lawrence, taken when she was about two years old; she has a bird on her hand, which she holds over her shoulder, and is looking up at, in a child-like, natural attitude.

In this luxurious corridor there are splendid cabinets, beautiful models of foreign buildings, triumphal arches, obelisks, &c.; also some fine bronzes, and a collection of busts and likenesses of all the celebrated men of England—statesmen, divines, authors, warriors, artists, poets, philosophers, &c. &c. Among many busts of the royal family I remarked one of the present Queen, done when a very young child—the only likeness I could find of her in the whole palace. I searched in vain for portrait, miniature, bust, or any representation whatever of her majesty.

It was grievous to be unable to remain longer in this tempting corridor,

and to have to leave so much that was interesting unexamined. We were charmed with one very pretty suite of apartments commanding a view of the princely avenue to the castle—that noble approach three miles long, perfectly straight, and bordered with two rows of lofty elms—the vista terminated by an equestrian statue of George III. It is a worthy approach to a royal palace.

The Queen's morning-room is hung round with a collection of miniatures made by George IV.; they are all arranged like medals in glass cases or frames. The ball-room, library, music-rooms, drawing and dining-rooms are splendidly fitted up, dazzling with gilding and looking-glass. In the former are two beautiful malachite vases, presents from the Russian Emperor to George IV.; and in the dining-room, under a glass case, is the splendid silver gilt vase made by order of the last-named monarch; it cost ten thousand pounds.

I forgot, when speaking of the state apartments, to mention the paintings on the walls and ceiling of St. George's hall, executed by Verrio. The hall, which is a fine room, a hundred and eight feet long, was built by Edward III. as a refectory for the knights companions of the Garter. What gives so much interest to the decorations is, that the subjects are the triumphs of the warlike Edward and his brave son, the Black Prince.

After leaving the private apartments of Windsor Castle, we went out on the North, or Queen Elizabeth's Terrace, so called from having been made by that queen. Charles II. subsequently extended it along the east and south sides, and the whole length is one thousand eight hundred and seventy feet. It is a noble promenade, and the view it commands extensive and beautiful. I leaned over the stone battlements, and gazed with delight on the rich and varied picture outstretched below, then bathed in the mellow tints of the mid-day sun. The winding Thames glittering among the green fields—the little sunny villages and scattered country seats—Eton College rearing its venerable head—clumps of magnificent trees, and spreading parks. Immediately beneath us were the green slopes, the shady terraces, and winding gravel-walks of the Castle gardens.

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The breeze was whispering among the leaves of the acacias, and waving gently to and fro the topmost branches of the trees and flowering shrubs, whose delightful fragrance, mingled with the smell of the new-mown hay in the distant fields, was wafted upwards to where we stood.

There was one most graceful tree, apparently of the acacia tribe, which it was impossible not to remark. I never saw any thing so vividly beautiful as the colour of the foliage—the bright and peculiar green of which caused it to stand out in distinct relief from the back-ground formed by the more sombre trees. As I gazed at this graceful object, which looked, among its darker companions, like some bright stranger from another world, it seemed to fancy's eye like the hallowed and blissful moments that are sometimes vouchsafed to us in the midst of the gloomiest night of affliction. Moments to which the mind reverts again and again in after years—moments so fraught with peace and consolation, so full of soothed and thankful feeling, that we would not exchange them, notwithstanding the dark clouds from which they have shone, for the most positive and actual joys—oases in the desert of life—green spots in memory's waste.

I turned from the smiling prospect, and the bright and many-coloured parterres of flowers in the garden, to the gray walls of the Castle. Here was food for musing! What a succession of stirring events had occurred in that royal pile, from the time when William the Conqueror erected the stern and frowning stronghold, until the day when our present youthful and delicate Queen took possession of those luxurious and fairy-like apartments! How many changes and chances those venerable walls had witnessed! Within them Henry I. celebrated with regal state his nuptials with the beautiful Adela of Lorraine. Here the valiant Edward III. was born, and here, as already described, he spent so much of his time, adorning and beautifying his birth-place. Here it was, in 1544, that Queen Mary and Philip made their grand public entrée from Winchester, where their marriage was celebrated. On this very terrace, constructed by herself, the proud Elizabeth has swept up and down, sur-

rounded by her train of ladies, and the courtiers upon whose homage her vanity drew such large demands.

Those apartments too were the scene of the changeful fortunes of the amiable and ill-fated Charles I. Within those walls he was a sovereign monarch holding his court—a fond husband and father enjoying the privacy of domestic happiness—and an imprisoned captive destined to an ignominious trial and death. They have rung with the boisterous merriment of Charles the Second's noisy and profligate court; and the dainty steps of his *fêtés* beauties have traversed the galleries and corridors, afterwards hallowed by the mysterious musings of our good king George III. Here this pious monarch, when it pleased God to deprive him of his reason, used to promenade up and down for hours, holding imaginary conversations with angels and spiritual beings, and ever and anon breathing forth the devotional feelings that illumined him even amidst the double darkness of the light of day and the light of mind, in strains on the organ and pianoforte; these instruments being placed in the galleries for the solace of the royal sufferer. How mysterious to our finite comprehension those heavenly glimpses!—those bright visitations from another world to one whose perceptions regarding the things of this were so clouded and obscured!

I was aroused from my reverie by hearing one of our companions descaunting on the departed glories of the terrace as he remembered it during his boyish days at Eton. How in the fine summer evenings the broad gravelled expanse would be covered with crowds of visitors from Windsor and the country seats around; the ladies in elegant promenade costumes; the gentlemen in full dress, those who were entitled to them, wearing their cocked hats and the Windsor uniform. How two bands stationed one at either end of the terrace, played alternately the whole evening, while the good king George III. surrounded by his numerous family, the queen leaning on his arm, walked up and down among his subjects, stopping to talk to those he knew personally. How the boys would come up from Eton College dressed in silk stockings and "white shorts," to share the smile and bow of their

benevolent monarch, and imbibe early lessons of loyalty and the polish of a court. And how, as the evening advanced, the royal party retreated into the castle, and the king and queen might be seen taking their tea in one of the oriel windows that overlooked the terrace, enjoying the music underneath, and watching the promenaders, who often continued to linger about the battlements in the deepening twilight, until the silver moon-beams were glittering on the Thames.

It was with regret I left my luxurious station on the terrace. I could have remained there leaning over the ramparts for hours, musing over the fortunes of the successive generations of dwellers in that royal pile, and enjoying the view and the balmy air, the perfume of the flowers, and the distant sounds that came floating up to us mingled with the song of birds, and the soft rushing of the wind through the trees. But we had yet the chapel to visit: time was running on, and so with reluctant steps I followed our party.

My thoughts were still busy with the touching story of the monarch they had been last dwelling on. His marriage with one who was not the object of his choice, while the beautiful lady of his love stood in attendance behind the bride, about whose person he seemed placed as if on purpose to present a constant contrast between her loveliness, and the absence of attraction in the queen, and to show the triumph of piety and virtue, in a trial out of which many in king's courts would not have come unscathed.

I recalled the many anecdotes I had heard and read of the simplicity and piety of king George. Above all of the day when he was found by his attendants under the tree, closing the eyes of the wretched gypsy woman, to whom he had been administering the consolations of religion in her dying moments. Then his sufferings in his family: the waywardness of some of his children; the early death of others who were dutiful and affectionate; his blindness; his loss of reason; the touching humility which caused him on one occasion to order the twelfth chapter of Isaiah to be used in all the churches after his recovery, thereby publicly before all his people ascribing the dispensation to

the anger of the Almighty against him.

"Oh, Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me."

The first thing that met our eyes before entering the chapel was another proof of the kindness of heart of the king—a marble tablet which he had caused to be erected as a tribute of respect and gratitude to the memory of an humble individual, for many years a faithful servant of the Princess Amelia.

The pealing tones of the organ sounded in our ears as we entered the chapel, and we made the agreeable discovery that prayers had just commenced. Oh, how delightful was the evening service in that beautiful chapel! The mellow light streaming into the choir through the painted glass window; the splendid roof, and the carvings of dark polished oak; the armorial bearings, sword, mantle and helmet of the knights of the garter, and their banners overhead waving gently whenever a breath of wind stole in from the lofty door-way; the solemn chanting of the priests; the pealing tones of the fine organ reverberating through the echoing aisles; the remembrance of the many royal worshippers who had there bent the knee before the King of kings; the sight of the vault where, marked by a slab in the centre of the aisle, their dust reposed underneath—all was calculated to inspire devotional feelings. The anthem—Luther's hymn—was beautifully sung; and the words seemed peculiarly appropriate after a day spent in the midst of so much splendour and luxury, surrounded by the costly pomps and magnificence of a royal abode.

Great God! what do I see and hear
The end of things created!—

Yes!—"the end." All that glittering display, and the glory, and beauty, and excellency of it must have an *end*. The sounding of the trumpet after each verse, in the pause before the burst of voices in the chorus, had a truly thrilling effect.

The first chapel at Windsor was dedicated to Edward the Confessor, and built by Henry I. It was rebuilt by Henry III. with considerable addi-

tions and decorations. Walter de Grey, Archbishop of York, superintended the works. They were carried on with extraordinary expedition, the workmen labouring in winter as well as in summer. A lofty wooden roof, painted to imitate stone, after that of Litchfield cathedral, was constructed; the chapel covered with lead, images put up, and a stone turret for bells erected in front. Some remains of Henry III.'s buildings are said to be still visible.

Edward III. rebuilt St. Edward's Chapel, and dedicated it to St. George and the Virgin. But it was Edward IV. who commenced the present beautiful structure, and committed it to the superintendence of Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury. The undertaking was not completed until the reign of Henry VIII. The Bishop of Salisbury was succeeded by Sir Reginald Bray, Henry VII.'s prime minister, and one of the knights of the garter. He died in 1502, and we were shown his chapel in the south aisle where he was interred. Sir Reginald was a liberal contributor to the work, especially to the beautiful roof of the choir, which was not put up till 1508, after his death. His arms and crest appear upon it in several places, together with those of many noble families, the royal arms, and the order of the Garter. The stalls of the knights are richly carved, and bear the names and arms of the illustrious persons by whom they have been respectively filled.

The altar-piece represents the last supper, by West. From the design of the same artist, the painted glass of the east window was executed. The subject is the Resurrection; it cost four thousand pounds, and was put up in 1788. On another window are the angels appearing to our Saviour.

We visited the several chapels adjoining the choir, in which are many curious and interesting monuments. One of these, called Aldworth chapel, was built by Dr. Oliver King, Bishop of Bath and Wells. It contains the tombs of two infant children of Dr. John King, the inscriptions on which are very touching, and breathe a most resigned spirit. On the first tomb is engraven the figure of a child extended on a couch, with these words:

"Here lies a modell of frail man—
A tender infant, but a span
In age or stature: here she must
Lengthen out both, bedded in dust.
Nine months imprisoned in ye wombe,
Eight on earth's surface free;—ye tombe
Must make complete her diarie.
So leave her to eternitie."

The inscription on the brass rim, outside the alab, is very simple and pretty:

"Dorothe King, lent to her parents, John King, Doctor of Divinitie, Præbendarie of this chapel, and Marie his wife: but spedellie required again, Oct. 18, 1630."

The other fairy tomb has likewise a sleeping infant upon it. I transcribe the first lines of the inscription, because they express so exactly, in a few words, the object for which those we love are taken from us, and the spirit in which we should receive such bereavements:

"Here the sad parents' second summons
lies,
Withdrawn, to draw from earth to pa-
radise
Their stooping thoughts."

The child died on the 22d of Dec., and, in allusion to this, the epitaph goes on:

"Thus from the breast
Ravish'd by death, so nere our Saviour's
birth,
To share in saints' and angels' Christ-
mas mirth."

Round the slab is written:

"William King, second child of John King, Præbendarie of this chapell, and Marie his wife, being soon wearie of his abode on earth, left them to preserve a memorial of him, after ten weeks pilgrimage, under this marble. Decem-ber 22, 1633."

The last object that engaged our attention was the cenotaph of the Princess Charlotte. It is in a building somewhat detached from the rest, at the east end of the chapel. This building was commenced by Henry the Seventh, who intended it for his burial place. Cardinal Wolsey obtained it from Henry the Eighth, when at the full zenith of his arrogant

career, and began erecting for himself, within its walls, a splendid monument in keeping with his princely state. This shared the downfall of its proud projector, and was afterwards destroyed in the civil wars. King James the Second fitted up the building as a Roman Catholic chapel, and attended the celebration of mass there. After his death, it was deserted until the year 1800, when George the Third had it repaired and beautified for the burial-place of the royal family.

The monument of the Princess Charlotte was executed by Wyatt. It is of white marble, and the group consists of several figures. In the centre is a bier, on which lies the body of the princess. The moment is supposed to be that when the spirit has just taken its flight; and the attitude is expressive of utter prostration, as though the sufferer had flung herself down in the tossings of pain, wholly exhausted. The head lies on the edge of the bier, with the face against the marble and hair dishevelled, and one arm hangs heavily over the side. There is great expression in this drooping arm, so relaxed and lifeless. The hand is the only part of the body which is exposed, the whole of the remainder being covered with a drapery, but so transparent that the outline and expression of the figure are perfectly preserved. The effect of this thin drapery, with the dead hand escaped from beneath it, is beautiful. Round the bier are four kneeling female forms, all veiled, their postures expressive of grief and dismay.

Over this scene of death and desolation is beheld ascending, from a mausoleum in the back-ground, the glorified body of the princess. Its full proportions, the apparent vigour with which it rises, and the beaming and radiant expression of the up-turned face, contrast finely with the woeful spectacle of mortality lying prostrate beneath. "It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power," is here forcibly illustrated. On either side of the ascending figure is an angel, one of whom bears the tiny form of the new-born infant. It is altogether a most interesting and affecting group.

Before passing out under the archway, I turned round to take a parting

view of the castle. Many of the oriel windows were full of flowers, ranged on the stone seats and in the balconies; their vivid colours and the tender fresh hue of the leaves mingling beautifully with the time-stained tint of the old walls that formed their back-ground. Long green wreaths, studded with delicate blossoms, crept along the casements and hung down against the grey stones; and here and there a bright cluster of scarlet geraniums peeped out among the dark glossy ivy that curtained some Gothic window, looking almost as venerable as the building it covered.

Flowers are at all times graceful and lovely objects; but no where are they so delightful as when associated with what recalls to our mind departed glories—generations long passed away. The hopeful and soothing lessons they preach, amid the sadness of by-gone recollections, are cheering indeed: cold and dull must be the heart that does not respond to the silent appeal. Like the voiceless stars, without speech or language, they tell of that regenerating power which can as easily reanimate the dust mouldering for ages in the darksome tomb, as it brings them from the cold, bare earth, and clothes with graceful forms and silken leaves, resplendent hues and exquisite perfume, the unsightly stem.

When we went to the station in the evening, we found a large collection of persons assembled, waiting for the train. It did not come up for some time, so that there was ample opportunity to observe the various groups. Among them we recognised some of the parties we had seen in the morning at the castle. There were the bridegroom and bride surrounded by their friends, enjoying perfect "solitude in a crowd," as before; "the world forgetting," but by no means "by the world forgot"—to judge from sundry sly glances, of which they were the unconscious objects. A large sprinkling of Etonians, distinguished by their *soigné* costume and aristocratic apparence, were standing about; come there not as passengers, but lookers-on.

We remarked a group standing a little apart from the rest, consisting of two ladies and a gentleman, a footman and lady's maid. One of the ladies was wife to the gentleman: she look

ed exceedingly cross, and was evidently the great engrossing object of care to the whole party. I never saw so complete a specimen of a pampered, spoiled, self-indulgent person, devoted to her own comforts, and exacting unceasing attentions from the little circle around her. Her husband, a fine-looking man, carried a beautifully embroidered satin pillow and two or three shawls; he looked rather worried at the part he was required to play, and doubtless freed himself from it at the first opportunity, so that I did not pity him so much; but I did from the bottom of my heart the poor, harassed, anxious, worn-out friend or sister, who seemed the constant companion, or rather victim, of the selfish invalid. There was an abiding expression of sympathy and watchfulness on her thin anxious face, and she looked far more suffering, and in need of comfort and care, than the person on whom she was lavishing so much of both. It would be endless to enumerate the air-cushions, pillows, smelling-bottles, feet-warmers, shawls, wrappings, and all manner of luxurious "means and appliances," with which the interesting friend, as well as the maid and footman, were weighed down. And the object of all this fuss really did not look out of health. Her features were sharp and face pale, but the fretful discontent and peevishness that every movement betrayed, fully accounted for this. She seemed as thankless, too, as she was exacting; it quite provoked me to see the way in which she received the attentions of her husband and her unselfish friend.

Nothing could present a stronger contrast to this party than did the appearance of a solitary old gentleman who came and took his seat upon a bench close beside us. He was bent nearly double, and walked with great difficulty, supporting himself on a stick. Though so feeble and helpless from age, there was no daughter, or grand-child, or servant to aid his tottering steps, and minister to his infirmities; and there he sat, looking cheerful and contented, with a benevolent and placid expression in his wrinkled face that reminded me of the portrait of Pius VII. we had just seen in the palace. A boy came up with newspapers, and the old gentleman bought one. He opened it, and laying it

across his knees, proceeded, with trembling hands, to take out his spectacles. While he was lifting them to his face, the newspaper slipped and came fluttering to the ground, a few paces from the bench. I stepped forward to pick it up in time to save the old man the painful effort of raising his stiffened frame and stooping for it himself. He was as much obliged for this little common-place attention—which any one at his age might expect as a matter of course from a young person standing by—as if it had been some great service. What a contrast between the kind smile with which he turned to thank me—the touching expression of his grateful patient face, as he sat there encompassed with infirmities—what a contrast between them and the peevish discontent of the exacting fine lady!

A group of pretty children, of various ages, all very like each other, and all in very high spirits, were there under the care of an anxious-looking governess and buxom little nursery-maid. Two young men were walking up and down before the waiting-room; we did not see their faces at first; but the unmistakable gait and air, and the peculiar tone which moustaches give the voice, made us pronounce them to be cavalry officers. The guess was right; and when they turned round, an acquaintance was recognised in one of them.

But now a column of smoke appeared on the horizon, and in another moment the panting engine was in

sight. Our idle speculations on our neighbours were cut short; all was hurry and confusion. The governess and nursery-maid had something to do to keep their lively charge out of harm's way, and get them safe into their places. The dragoons threw away their cigars. A stout porter helped the old gentleman into his seat, and in the same carriage I saw the young bride tenderly bestowed in her's by her husband, who took his place opposite, looking very happy. We did not see the hypochondriac lady again, but in going to our carriage I caught a glimpse of her handsome husband, and the sister or companion, whichever she was. They were busily engaged with the embroidered pillow, cushions, and cloaks—(how I coveted one of the former for my feeble old friend!)—and I pictured to myself the zeal and care with which they were arranging all these comforts about their owner. The self-forgetting companion, who apparently could not find room with the lady and gentleman was so occupied with these attentions, that she was near being left behind. The train was almost on the point of starting, when we saw her hurried past us by some of the railway people, looking very pale and flurried. She was pushed into her seat, and the door slapped. The bell rang, the engine shrieked, and in another moment we were on our rapid way to London, with Windsor Castle far behind.

M. F. D.

MEMOIRS OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE THE THIRD.*

ALTHOUGH there have been periods in our history more charged with great and stupendous events—pregnant with more momentous fortune to the fate of nations—there is none which, in all that regards the confirmation of our existing political condition, and that constitution which we enjoy, can vie with the early years of the reign of George the Third.

No monarch ever ascended the Throne under more brilliant auspices. It had been many years since a Sovereign of England, attracted towards himself the love and affection of the people. The Hanoverian succession had been, until his time, singularly unfortunate in that respect. His grandfather and great grandfather were intensely national in all their feelings and habits; made no scruple of avowing their German predilections on every occasion; and, even independent of these traits, so little conducive to popularity, were in themselves totally devoid of all the graces and attractions which win favour with the multitude, while they were deficient in those hereditary rights, which are frequently alone sufficient to atone for personal deficiencies.

George the Third, more fortunate than either of his immediate predecessors, was "born and educated in this country," and, as his first speech to Parliament declared, "gloried in the name of Briton." His tastes, his habits, his very failings, were of home-growth. No longer, then, had a proud nation to endure the self-reproach of being ruled by one who scarcely spoke its language—who avowed how much more he regarded his Electorate, than the proudest Throne of Europe—and hesitated not to declare that, while he endured the Sovereignty of Great Britain, all his affections and attachments were for his German possessions.

It is not wonderful, then, if George the Third's advent was an event of unmingled pleasure to the nation.—Young—pleasing, both in address and appearance—and eminently English in look, he possessed many traits which, without flattery, were praiseworthy, and, in a Prince, were gifts of a high order.

The two great parties in the State united in their satisfaction on this occasion.† The Tories were well content to revert to the ancient faith of

* *Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third.* By Horace Walpole, youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford. Now first published from the Original MSS. Edited, with notes, by Sir Denis Le Marchant, Bart. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street. 1845.

† In a note to Lord Mahon's History, will be found the following admirable summary of the views of those two great parties, who would seem so completely to have exchanged opinions within the last century:—"First, as to the Tories. The Tories of Queen Anne's reign pursued a most unceasing opposition to a just and glorious war against France; they treated the great General of the age as their peculiar adversary; to our recent enemies, the French, their policy was supple and crouching; they had an indifference or even an aversion to our old allies, the Dutch; they had a political leaning towards the Roman Catholics at home; they were supported by the Roman Catholics in their elections; they preferred triennial to septennial Parliaments; they attempted to abolish the protecting duties, and restrictions on commerce; they wished to favour our trade with France, at the expense of our trade with Portugal; they were supported by a faction, whose cry was 'Repeal of the Union,' in a sister country. To serve a temporary purpose, they had recourse in the House of Lords, for the first time in our annals, to a large and overwhelming creation of Peers. Like the Whigs in 1831, they took the moment of highest popular panic and excitement to dissolve the House of Commons, hoping to avail themselves of a short-lived cry for the purpose of permanent delusion; and 'both,' remarks 'The Quarterly Review,' No. CXIV., page 335, 'both, cemented an alliance with a subordinate party (the one with the Jacobins, the other

King-worship, which, in default of an idol, had fallen into disuse; the Whigs, who had long maintained the new dynasty at every cost and sacrifice, as the assertion of a great principle, were pleased to see at the head of the country, one, who personally was as attractive as the principles he maintained were just. Loyalty, too, was a new sentiment in England. People revelled in its exercises as in that of a newly-discovered pleasure. There was every assistance lent to foster the feeling; anecdotes, which reflected creditably on the youthful Sovereign were rife; every trivial circumstance, which could be construed into an act of becomingness or amiability, related; and, in fact, the accession represented in colours so attractive, that, with all the light subsequent events and disclosures have thrown over that reign, the early prestiges remain even to our day, and make the unmasking of its faults and errors seem almost a deed of heresy.

The volumes before us conduce, in no little degree, to this end. The character of men, now historical—their acts, their motives—canvassed by the shrewd intelligence of a contemporary—have, indeed, a meaning which, in many cases, is more calculated to clear up the mysteries of political intrigue, than elevate the actors in our esteem. Not that we would, by any means, accept Walpole as either a safe or an unerring testimony—very far from it; his own character, and his party leanings, forbid the assumption; but, that his impressions will often be found to tally so accurately with the current of events, that we may receive as truthful many of those inferences, which, without the aid of his intervention had been difficult to arrive at.

The young King was represented as possessing energy, determination, a strong will, and a capacity which, if

not brilliant, was at least business-like. Walpole admits these characteristics, and “something more.”

“The first moment of the new reign afforded a symptom of the Prince’s character; of that cool dissimulation in which he had been so well initiated by his mother, and which comprehended almost the whole of what she had taught him. Princess Amalie, as soon as she was certain of her father’s death, sent an account of it to the Prince of Wales; but he had already been apprised of it. He was riding, and received a note from a German valet-de-chambre, attendant on the late King, with a private mark agreed upon between them, which certified him of the event. Without surprise or emotion, without dropping a word that indicated what had happened, he said his horse was lame, and turned back to Kew. At dismounting, he said to the groom, ‘I have said this horse is lame; I forbid you to say the contrary.’”

The new reign opened under the joint tutelage of the Princess-Dowager and her avowed lover, Lord Bute. This nobleman, scarcely known to the country where he was so soon to play a prominent part, had passed the greater part of his life in retirement, from whence he emerged to occupy a post in the household of Prince Frederick, who first noticed him for the admirable representation he gave of Lothario in the *Fair Penitent*.

His appearance and air were much in his favour; and, without possessing a very extended capacity, or any gifts of a high order, he was a singularly fascinating companion, and eminently endowed with social talents. The retiring habits of the young Prince, his “dislike to new faces,” as Bubb Doddington foretold, would soon complete the attachment he always felt for Lord Bute, and ripen it into actual friendship. Nor was it with much surprise that Pitt, on waiting on the

with the Radicals), by whose aid they effected measures, to which they were themselves inadequate.

“The Whigs of Queen Anne’s time, on the other hand, supported that splendid war, which led to such victories as Ramillies and Blenheim. They had for a leader the great man who gained those victories; they advocated the old principles of trade, the long duration of Parliaments; they took their stand on the revolution of 1688; they raised the cry of ‘No popery;’ they inveighed against subservieny to France, the desertion of our old allies, the outrage wrought upon the Peers, the deceptions practised on the Sovereign, and the other measures of the Tory administration.”

new King with a copy of the address to be pronounced before the Privy Council, heard that "that had been already thought of and provided"—an intimation of which the great Minister was not slow in calculating all the results.

It could not be supposed that either were very judicious advisers. The Princess, a foreigner, utterly ignorant of English feeling and opinion; the Groom of the Stole, a dilittanti nobleman, who had never been trained to affairs, and had merely that kind of capacity which his former master, Prince Frederick, said, "would make a capital envoy at some small German court, where there was nothing to do."

The "impracticability" of the House of Commons, as it was termed—or, in other words, the necessity of governing the country through that body, by a profuse system of corruption—was the first difficulty of the new reign. Former statesmen had been actively employed in strengthening the House against the prerogatives of the Throne, and now came the fruits of an over-acted zeal, in the vices developed by rapid prosperity.

The Commons was nearly unaccountable to the constituency; the sale of seats was notorious; the influence of a few leading individuals decided each election; and while the Ministry were liable to be arraigned before the house, that body was itself irresponsible. No publicity had been given to debates in Parliament; each man spoke and voted as he liked—his conduct could never be questioned without doors, where none could lay any thing to his charge.

To proclaim the sentiments of Parliament, to make known the opinions of individuals, would have at once established the nation at large as the tribunal of public opinion, and instituted a responsibility from which none could shelter themselves. This policy, accompanied by a searching inquiry into the nature and efficiency of the returning bodies, would speedily have afforded the remedy for the evil; but it was a task little in unison with the sentiments of those who now influenced the Monarch. To fall back upon the prerogative of the Throne seemed a shorter and an easier method, by which the King was to coerce the Parliament; forgetting the while, that, by the very

constitution of the realm, that body only could sanction the acts by which its own thralldom could be effected—that the Sovereign, unsupported by it, could neither maintain a fleet, a household, or a regiment—impose a tax, or accredit an ambassador. And how was any Sovereign, however personally popular, however pure his sentiments and upright his opinions, to win back the erring honesty of a body corrupt from long habit, as well as inclination? This was the new theory of the opening reign; and, although larger opportunities of political experience may enable men now to ridicule its Utopianism, it found many at the time to favour and applaud it.

The adoption of Lord Bute's address by the King, in preference to one prepared by the Minister, was the first declaration of this new "tactique." The second was, the dismissal of Lord Holderness, to make way for Bute—the King declaring he had two secretaries—"one, (Pitt) who would do nothing; and the other, (Lord Holderness,) who could do nothing;" and "that he would have one, who both could, and would." "Subduing Europe was reckoned nothing, as the service was ungracious," is the astute remark of Walpole on this speech.

Lord Bute's precipitancy in thus thrusting himself into the foreground, already occupied by a better figure, is commented on by our author, in a very characteristic strain:—

"Nothing could be more injudicious than this step taken by the favourite. The conduct he ought to have pursued, was obvious; which was, lying quiet, till some, or all of a few events, most probable to happen, should have paved the way to his taking the reins. Newcastle was old, Mr. Pitt very infirm. Their deaths, or at least a rupture between them, would have delivered him from them; at least have constituted him umpire between them. Any sinister event of the war might have demolished Mr. Pitt's popularity. Prudence, at least, should have dictated to Lord Bute to await the conclusion of the peace, which, however good, would have given a shock to Mr. Pitt's credit, from the impossibility of contenting all mankind. But the favourite was as impatient to have the honour of making that peace, as if he had intended to make it an honourable one. His thrusting himself into the administration at the moment he did, was so preposterous, that most men

thought him betrayed into it by malicious advice. The Duke of Bedford, to pay his court, and from desire of peace, certainly counselled it: but Newcastle, and Hardwicke too, were generally believed to have infused the same advice, with a view to his destruction; for while only Groom of the Stole, Lord Bute stood in no responsible place. This was the more likely, as what emoluments they obtained for their friends in the new shuffling of the cards, by no means compensated for the credit they lost by the appearance of this new star in the horizon of power."

But, however presumptuous Bute's ambition, there was disunion and dissension in the ranks of the Ministry. The triumphs of our armies were now contrasted with the drain on the resources of the State. The great successes abroad were accompanied by an overwhelming debt. Pitt's own brother-in-law, George Grenville, was the loudest in inveighing against the profuse extravagance of our subsidies, and the reckless expenditure by which victory was bought; and a large party of the nation were disposed to side with the doctrines of economy. The great question on which Pitt's whole policy was founded—the war with France—was at length confided to the negotiation of Mr. Stanley, on the English side—and M. Bussey, on the French.

"While the attention of mankind hung on the negotiation, the King's messengers were suddenly sent forth to all Privy Counsellors to meet at one o'clock, at St. James's, July 8th, on urgent and important business. The business itself was an absolute secret. Every body concluded that so solemn and unusual a summons of the Council was to give fuller sanction to peace. How great was the general surprise when they heard his Majesty had convened this assembly to notify his intended marriage with the Princess of Mecklenberg Strelitz! A resolution taken and conducted with so much mystery, that till that hour perhaps not six men in England knew such a Princess existed.

"It has been mentioned with what

aversion the Princess Dowager had opposed a marriage, projected by the late King, between his heir apparent and a very accomplished Princess of Brunswick. A wife for her son, not chosen by herself, nor obliged to her, by no means suited the views of the Princess. Could she have chained up his body, as she fettered his mind, it is probable she would have preferred his remaining single. A mistress would have been more tremendous than a wife. The next brother, the Duke of York, was not equally tractable, had expressed little reverence for his mother, and much antipathy to her favourite. If the King should die and leave even an infant, a minority did not deprive the Princess of all prospect of protracting her rule.

"But there had happened circumstance still more pressing, more alarming. The King was fallen in love with Lady Sarah Lenox, sister of the Duke of Richmond—a very young lady, of the most blooming beauty, and shining with all the graces of unaffected, but animated nature. What concurred to make her formidable to the mother and favourite, was, her being under the tutelage of Mr. Fox, her eldest sister's* husband; and in truth she and her family spared no assiduity to fix the young monarch's heart. And though Fox would probably not have been scrupulous or delicate on the terms of cementing that union, the King's overtures were so encouraging, that Fox's views extended even to placing the young lady on the throne. Early in the winter, the King told Lady Susan Strangways,† Mr. Fox's niece, and the confidant of Lady Sarah, that he hoped she (Lady Susan) would not go out of town soon. She said, she should. 'But,' replied the King, 'you will return in summer, for the coronation?' Lady Susan answered, 'I do not know; I hope so.' 'But,' said the King again, 'they talk of a wedding. There have been many proposals; but I think an English match would do better than a foreign one. Pray, tell Lady Sarah Lenox I say so.' The next time Lady Sarah went to Court (and her family took care that should not be seldom) the King said, 'he hoped Lady Susan had told her his last conversation.'

"The juncto was not blind to these whispers and dialogues. Lady Bute was instructed to endeavour to place

* Lady Caroline Lenox, eldest daughter of Charles second Duke of Richmond, married to Henry Fox, Paymaster of the Forces.

† Eldest daughter of Stephen Fox, Earl of Ilchester, by the sole daughter and heiress of Mr. Strangways Horner, whose name he assumed.

herself in the circle, and prevent them. And the Princess Augusta marked her observation of what was going forward to Lady Sarah herself, laughing in her face, and trying to affront her. But Fox was not to be so rebuffed. Though he went himself to bathe in the sea (possibly to disguise his intrigues,) he left Lady Sarah at Holland House,* where she appeared every morning in a field close to the great road (where the King passed on horseback) in a fancied habit, making hay.

"Such mutual propensity fixed the resolution of the Princess. One Colonel Graeme was despatched in the most private manner as a traveller, and vested with no character, to visit various little Protestant Courts, and make report of the qualifications of the several unmarried Princesses. Beauty, and still less, talents, were not, it is likely, the first object of his instructions. On the testimony of this man, the golden apple was given to the Princess of Mecklenberg; and the marriage precipitately concluded. The ambassador was too remarkable not to be farther mentioned. This Graeme, then, was a notorious Jacobite, and had been engaged in the late rebellion. On a visit he made to Scotland, his native country, after this embassy, David Hume, the historian, said to him, 'Colonel Graeme, I congratulate you on having exchanged the dangerous employment of making Kings, for the more lucrative province of making Queens.'

"So complete was the King's deference to the will of his mother, that he blindly accepted the bride she had chosen for him; though, to the very day of the Council, he carried on his courtship to Lady Sarah; and she did not doubt of receiving the crown from him, till she heard the public declaration of its being designed for another. Yet, in confirmation of the trust he had reposed in Lady Susan Strangways, himself appointed Lady Sarah to be one of the bridesmaids to the Queen. Yet Lord Bute's friends affected to give another turn to the story; and insisted that the King had never thought of Lady Sarah but for his mistress. All, they affirmed, he had said to Lady Susan was, to bid her ask Lady Sarah if she should like a place in the family of the new Queen; that she had accepted it; and that the King had destined her to be Mistress of the Robes. Her surprise and disappointment, however, were

too strongly marked to make this legend credible. Lady Susan adhered to the truth of what she reported, in various examinations by her father and uncle. And the resentment Lady Sarah expressed, and which caused, as the Court said, her not being placed about the new Queen, was proof enough on which side the truth lay. The junto persuaded the King that she was a bad young woman; but if she was, what hindered her becoming his mistress? Was it criminal to propose being his wife rather than his mistress? And what became of the king's boasted piety, if he intended to place his mistress about his wife? Some coquet attempts, which Lady Sarah afterwards made to recover his notice, and her stooping to bear the Queen's train as bridesmaid, did her more prejudice than all that was invented against her. Pique and extreme youth might excuse both; and her soon after preferring a clergyman's son to several great matches gave evidence that ambition was not a rooted passion in her.

"In my opinion the King had thoughts of her as a wife; but wanted resolution to oppose his mother and Lord Bute. Fortunately, no doubt, in this instance, for the daughter of a subject, and the sister-in-law of so ambitious and exceptionable a man as Fox, would probably have been productive of most serious consequences. To avoid returning to this topic, I will only remember, that during the wedding service, on mention of Abraham and Sarah, the King could not conceal his confusion. And the day following, when every body was presented to the Queen, Lord Westmoreland, old and dim-sighted, seeing Lady Sarah in the rich habit of bridesmaid, mistook her for Queen, and was going to kneel and kiss her hand."

The negotiations for a peace continued, haughtily, however, on the part of France, who received every sign of concession from England as indicating a desire for amicable relations at any price. The draught of our alternative was drawn up by Pitt's hand—and, although opposed by a strong party in the Cabinet, he succeeded in carrying it through—tauntingly telling George Grenville, who spoke of having some communication from Bussy—"Nor you, nor any of you, shall treat with

* Holland House, beyond Kensington, the seat of the Earls of Warwick and Holland; now of Henry Fox, Lord Holland.

Busy; nobody shall, but myself.* The Duke of Bedford, on this, remarked, "that he was called to council, and that if he was not at liberty to deliberate, he would come there no more;" and so saying, retired. Lord Bute, however, who well knew the temper of the public mind at the time, and feared to incur the unpopularity of opposing Pitt's policy, sided with him—observing, that he felt the King's honour was concerned, in adhering to the terms proposed and determined on. Having carried his point, the proud Premier, at a subsequent period, moderated somewhat of his haughtiness; and the council—at which, notwithstanding his declaration, the Duke of Bedford was present—ratified the act by an unanimous decision.

On the 7th of September, the new Queen landed at Harwich—

"She had been educated in that strict course of piety, which, in Germany, reaches to superstition; a habit in which she was encouraged to such a degree, that when the King visited his mother, which he soon, at the desire of the Princess, began to do, without the Queen, she was afraid of staying alone, and retired to her two German women—her English ladies not being suffered to keep her company. Yet this weakness seemed solely the result of a bad education. Her temper appeared to be lively, and her understanding sensible and quick. Great good nature, set off by much grace in her manner, recommended all she said. Her person was small, and very lean, but well made. Her face pale and homely, her nose something flat, her mouth very large. Her hair was of a fine brown, and her countenance pleasing.

"When first she saw the palace, she trembled. The Duchess of Hamilton smiled. The Queen said, 'You may laugh; you have been married twice; but it is no joke to me.' The King received her in the garden of St. James's; she would have kneeled, but

he raised and embraced her, and led her to the Princess, where they and Lady Augusta dined together. Between nine and ten at night they went to chapel. The Duke of Cumberland gave her away; and after the ceremony they appeared for a few minutes in the drawing-room, and then went to supper. She played and sung, for music was her passion; but she loved other amusements too, and had been accustomed to them; but excepting her music, all the rest were retrenched; nor was she ever suffered to play at cards,* which she loved. While she was dressing, she was told the King liked some particular manner of dress. She said, 'let him dress himself; I shall dress as I please.' They told her he liked early hours; she replied, she did not, and 'qu'elle ne vouloit pas se coucher avec les poules.' A few weeks taught her how little power she had acquired with a crown. The affection she conceived for the King softened the rigour of her captivity. Yet now and then a sigh stole out, and now and then she attempted, though in vain, to enlarge her restraint. What must have penetrated deeper, was, that policy did not seem to be the sole motive of the mortifications she endured. At times, there entered a little wantonness of power into the Princess's treatment of her. The King made her frequent presents of magnificent jewels; and as if diamonds were empire, she was never allowed to appear in public without them. The first time she received the sacrament, she begged not to wear them, one pious command of her mother having been, not to use jewels at her first communion. The King indulged her; but Lady Augusta carrying this tale to her mother, the Princess obliged the King to insist on the jewels, and the poor young Queen's tears and terrors could not dispense with her obedience."

The following anecdote of the coronation is amusing:—

"As Lord Steward, Lord Talbot composed part of that ridiculous pageant at the coronation, the entry of the

* In a letter written by Mr. Stanley, the negotiator then at Paris, to Mr. Pitt he says—"The Duke de Choiseul told me of the awe with which M. de Bussy was struck by you, and said he was not surprised at it, 'car le pauvre diable tremblait de peur en partant.' So much frightened was he, that he wrote for a passport to return; the Duke showed me the request in his own hand. Most of the despatch wherein it was contained, was in cipher. The Duke was at Marly with the King, when he received it, and his secretary was absent, therefore he could not read the remainder.

The reflection upon it was—"Apparement, sire, qu'il a déplu Monsieur à Pitt; qu'il aura fait sauter par les fenêtres."

She did some years afterwards with the King, but quite in private.

Champion. So fond was Lord Talbot of his share in this mummery, that he rehearsed his part on his steed in Westminster-hall, and carried his new Bishop of London to be witness of his feats. The Duke of York calling Hayter, who was lame, up to the *haut pas*, which he ascended with difficulty, the bishop said, 'You see, sir, how hard it is for me to get a step.' When the day came, Lord Talbot piqued himself on not turning his back to the King, and produced a strange hubbub of laughter by trying to force his horse to retire backwards out of the hall. With the City, with the Knights of the Bath, and the Barons of the Cinque Ports, Lord Talbot had various squabbles, by retrenching their tables at the coronation. Beckford told him it was hard if the citizens should have no dinner, when they were to give the King one, which would cost them ten thousand pounds."

But, while these events were happening, a new and very formidable danger was already in preparation against England. Charles the Third, of Spain, a vain and indolent prince, flattered into notions of his own vast importance, and still ranking under the insult inflicted on him some twenty years before—when an English captain* had placed a watch on his table, and told him, that if he did not sign a treaty of neutrality, with regard to Austria, within half-an-hour, a bombardment would open. This was an injury not to be forgiven—and he now willingly threw himself into the cause of France. A Bourbon himself, he sympathized strongly in the sufferings of his house—besides, he was a Spaniard, and saw Gibraltar in the possession of his enemy. Such were the causes which led to the formation of that alliance, long known as the Family Compact.

Pitt was not long in learning the existence of this treaty, and with his wonted energy,* determined to declare war, before Spain had herself done so—for she waited the return of her American fleet. Pitt's advice was rejected—his information, though precise and positive, denied; and notwithstanding that truth, Wall, an Irishman, who had attained the office of First Minister in Spain, proudly disdained to afford our ambassador any

explanation of the new armaments then preparing—the English Cabinet decreed that no danger existed in this quarter, and headed by Lord Bute, opposed the project.

Pitt, at once, indignantly declared he would not remain in a situation, where he was responsible for counsels he could not direct—and resigned. One only of his colleagues agreed with him, and shared his retirement—his brother-in-law, Earl Temple.

National honour was the great question at issue on Pitt's resignation, and when the tidings reached the nation at large, his popularity knew no bounds.

"The nation was thunderstruck, alarmed, and indignant. The City of London proposed to address the King, to know why Mr. Pitt was dismissed? but it being replied, that the King would tell them he had not dismissed Mr. Pitt, but had wished him to continue in employment, the motion dropped. Some proposed a general mourning; others, more reasonable, to thank Mr. Pitt for his services; but this too was damped; for the favourite's agents were not idle, and insinuated that Mr. Pitt had acted with mischievous views; for they who were incapable of great views, were excellent in undermining. The King was advised to heap rewards on his late minister. The Princess pressed it eagerly. A peerage, a vast pension, the government of Canada, (as a mark that it was not to be restored at the peace,) were offered to him. He had the frailty to accept a peerage for his wife, and a pension of three thousand a-year for three lives!"

Few men ever combined mental and personal gifts of such rare excellence as "the Great Commoner." In figure, features, voice, look, manner, and gesture, he was strikingly graceful and commanding. If his lowest whisper fell with a dreadful distinctness upon the ear of him its sarcasm was destined for, so his louder tones swelled through every avenue and corridor of the House like the peals of an organ.

Over-cultivation might have lent to these endowments an appearance of theatrical or affected precision; but there was a power in the unity of their action which none could resist; and

* Commodore Bryant.

his very glance, a mere monosyllable from his lips, has disconcerted many a hostile speaker, and made more than one among his adversaries sit down abashed and confused.

Pitt was no speaker of set speeches. His greatest triumphs were on those occasions when he rose without premeditation, when some misrepresentation by an opponent, some detached expression, or some accidental avowal of principles not usually confessed, gave him the text of his oration, then he was great indeed. His enthusiasm was a flame which enveloped all within its reach; and there was, in the fervid feeling of his words, an ardour of sincerity and a directness of purpose which carried conviction to many, who were incapable of following the argumentative train of his thoughts. Nor was this ardour confined to those who listened to the burning eloquence of his tongue. It animated each arm of the service—it followed the soldier to the plains of Abraham, and stimulated the sailor to conquest on the shores of France.

The haughty tone, which was less a manner assumed for the time, or an arrogance impressed by lofty station, than a natural trait in Pitt's character, was not alone extended to his equals and inferiors, as we may see in a letter written by Mr. Stanley, while the negotiations were yet pending—probably a caution was never conveyed in more characteristic fashion, than in the short note of the diplomatist.

"You will allow me, sir, with exultation to feel and applaud the truly British spirit that reigns throughout your State papers. It would be very indecent in me to presume to offer you my advice, but it is my duty to inform you of the impressions which every step carries with it in this country.

"The French are to be treated with great fairness and dignity; but now that his majesty's honour has been nobly asserted, and these most improper intrusions into his affairs are so fully repelled, I submit to you whether it may not be expedient to soften that asperity which might before be necessary.

"My reason for this intimation is, that the King of France has been grieved, not to say personally offended, at some particular expressions, and has said with great warmth, that he was ready to resign provinces for the peace, but that he would not be deprived of his

honour, and of the character of a man of truth and probity. I beg leave to remind you that the main spring from whence a desirable conclusion can be expected is his majesty's private disposition and temper of mind. This particular circumstance may, in some instances, perhaps, make it more prudent to defer your reflections upon the morality and punctilios of transactions, till the issue is seen."

It is true many of his truest friends thought he would have best consulted his dignity by refusing to accept any pecuniary reward; but if ever any Minister came clear-handed from office, Pitt was the man. No second opinion existed of his virtues, his talents, and his great services, even among that multitude to whom the word pension implies purchase; his liberality was unbounded, for money he had no care whatever, and when it came he scattered it with a childish profusion. That on his retirement he should have accepted a pension for those whose provision he lost sight of, in the greater interest that demanded his attention, is little reprehensible, and were it even more, the reproach might come with a better grace than from one, the descendant of a race of pensioners. The Court which, however, had pressed his acceptance of the pension, offered him the Governor-Generalship of Canada, with non-residence, and even offered to bring a bill into Parliament, making the Governor eligible to a seat in that assembly, as an act of personal favour—the preamble of the bill to set forth the great and distinguished services of the Minister. This same Court, impatient to notify its triumph, and to enlist, if it might be, popular clamour against the pensioned Minister, published in the very next night's "*Gazette*," his acceptance of the boon—the first instance of such notification on record—and as it were to decry his counsils, and expose his unfounded suspicions, added an article from Spain, setting forth the pacific intentions of that court. No effort was neglected by his enemies to expose the sacrifice of position, the acceptance of a favour implied. A former letter to his sister, in which he expressed his regret that the name of Pitt—her own case—should be found on the pension list, was raked up, and became town

gossip; and his own explanation of his conduct, by which he assigned his resignation to the impossibility he felt of guiding the concerns of the State, was too arrogant not to increase the clamour. Notwithstanding these adverse circumstances, and the thousand appeals to mob-enthusiasm, when the King and the Royal family dined at Guildhall, the whole current of popular acclamation was, not for the youthful Sovereign, but for the fallen Minister. The common people clung to the wheels of his carriage, shook hands with the footmen, and even kissed the horses, while shouts of "No Bute, no petticoat Government," were mingled with cries of "Pitt for ever." Pitt's conduct on the occasion was far from being laudatory—"His joining himself to a pomp dedicated to a Court, he had just quitted, was not decent," says our author; but he might have added the true explanation, that in this, as well as in some other more serious errors, he was drawn by the mischievous influence of his brother-in-law, Temple.

The session of Parliament opened with an animated debate on the war. Pitt entering into a full exposure of all his views, and corroborating their justice by subsequent events.

A new speaker was now to come before the public, and of him we shall give Walpole's description:—

"My ear was struck with sounds I had little been accustomed to of late, virulent abuse on the last reign, and from a voice unknown to me. I turned and saw a face equally new; a black, robust man, of a military figure, rather hard-favoured than not young, with a peculiar distortion on one side of his face, which it seems was owing to a bullet lodged loosely in his cheek, and which gave a savage glare to one eye. What I less expected from his appearance, was very classic and eloquent diction, and as determined boldness as if accustomed to harangue in that place. He told the House that in the late king's reign we had been governed solely by Hanoverian measures and councils; and though called to order, (in truth unparliamentarily,) he proceeded with the same vociferous spirit to censure all ministers but Lord Bute; and for Mr. Pitt, who was not present, he received the appellation of a profligate minister, who had thrust himself into power on the shoulders of the mob. The present king, said this new Court-tribune, was no English, that he did not believe he

had looked into the map for Hanover; and he commiserated the present ministers, who were labouring through the dregs of German councils.

"The reader must imagine the astonishment occasioned by this martial censor. He was Colonel Barré, of French extraction, born at Dublin, and had served for some years in the war in America with reputation, prosecuting his studies with assiduity in the intervals of duty. With General Wolfe he had been intimately connected, both as an officer and penman; but had thought himself ill-used by Mr. Pitt, though the friends of the latter, and Lord Barrington, lately Secretary at War, bore witness that Mr. Pitt had made it a point to serve him. In his younger years he had acted plays with so much applause, that, it was said, Garrick had offered him a thousand pounds a-year to come upon the stage.

"This man, therefore, had been selected by Lord Fitzmaurice (become Earl of Shelburne by the death of his father) as a bravo to run down Mr. Pitt. Lord Shelburne held a little knot of young orators at his house; but Barré soon overtopped them; and Fox had pushed on the project of employing him to insult Pitt—to what extent was surmised by all the world. The consequences will appear in the next debate."

Pitt's appearance in the house the following night was the signal for Barré's rising, as if anxious to show that he could hazard in his presence that acrimony he had vented on him while absent. His speech was, however, a torrent of vulgar abuse, rather than an argumentative attack on the conduct of the Minister, he charged him with having, himself, "no confidence in the King, and was repeatedly called to order for these and other equally unwarrantable assertions. Pitt made no manner of reply—only turning to Beckford, asked, in a loud whisper, "How far the scalping Indians cast their tomahawks?"

Some censure Pitt for want of spirit in not replying to this assault—but the consciousness of his own great services, and the space he occupied before the world, made him feel such miserable personal altercations, a theme too low and insignificant for him to condescend to.

Barré became abhorred as a barbarian, and a savage—and Townsend's remark, on seeing some one hand him a biscuit, "Oh, you should feed him

on raw flesh," was an index to the feeling of the House on his ruffianly conduct. This, however, did not prevent the King paying him the most marked attention the next time he appeared at Court—for faction had already extended within the walls of the private apartments, and the Sovereign himself had become a partisan.

At last came the refusal from Spain to show the treaty she had entered into with France—the Family Compact—of which Pitt, by a masterpiece of skill, had so long before obtained knowledge.* Mr. Adolphus, in his history, attributes the divulgence of the fact to Marshal Keith, in gratitude to Pitt, for the reversal of his attainder. The Bute ministry could temporize no longer; Lord Bristol was recalled from Madrid, while Fuentes, the Spanish ambassador, also took his departure, previously having communicated a note to the Foreign Minister, in which Pitt was arraigned by name—"an honour," as Walpole observes, "almost unheard of."

Bute's long-meditated scheme of becoming himself the chief Minister, now presented an opportunity of being accomplished—and the Duke of Newcastle, only a Minister in name, after many an ineffectual effort, to extort a wish from his colleagues, that he should retain office—~~at~~ last resigned. Lord Bute had even the ill-natured arrogance to compliment his Grace on his retirement, when he replied with

a spirit that marked his lasting ambition—"Yes, my lord, I am an old man, but yesterday was my birthday, and I remembered that Cardinal Fleury began to be Prime Minister of France just at my age."

Bute then stood alone and unsupported on the pinnacle of power. Among his colleagues were men of various and respectable capacities, but none who combined the readiness of a practised debater with that thorough knowledge of the House, so essential to the successful conduct of any great measure of policy. There was, however, such a man, though not in the Cabinet—Henry Fox, the friend and disciple of Walpole—a man more hated by the Tories than any other living. He was possessed of talent of a very high order, undaunted personal courage, great address in affairs, and that fearlessness which wins success by already assuming it as certain.

While Fox thus combined the qualities so essential to the position Lord Bute destined him to maintain, there were some great and almost insurmountable obstacles to his co-operation. He was the close intimate and friend of the Duke of Cumberland—the victor of Culloden—a man detested and execrated by the Scots, among whom all Bute's friends lay. Again, he had given deep offence to the Princess's mother, by his avowed hope of marrying his beautiful sister-in-law, Lady Sarah Lennox, to the King—an insult

* In the appendix to Lord Mahon's last volume of his history is the following letter, detailing pretty accurately the first steps taken in this transaction.

Consul Goldworthy writes to Mr. Pitt from Port St. Mary, on the 20th February, 1761—

"Sir—I have just heard a piece of intelligence which I have for some time been endeavouring to find out, and as the person who told it me may, I believe, be depended on, I think, sir, I cannot give you too early advice of it.

"He tells me that the great preparations making throughout the kingdom are doing with a design to take the town and garrison of Gibraltar if possible, by surprise; and that all the ships of war, great and small, are getting ready at the Carræe, with the utmost expedition; for which reason they are working there night and day, Sundays and holidays not excepted.

"A camp of twenty thousand men, near St. Roque, is already pointed out; and the captain-general of this province, Don Juan de Villalba, under pretence of seeing the troops learn the Prussian exercise, is to have the command of them.

"All sorts of warlike stores are depositing at Conta, and other adjacent places to Gibraltar, and six hundred beds were sent last week from Cadix to Algeciras.

"The troops that are to come from Barcelona will arrive in small detachments, to avoid suspicion, and for the same reason, every thing will be carried on with the greatest precaution."

she could not be induced to forgive, and of which he was made to feel the displeasure, by being the only member of the Privy Council not summoned to the meeting, when the intended marriage of his Majesty with the Princess of Mecklenburg was announced.

Few men were less popular than Fox. The bold front of defiance by which he met the disfavour of the world, increased the rancour against him; while he, goaded into a recklessness very foreign to his real nature, resented the attacks upon him with almost savage fury.

Fox willingly accepted Bute's proposals — personal animosity against Pitt, with whom he had long measured himself as a rival, animating his desire to take the lead of the fallen Minister.

"Lord Bute, on the resignation of the Duke of Newcastle, was immediately declared First Lord of the Treasury. George Grenville succeeded him as Secretary of State, and Sir Francis Dashwood" was made his Chancellor of the Exchequer; a system that all the lustre of the favourite's power could not guard from being ridiculous, though to himself mankind bowed with obsequious devotion. Grenville was ignorant of foreign affairs, and though capable of out-talking the whole corps diplomatique, had no address, no manner, no insinuation, and had, least of all, the faculty of listening. The favourite himself had never been in a single office of business, but for the few months that he had held the seals: of the revenue he was in perfect ignorance, knew nothing of figures, and was a stranger to those Magi to the

East of Temple-Bar, who, though they flock to a new star, expect to be talked to in a more intelligible language than that of inspiration. When a Lord Treasurer or a First Lord of the Treasury is not master of his own province, it suffices if the Chancellor of Exchequer is a man of business, and capable of conducting the revenue, of planning supplies, and of executing the mechanic duties of that high post. But in the new dispensation it was difficult to say which was the worst suited to his office, the minister or his substitute. While the former shrouded his ignorance from vulgar eyes, and dropped but now and then from a cloud an oracular sentence: the deputy, with the familiarity and phrase of a fish-wife, introduced the humours of Wapping behind the veil of the Treasury. He had a coarse, blunt manner of speaking, that, looking like honesty, inclined men to hold his common sense in higher esteem than it deserved; but, having neither knowledge nor dignity, his style when he was to act as minister, appeared naked, vulgar, and irreverent to an assembly that expects to be informed, and that generally chooses to reprehend, not to be reprehended. When a statesman ventures to be familiar he must captivate his audience by uncommon graces, or win their good-will by a humane pleasantry that seems to flow from the heart, and to be the effusion of universal benevolence. This was the secret as well as the character of Henry the Fourth of France: even the semblance of it stood his grandson, our Charles the Second, in signal stead, and veiled his unfeeling heart, and selfish and remorseless insensibility.

"Men were puzzled to guess at the

* "In his youth he travelled much, especially in Italy, and passed some time at Rome, where he was long recollected from the following anecdote which made a great noise at the time. 'It was on Good Friday, when each person who attends the service in the Sistine chapel, as he enters, takes a small scourge from the attendant at the door. The chapel is dimly lighted, and there are three candles which are extinguished by the priest, one by one: at the putting out of the first, the penitents take off one part of their dress; at the next, still more; and, in the darkness which follows the extinguishing of the third candle, lay on their own shoulders with groans and lamentations. Sir Francis Dashwood, thinking this more stage effect, entered with the others, dressed in a large watchman's coat; demurely took his scourge from the priest, and advanced to the end of the chapel; where, on the darkness ensuing, he drew from beneath his coat an English horse-whip, and flogged right and left quite down the chapel, and made his escape, the congregation exclaiming, 'Il diavolo! il diavolo!' and thinking the Evil one was upon them with a vengeance! The consequences of this frolic might have been serious to him, had he had not immediately fled the papal dominions.'—(Private Information.) His political life was by no means discreditable; and in the unfortunate affair of Admiral Byng, he exhibited kindness of feeling not less than tact and decision, which Walpole has elsewhere handsomely noticed."—*Memoirs* ii. p. 145.

motive of so improper a choice as this of Sir Francis Dashwood. The banner of religion was displayed at Court, and yet all the centurions were culled from the most profligate societies. Sir Francis had long been known by his singularities and some humour. In his early youth, accounted like Charles the Twelfth, he had travelled to Russia in hopes of captivating the Czarina; but neither the character nor dress of Charles were well imagined to catch a woman's heart. In Italy, Sir Francis had given into the most open profaneness, and at his return had assembled a society of Young Travellers, to which a taste for the arts and antiquity, or merely having travelled, were the recommendatory ingredients. Their pictures were drawn, ornamented with symbols and devices; and the founder, habited in the order of St. Francis, and with a chalice in his hand, was represented at his devotions before a statue of the Venus of Medicis, a stream of glory beaming on him from behind her lower hand. These pictures were long exhibited in their club-room, at a tavern in Palace Yard; but of later years St. Francis had instituted a more select order. He and some chosen friends had hired the ruins of Medenham Abbey, near Marlow, and refitted it in a conventual style. Thither at stated seasons they adjourned; had each their cell, a proper habit, a monastic name, and a refectory in common—besides a chapel, the decorations of which may well be supposed to have contained the quintessence of their mysteries, since it was impenetrable to any but the initiated. Whatever their doctrines were, their practice was rigorously pagan. Bacchus and Venus were the deities to whom they almost publicly sacrificed. The old Lord Melcomb was one of the brotherhood. Yet their follies would have escaped the eye of the public, if Lord Bute, from this seminary of piety and wisdom, had not selected a Chancellor of the Exchequer. But politics had no sooner infused themselves amongst those rosy anchorites, than dissensions were kindled, and a false brother arose, who divulged the arcana, and exposed the good Prior, in order to ridicule him as Minister of the Finances. But of this more hereafter."

The first advances of the new coalition were far from being successful.

"Fox's first application for support, was made to the Duke of Cumberland. That haughty and sensible Prince received him with scorn, reproached him warmly with lending himself to support a tottering administration, and

bitterly with his former declarations of having given up all ambitious views. The next trial made by Fox was on Lord Waldegrave, to whom he urged that his Lordship had so much ridiculed the Princess and Lord Bute, that they had more to complain of than he had; and he endeavoured to enclose the Earl in his treaty with the Court, by asking him, if it should be proposed to call his Lordship to the Cabinet Council, whether he should like it? The Earl, who had been bred a courtier, who was of too gentle manners for opposition, and too shrewd not to see that the power of the Crown was predominant, desired time to consider, and went to Windsor to consult the Duke of Cumberland. His Royal Highness acknowledged the attention with many thanks, but would give no advice. The Earl, who wanted not to be told, that not advising him to make his court when he was disposed to it, was advising him against it, was not courtier enough to quit a Prince, his friend, for a Court that he himself despised and hated; and immediately wrote to Fox, to desire the proposal might not be made to him. The Duke of Devonshire was in like manner endeavoured to be softened by Fox, who wished to wear the credit of reconciling his own friends to the peace, and bringing their support to the administration. But here again he was foiled. The Duke gave him a civil answer, assured him of his personal good wishes, but declined any connection with him as minister."

Fox, however, was not to be daunted. Had the peace been at once proposed to Parliament, he well knew it would have been indignantly rejected. The very coalition between himself and Bute would have animated a powerful party against him. "Leaving the growlers to their ill-humour," he attacked the members of the House separately, opening a regular shop at the Pay Office for the purchase of votes, where even so low a sum as two hundred pounds was received as the price of venality. Martin, Secretary of the Treasury, afterwards owned that twenty-five thousand pounds were paid away in one morning. Fox's theory was, that the Crown must predominate wherever it will exert its influence, and that a bold system of rewards and punishments is the stronghold of a government.

"The first fruit of these councils struck mankind with astonishment. The

Duke of Devonshire, who had kept himself in the country, coming to town on the 28th of October, went to pay his duty to the King, and, as is customary with the great officers, went to the back-stairs, whence he sent the page in waiting to acquaint his Majesty with his attendance. 'Tell him,' said the King angrily, 'I will not see him.' The page, amazed, hesitated. The King ordered him to go and deliver those very words. If the page had been thunderstruck, it may be imagined what the Duke felt. He had, however, the presence of mind to send in the page again, to ask what he should do with his key, of Lord Chamberlain. The reply was, 'Orders will be given for that.' The Duke went home with a heart full of rage, and tore off his key, which, immediately after, he carried to Lord Egremont, the Secretary of State; and the next morning his brother Lord George Cavendish, and Lord Besborough, his brother-in-law, resigned their places. As the Court urged that the Duke's disgrace was owing to his refusal of attending Councils, his Grace's friends pleaded that he had asked and obtained the King's leave not to attend them, as he seldom had attended them, even in the late reign; and that, his summons having been made by a commis in Lord Egremont's office, the Duke did not think that such a message interfered with his dispensation. Some said there had been no intention to dismiss the Duke; attributing the affront to a sudden start of passion in the King, who, coming from Richmond that morning, had met the Dukes of Devonshire and Newcastle together in a chariot, whence suspecting a cabal, he had gone home in anger, and, at the moment the Duke arrived at St. James's, was writing to Lord Bute that *now was the time*; words which proved at least that the Duke's disgrace had been meditated, and which, in truth, nobody doubted. The Princess had more than once termed him ironically the *Prince of the Whigs*; and his Grace having dared to desert from Fox's banner, left no doubt of the latter having contributed to irritate the prejudice already conceived. Nor could Fox wipe off the aspersion; though, as soon as the affront was known, he had hurried to Devonshire House, and protested his utter ignorance of any such design. The Duke received him coolly, did not pretend to believe him; and his family never forgave it."

At length the day for the great contest arrived. The Ministers, now detested by the country, were assured of a majority; and, reckoning on Pitt's absence, hoped for an equal as-

cendancy in the debate. At a late hour of the discussion, however, a loud cheer was heard without, and Pitt, borne on the arms of his attendants, was carried into the House. His voice, however, was faint, his strength almost exhausted, and he was compelled to deliver the greater part of his speech, seated, repeatedly supporting himself by cordials during its delivery. He did not wait for Fox's reply. In the division, a large majority—three hundred and nineteen to sixty-five—carried the ministerial measure, and the Prince's mother, in the exultation of success, exclaimed, "Now is my son really King."

The triumph of either Court or Ministry was, however, short-lived. Fox was assailed within the House and without, with a rancour unparalleled, and demanded the Peerage as an escape from his untenable position. To the astonishment of the Parliament, and the nation also, Bute was announced to have resigned. Fox was elevated to the Peerage, and George Grenville became First Lord of the Treasury—a statesman whose political opinions it would be difficult to characterize; for, while curbing on one hand even the just prerogatives of the Crown, he never omitted to invade the true rights and liberties of the people, accumulating, as far as he was able, the whole force of the nation within the ranks of the Lower House. Then he offended the Court, while he made war on the press, and actually tyrannized over the Monarch, at the moment he was persecuting the organs of public opinion.

It was in this dilemma the King once more thought of recalling Pitt to his councils. From him, whatever line of policy he had thought proper to follow, he had ever met the most sensitive and respectful deference personally, while in his high sense of honour he could repose an unlimited confidence, should the negotiations for a new Ministry not be successfully entertained.

Meanwhile, Wilkes and Churchill assailed the Ministry by pasquinades and libels the most bitter and galling. The King himself was treated with scant courtesy by these bold satirists; and the wit and brilliancy of the attacks, found them favour and acceptance in circles, where libel does not often ob-

tain auditors. Wilkes was seized at last, under a general warrant signed by Lord Halifax.

"They had been ordered to apprehend him at midnight, but abstained till noon of the 30th. Churchill, his friend, then with him, slipped out of the house, either to secure himself, or to give the alarm. Mr. Wood, the Under-Secretary, and Philip Carteret Webbe, a most villainous tool and agent in any iniquity, seized his papers, though he had received intimation time enough to convey away the most material. He was conducted to Lord Halifax's, where he behaved with much firmness and confidence, and grievously wounded the haughty dignity attempted to be assumed by Lord Egremont. They committed him close prisoner to the Tower; a severity rarely, and never fit to be practised, but in cases of most dangerous treason. This treatment served but to increase Wilkes's spirit and wit. He desired to be confined in the same room where Sir William Windham, Lord Egremont's father, had been kept on a charge of Jacobitism; and said he hoped, if there could be found such a chamber in the Tower, that he might not be lodged where any Scotchman had been prisoner.

"About the same time, being told of the reasons alleged by the King of Spain for setting aside his eldest son, two of which were, that the Prince squinted, and did not believe the mysteries of our holy religion; then, said Wilkes, 'I can never be King of Spain, for I squint, and believe none of those mysteries.'"

Wilkes's case led to debates of a character involving questions far higher than might be supposed to arise in such a cause. The great question of "General Warrants" was now raised in Parliament, and in their interest the whole nation was aroused. The strength was not merely of numbers either. Constitutional authorities, sound argument, and learning were all arrayed against these usurpations on liberty, and the government majority was at last beaten down to fourteen. Still the Ministry held their ground—detested alike by Sovereign and people. Among those who voted against government in the question of "General Warrants," was Conway, brother to Lord Hertford, a man of considerable ability and military knowledge, but neither a very far-seeing nor prudent politician. Conway's opposition

on this occasion was followed by his dismissal from his command of a regiment, a severity which, it was said, met the perfect concurrence of the King. This act of power, and the expulsion of Wilkes from the House, were the Ministerial triumphs of the session, at the same time, that the government fell lower every day in the estimation of both the King and the nation.

Personally, Grenville was most distasteful to his Majesty. State affairs are occasionally subjects somewhat dry and uninteresting, and he certainly took no pains to render them one whit less unpalatable. "When he has talked on for two hours," says the King, "he takes out his watch, to see if he cannot detain me an hour longer."

The small politics of the time were now destined to a termination, by the intervention of a measure, which in its stupendous consequences, was to change the political condition of the world. This was the act of imposing stamp duties on America. Had the revenue expected from such a source been ten or twenty times as great as was contemplated, the step was one which no prudent Minister would have hazarded. The colonies were arrived at that period of internal strength and resource, when suitable concessions to their growing power would have been a tie to bind them to the parent state. Measures of restriction and severity were, therefore, never more ill-timed, and none but one fool-hardy and narrow-minded could have thought of imposing them.

It would not be difficult to point out how often, in the government of kingdoms, the most reckless and daring policy has flowed from those least endowed with true courage, nor how such men will suggest plans from which the bravest recoil with fear. Such was the case here. Pitt, who never shrunk from the great responsibility of maintaining a mighty continental war, of equipping forces, and subduing powers, at the cost of a tremendous national debt, now confessed, that he had not nerve for a struggle like this. It is not very long since that one, whose bravery and heroism are the theme of every land of Europe and the glory of his own, avowed, that "he was afraid of a civil war." And the theme might not be an unprofit-

able one, to reflect how far this very prescience is not the highest attribute of eminently courageous minds.

It is somewhat curious, now looking back upon that period, to see how the measure in whose result the whole fortunes of the human race were to be influenced, the emancipation of America, became overlooked in the apparently more important question of the Regency.* The King's illness, the first development of that malady by which, in after life, he was so severely afflicted, brought this question before Parliament, and with it the somewhat delicate inquiry, how far the Prince's mother was a member of the Royal family. Neger were debates carried on with more acrimony and personal bitterness than now, and Grenville, while he dreaded the Bute influence which would again be restored, if the Princess were Regent, was compelled to insert her name in the list of those eligible for that duty.

Walpole's second volume is almost entirely devoted to the private history of this measure, and the intrigues entered into by himself for vindicating his friend Conway's honour, and restoring him to his lost position.

In these negotiations, he would have us fain suppose that personal friendship entered far more than questions of party and private vengeance; and indeed he takes care to exhibit Conway, as singularly ungrateful for the efforts and exertions he made in his defence. But the reader can, after all, scarcely mistake the real object of all his machinations and wiles, nor acquit him of the desire to be revenged on those

who passed him over in the construction of their Cabinet, nor took any notice of his pretensions to high office.

The petty exhibition of spite and malignity he vented on his enemies, seem strange for a man occupying his position. Nor are we now prepared to see the son of a once leading minister, attacking an opposite party by low "pasquinades" against those who gave no "vails" to servants, and contributing to the slanderer Wilkes's private hints for defaming the character of a distinguished political leader.

Assuredly, whatever be our faults and failings, we have improved upon this. It would not be possible, we trust, in these days, to adduce any instance of party hate descending to acts like these.

To the circumstances which overthrew the Grenville party, and led to Pitt's resumption of office, with the course of policy which succeeded, we purpose to return on a future occasion, and when the publication of the two concluding volumes of these memoirs shall have placed within our reach more ample information, as to the private history of both Court and Parliament.

In the meantime, we conclude by recommending these most creditably edited volumes to the attention and perusal of all who agree with us, in regarding the early years of this reign as the cradle of our existing institution, and the origin of those two great camps of party which for upwards of eighty years have divided between them the government of this country.

* The Americans were firm in the first resistance. They took their stand like men who had calculated the chances, and would abide the result. "Idleness and pride," said Franklin, in one of his letters home at the period, "tax with a heavier hand than Kings and Parliaments. If we can get rid of the former, we may easily get rid of the latter." When examined before Parliament on the subject of the tax, he was asked if the Americans would pay the stamp duty, if it were moderated, and his reply was "No, never, unless compelled by force of arms." "Will the Americans rescind the resolutions regarding the independence as to taxation?" was the next question, and his answer was again, "Never, unless compelled by force of arms." "I am glad the Americans have resisted," was Pitt's memorable expression, and there is little doubt what weight the authority of such words from such a speaker carried.

The act was repealed, but only to make way for one in principle not less aggressive—the Declaratory Act by which Parliament asserted its right to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever; a measure which had the appearance of a cowardly retreat at home, and in America was regarded as an insolent and tyrannical threat. Thus unhappily, was every step taken in this ill-fated transaction.

THE DEFENDERS.

THE waters of strife in Ireland have but little resemblance to the Egyptian Nile; but there is one particular in which a similitude not altogether fanciful may be detected, namely, that the source of each appears to be involved in the same darkness and uncertainty. How many adventurers and projectors have been ready to cry "Eureka" over the fountain-head of the one and the other; and how soon have their confident assertions been disproved, and their anticipations overtaken by disappointment! How many a time has principle been surrendered, and the moderation of a reign of law, uniform and passionless, abandoned, in dependence upon counsels which past experience should have proved to be worthless and hollow; and how often has the disappointment, which followed upon each ill-advised or unseasonable concession, only prepared the way for another more unwise and injurious! For nearly a century, the policy of successive governments has found occupation in cutting off, one after another, the supposed sources of Irish discontent. It would be tedious to go through the long catalogue of severities, and palliatives, and concessions, which constitute the history of Irish administrations during that period of time. Suffice it to say, that experience has proved them all to have been vain. Whatever springs of discontent have been cut off, the channel is yet full, and so long as the same policy exerts its feebleness upon it, will ever remain full, and rapid, and dangerous.

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

There is little difficulty in understanding why obscurity should still cover the source of Irish sedition and disorder. Vigilant and formidable guardians watch over it—guardians, too, such as under no other circumstances could be found keeping watch together. Strange as it may seem, the legitimate government of the country has been scarcely less instrumental in protecting the great secret of insurrection, than the insurrectionary leaders themselves—the love of peace, and a desire to abolish the memory of

factionous feud and rancour, operating as strongly upon the constituted authorities, as the movers of sedition were influenced by the fear of having the secret of their strength detected. While parties such as these are united in keeping watch and ward over the system of outrage in Ireland, it is not wonderful that conjectures respecting the nature and the situation of its true source shall continue to be, what they have been, rash, and various, and unsatisfactory.

An artifice, too, of which the promoters of civil discord have liberally availed themselves, has had the effect of very much misdirecting inquiry, and thus guarding the secret of an insurrectionary system. The nomenclature of sedition has materially served its purposes, causing an opinion to be unconsciously adopted, that a change of name implied a break in the continuity of insurrection. It seems marvellous that so stale a device shall have proved so successful, and in all probability it would not have succeeded, had there not been a story connected with each change of name, which seemed to suggest a new and independent element of disorder. Thus the "Levellers" of the last century were called into existence by a tyrannical enclosure of commons. They became "Whiteboys" when they adopted shirts, worn over their ordinary habiliments, as the uniform of their nocturnal assemblages. The "Hearts of Oak," and "Hearts of Steel," who answered, as it were, on the part of Ulster, to the challenge given by the disorders in Tipperary and Kilkenny, had their particular wrongs to redress in the severities of land-letting and the burden of repairing roads. When peace was restored to the north, Munster was ready again, and Captain Right and his Right-boys took tithe-proctors, parsons, and, finally, landlords themselves, in hand. Then, for a little variety, the northern displays became heated with something of religious enthusiasm, and Defenders and Peep-of-day boys—the one party seeming to draw its inspiration from the persecutors of the clergy in Munster, the other bent upon a law-

less enforcement of the popery laws—waged war upon each other with almost military strength and organization. How the struggle ended—what forces became developed on either side, and what parties fell in with the hostile ranks, it is unnecessary to particularize. Suffice to say, that all minor parties disappeared for a season, merging into the great armies to which they respectively belonged, and becoming, it might have been thought, disembodied and dissolved, when the civil strife was ended. But the spirit of dissension had not been exorcised, nor had the purposes of faction been abandoned. Thrashers, and Carders, Caravats, Shanavests, Rockites, and “hoc genus omne,” took up, in disorderly though regular succession, the “burden” that had been stilled in the last century—and, at last Defend-erism itself, the bodily form of religious rancour, which had been smitten down in the calamitous year of '98, reared up its vampyre members again, and re-appeared under the guise of Ribbonism.

And thus we have returned to the point at which last month we left off, and find ourselves ready to resume a historical sketch to which we have been led while engaged in a review of the “Leading State Trials.” The volume we last month reviewed, shall furnish the first of the evidence which we will lay before the reader.

The trials of the Defenders opened on Monday, December 14th, 1795, “before a court holden under a commission of oyer and terminer.” The first trial was that of James Weldon, and the first move in the tactic of the defence was to quash the indictment, on the ground that the culprit was not properly described in it by the epithet “yeoman.” This point having met with a decision adverse to the prisoner, the trial proceeded. Weldon was a soldier, a private in the Seventh Dragoons, charged with having administered an oath to a person named William Lawler, which bound him to become a Defender. On the trial, Lawler appeared as a witness. He was a young man, by trade a carver and gilder, who had been misled by

reading infidel and republican publications, and having been a member of various societies, instituted, it would seem, for the purpose of spreading the pestilent opinions he had imbibed, he became, finally, prepared to join that still more dangerous body in which Weldon exercised authority. As soon as he was made acquainted with the secret designs of the treasonable association, he disclosed them. He entered it under a persuasion that it meditated much evil in which he was prepared to join, but when he found that a massacre of all Irish Protestants, without exception, was intended, he shrunk from participating in a wickedness far more atrocious than he had ever contemplated. The following passages are extracted from the report of the witnesses’ cross-examination, by Mr. Curran:—

“What religion are you? A Protestant.

“Have you been always a Protestant? Yes.

“Have you always professed that religion? Except when I was asked what religion I was among the Defenders, I said I was a Roman, in consequence of what Brady said to me.

“You saw, as you discovered, their purposes—you discontinued? After what I heard from Hart, I went to Mr. Cowan and told him.

“After the conversation with Hart, you told Mr. Cowan? Yes.

“Was that not a conversation in which he communicated the bad purposes of the meeting? I did not like the idea of massacring all the Protestants.”

“When was the first time you knew of these bad designs? I knew if they were to rise that some persons were to be destroyed, but I did not think they would destroy all the Protestants.”

The meeting at which Lawler was thus initiated into the real object, at least the most criminal, contemplated by the Defenders, was held in the month of August, 1795. He had been previously informed that there was to be a rising of the confederates, of which the committee men would give notice, and that “one in the north”

* Trials, p. 327.

† “Brady asked him (Weldon) if he knew of any man to head them when they were to rise. Weldon said there was *one in the north*, but did not mention his name.” . . . “He was asked in what manner every one would be acquainted

would be the leader in it. He had learned also that they were to possess themselves of arms for the purpose of being ready to aid the French* in their landing; but he would not have been influenced by a knowledge of these designs to denounce the society which entertained them. He could unite in the treason which was contemplated, but revolted at the thought of a religious massacre. The oath administered to Defenders, according to the testimony of Lawler, contained a promise of allegiance to the sovereign of these realms, George III., so long as he should continue to reign, and of obedience to the authorities in the society; a promise also of secrecy, and of readiness, when called upon for any duty, and of respect for the ordinances of the institution as founded in 1790,† and as altered by subsequent amendments. The clause in which allegiance to the sovereign was promised, it is scarcely necessary to observe, was not designed to be obligatory, and was to be understood in a sense conformable to the facetious commentary of Weldon,‡ who said, laughing, that "if the king's head were off to-morrow morning, we were no longer under his government." The important parts of the oath were those which promised obedience, secrecy, readiness, and that which fixed the date of the foundation of the society in the year 1790. It is to be observed that for the oath and the catechism of the Defenders, we are not left dependent on Lawler's testimony; papers containing them having been found on the persons of parties arrested by magistrates, who produced them on the trials.§ The reader will probably remember that the Parliamentary Secret Committee of 1793 distinguished between the Defenders of the day, and the original society bearing the same name: declaring that the latter body consisted of Roman Catholics exclusively, and entertained some vague hope of promoting the interests of their church¶ The oath subsequently brought to light,|| "I swear to be true, aiding and assistant to every brother bound to me by this obligation, and in

every form of article from its first foundation in January, 1790, and in every amendment hitherto," strongly corroborates the statement made by the committee, making, as it does, the origin of a new society, formed on new principles, after the original Defenders had become dispersed or dormant. Lawler's testimony, corroborated as it was, was credited, and the prisoner, Weldon, was convicted.

The proceedings next in order in Mr. McNevin's volume, is a motion to postpone the trials of the three persons, Brady, Kennedy, and Hart, on the ground that John Le Blanc was a material witness for them, without whose testimony their defence could not be complete, and that he could not immediately be produced. They would have used due diligence to have him summoned, but that, until the trial of Weldon, they were not aware of the importance attaching to his testimony. The motion was granted, the attorney-general not resisting it, and the trials were postponed.

The next person placed on his trial was Michael Maguire. The approver or witness against him was Thomas Roden, a fifer in the 104th regiment. The scene exhibited in the county court, on the production of the witness, is somewhat unusual. After the ordinary questions introductory to a direct examination, the report proceeds thus:—

"Attorney-general—Look at the prisoner—did you ever see him before?"

"The witness hesitated.

"Which is the man? Point out Michael Maguire. I neither see Michael Maguire nor Murphy.

"Do you know Michael Maguire? If I should see him I should know him.

"Do you see him?"

"The witness looked about, but made no answer. He was then desired to look through all the seats, beginning with the first row, until his eyes reached the dock. After doing so, he said—I do not see him.

"Look again in the same manner. I do not see him."¶

It is unnecessary to dwell longer on this singular incident. The witness

with it, or how would they get to know it. . . . He said the committee men would instruct them."—*Leading State Trials*, pp. 321, 322.

*Hart said he was to be a Defender, as the object was to get arms to assist the French when they would come."

† Trials, p. 303.

‡ Ibid, 323.

§ Ibid, 366.

¶ Ibid, 305.

¶ Trials, 349.

persisted in his inability to see the prisoner, and at last "laid his finger on a person who was not the prisoner."

"The witness was ordered off the table and the prisoner was acquitted.

"Murphy was then put upon his trial, given in charge to the jury, and the witness not being produced, the prisoner was then acquitted.

"The court then adjourned."

The phenomenon to which these prisoners owed their acquittal may be explained by a circumstance disclosed during the trial which followed—that of John Leary. On this trial, Lawler was cross-examined by Mr. McNally.

"Do you recollect," said the learned gentleman, "the trial of Mr. Jackson in this country? I do.

"You recollect a particular witness of the name of Cockayne upon that occasion? I do.

"I ask you, on your oath, do you know of any design against the life of Cockayne? There was *Le Blanc, the Frenchman*, the night before Jackson's prosecution, and a man who lived in Capel-street, belonging to the Philanthropic, knocked up against my window. My wife got up, and asked who was there. They desired me to put on my clothes, and if I had any weapons to bring them out. I did so. They told me we should stop Cockayne from appearing against Jackson. We went to a house at Stephen's-green, in the way leading to Leeson-street, where he said Mrs. Jackson lived. He desired me to wait till he came back. He went on, and when he returned, said Cockayne had been there, but was gone. He then went for Waller, and brought him. We were walking up and down the street better than two hours, waiting for Cockayne. . . . *Le Blanc* said, if he could see him, he would take him out of the way to prevent his appearing. But if he was killed, and the court should know it, the information he had given could be read; but if we kept him, and he did not appear, Jackson would be acquitted.

"You were present, and one of the party that went first for the purpose of assassinating the man, and afterwards determined to keep him confined? I do not say we went for that purpose."

John Leary was acquitted. He had been intoxicated; it was proved, at the meeting where he became implicated in the charge for which he was tried, and, as it was said, on this account

the jury dealt mercifully with him. We do not, however, attribute his acquittal to such a cause. The jury may have disbelieved Lawler, and their verdict contains no intimation that it was yielded to pity, rather than justice.

The proceeding next after this deliverance is thus stated:—

"Wednesday, December 30th.

"Clayton and Cooke were brought up to be tried, when Mr. Attorney-General moved to postpone their trials. It had appeared upon the former trials, said he, that there are persons wicked enough to take away the lives of witnesses. One of the witnesses who was to prosecute these prisoners does not attend, and Mr. Cowan, another witness, has been attacked with the gout in his stomach, and cannot attend."

Some discussion followed, after which—

"Cooke, Clayton, Turner, Flood, Hanlon, and Clarke were then discharged from their imprisonment."

"Thomas Dry, who had been out on bail, on a charge of being a Defender, was called, and appearing, he was discharged on his own recognizance of £50.

"Mr. Attorney-General saw that the principal witness against Oliver Corbally, charged with high treason, had absconded. The crown, therefore, would not produce any evidence against him.

"A jury was then impanelled, to whom Oliver Corbally was given in charge, and acquitted for want of evidence."

The next trial was that of an apprentice, named Kennedy, to whom the oath and test were said to have been confided by Weldon, when he removed from Dublin. These papers were found on the person of Kennedy when he was arrested, a circumstance by which Lawler's testimony was corroborated. Kennedy was convicted.

Next came on the trial of Hart, whose disposition appears to have been sanguinary. It was sworn that he said, at one of the meetings of the Defenders—

"He would not sit in company with a Protestant. That the night before, the Defenders were to have risen, but on account of the harvest not being got in, it was deferred; for if the harvest

should be destroyed, they would be starved; but as soon as it was got in they would rise upon the Protestants, and put them to death; and that the forts should be attacked at the same time. He meant by the forts the different garrisons in Ireland."^{*}

This statement was made by Hart on the 23rd of August, 1795.

The most remarkable, as well as perhaps the most distressing circumstance of these latter trials, was the youth of the two prisoners, whose appearance and dress were very juvenile. It was sworn to as a rule of Defenders,[†] "not to admit any members under eighteen" years of age; but it appeared to be the policy of the system to encourage and stimulate the young by making them feel the consequence attached to them as the depositories of perilous secrets, and as office-bearers in the society. Both persons were convicted. Kennedy, in consequence of his youth, was recommended to mercy.

The concluding trial was for a conspiracy to murder. The parties implicated in this charge were thirteen in number; all inhabitants of Dublin. The meditated victim was a soldier in the artillery. A comrade of his corps was to decoy him into the power of the assassins. The crime for which the victim was to suffer was that of having given information against members of the Defender Society, and being about to appear as a public prosecutor. The lives of eleven Defenders were in jeopardy, and they were to be saved by the removal of the witness, whom it was proposed to murder and throw into the Liffey. The approver, Thomas Smith, by whose means Hanlon was to be entrapped, on his cross-examination by Mr. McNally, explained his reason for enlisting in his majesty's service.

"How long have you been in the artillery? Since the 15th of April, 1795.

"Was it before or after you were enlisted, you were sworn a Defender? Before.

"Were you intimately acquainted with Glennan" (a principal conspirator) "before you went into the artillery? I was.

"Did Glennan hold any communication with you about going into the artill-

ery? I'll tell you the reason I went in: I was a Protestant all my life, and so was my father, and grandfather, since King William's time. I was obliged to hide my Bible and Prayer-book, and I consulted with my wife, and determined to go into the army to practise my profession as usual. I was obliged to make my daughter deny that she was a Protestant born, and make her say she went to mass.[‡]

Here the witness was examined by the court.

"When did you hear of their intentions? In February, 1795.

"What did you hear? They were talking in Connor's house; we expected every day a massacre and a rebellion to break out; no Protestant was to be left alive. We were to serve under Sir Edward Bellow, and were sworn to that. The oath was, to serve under James Cole, Sir E. Bellow, Napper Tandy, and Hamilton Rowan. There were sheets of paper, and they swore to it as they said. I gave information. They were to have no king; they said, 'we will recover our estates; sweep clear the Protestants; kill the lord lieutenant, and leave none alive.'

"What do you say were their determinations, as you can recollect them? The oath was to serve Sir E. Bellow, James Cole, Napper Tandy, and Hamilton Rowan; to serve France and Ireland.

"What did you say about the lord lieutenant? We were one morning at Connor's, Glennan, Dempsey, and others; we came to a resolution of shooting the lord lieutenant.

"Upon what day was that? I do not know; it was upon a Sunday, as he passed through the Park. We were to take the Magazine in the Park, the Castle of Dublin, and put all the nobility therein to death.

"You said you were in constant expectation of something? Of the rebellion breaking out

"Where? In Dublin.

"When did that commence? Last April, 1795."

Eleven of the thirteen persons given in charge to the jury were convicted, and, with their case, the trials of the Defenders terminated.

If these trials do not afford all the information which the reader might have expected, they suggest, at least, a sufficient reason for their parsimony of intelligence. The terror of the Defenders was upon the heart of every

* *Ibid.*, 421.

† *Ibid.*, 422.

‡ *Trials*, 466.

witness. How few are the instances in which men will be found to shake off the influence of such a terror, and expose themselves to the too probable consequences of bearing public testimony, general execration, and death by violence? The system which had succeeded in making itself thus dreaded, was not of recent age or of hasty formation. It had grown gradually into maturity; and when it is proved to have been so criminally and successfully enterprising in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, may readily be supposed not to have been inactive elsewhere. A passage from a speech delivered by Sir Laurence Parsons, the late Lord Ross, in the Irish House of Commons, in the session of 1796, will serve to show that the severities exercised for the purpose of deterring or punishing witnesses, were not confined to the province of Leinster, or commenced at the time of the "Defenders' trials."

"As to making the examination of a murdered witness evidence, I do not dissent from it; I think it fair and reasonable. I would also give complete protection to witnesses; and if they incurred danger by staying in the country I would allow them a stipend to support them elsewhere. The murder of witnesses is far from a new offence in this country: about four years ago, three persons were murdered in succession in the county Tipperary; the first was a witness, the second a witness of the murder, and the third a witness of the second murder; so that it is not a new crime. About ten years ago, another witness was waked in his own house, and his head cut off by a gang of ruffians; these were, all of them, Defenders. Another witness, who had prosecuted persons at Philipstown, was sent to Maryborough to prosecute others, and was poisoned in the gaol of Maryborough."*

So much for the south. Mr. Maden has provided for us some information respecting northern executions. His bias, we need scarcely say, was not adverse to either Defenders or United Irishmen, so as to render him severe in judging them. His desire is evidently rather to extenuate than

to set down "aught in malice;" and with this disposition, he indulges his readers with an account of the experience of an United Irishman, Mr. Hope.

"The only persons Hope knew"—*knew!*—"to have been assassinated, were Mr. Bride, an informer of Doregore, shot in North-street, Belfast, at Law's entry, in 1797: McClure of Crangbally, supposed to have been made away with in 1796, who suddenly disappeared, and was never more heard of; Harper of the county Down, suspected of being an informer, shot at a bridge near Ballygowen, three miles from Belfast; Newall, from Dublin, an informer, who was traced so far as Dush, about six miles from Belfast; Phillips, an excommunicated priest, from French Park, county Roscommon, who had sworn in a number of Defenders, had received a shilling a head from them, and subsequently had given information to Colonel King and Lord Dillon, and had several of the men thus sworn arrested. He then came to Belfast, but his character came before him; he was taken by a party of Defenders, about 1794; one of them (it was said) confessed he was present when they seized Phillips, tried him on the spot, and condemned him; they gave him time to pray, then put leaden weights into his pockets, and drowned him at the paper-mill stream, close to the town. Henry Cagbally, of county Dorry, suspected of being an informer, but no proof of the fact; he got money to take him to America, but spent the money, and remained at home; he was then seized, brought to Templepatrick by a party who gave him drink, and then stabbed him in the breast, and killed him. This was two miles from Templepatrick, on the Antrim-road Hope knows of no other instances of assassination ascribed, with any probability of truth, to the United Irishmen."†

"Hope knows of no other instances of assassination?" To us it appears that his catalogue is sufficiently ample. The reader will bear in mind that these assassinations were the punishments inflicted on persons convicted, or suspected, of having given information to the government. For one man's experience, and for the crimes of a dis-

* Seward's Col. Pol. vol. 3, p. 168.—It may be worthy of observation, that poisoning, at least the fear of it, had not become obsolete at the epoch of the leading state trials. In the trial for conspiracy, it was sworn by Smith that Hanlon, whom he was to bring into the toils, had such a fear—"Did he consent?" He came forward, and said, "Perhaps they might poison me unknown to you."—*Trials*, p. 464.

† United Irishmen, Second Series, vol. 1, p. 357.

strict by no means extensive, the catalogue appears to us not a brief one—indeed, to have no other limits than those prescribed by the want of opportunity or excuse for being more extended. To be suspected of giving evidence was a capital crime—one upon which condemnation and almost inevitable death awaited. If the murders were less frequent than might have been anticipated (and unhappily they were awfully numerous), it was only because the terror of the system was so widely extended that few dared to transgress the obligation of secrecy. The marvel is, that it should have been thought necessary to inflict vengeance on so many, not that the victims were so few.

When a society was surrounded by a precautionary cordon so effective, it was no more than might reasonably have been anticipated, that its secret should be well kept. Much, however, became known by the investigations prosecuted into the plans and designs of the Defenders. It was ascertained—

That the type of their organization was changed, or that the society was framed anew in the year 1790 ;

That the society thus altered was to consist exclusively of Roman Catholics ;

That it was found in 1795 to have adopted an oath of fidelity to France ;*

That it entertained the design of exterminating Protestants ;

That it contemplated rising in insurrection in the year 1795, under the conduct, as was intimated, of a northern leader ;

That its members were bound by oath never to give evidence against a brother, in a court of justice.

The insurrectionary design of the Defenders was contemplated in April, in 1795, *was about to be carried into execution* in the August of the same year, and *appears to have been postponed* until after harvest, that provisions might be secured before the commencement of hostilities. Thus far

ample intelligence is afforded us in the trials of the Defenders.

It is scarcely necessary to remind readers acquainted with the history of this country at the close of the last century, that the north of Ireland, the direction to which Defenderism looked for its leaders, was very seriously distracted by insurrectionary violence in the eventful year of which we have been writing. In May, 1795, the United Irish system was completed in Belfast, and very shortly after the Defenders had taken the field in the county Armagh, in little less than military array. Overlooked or connived at, as they seem to have been, by the constituted authorities, and withstood by another body, whose purposes were not criminal, but whose proceedings were almost equally lawless with their own, they were ready to engage in an action which would, no doubt, have been very sanguinary, in the month of August, had not the battle been prevented by the effective, though tardy intervention of a military force. In September, however, this intervention was too late to prevent the shedding of much blood. In this month was fought the battle of the Diamond—a battle of which the ill-informed and the ill-affected speak with a shudder or a sneer, but by which there is strong reason to believe the hopes and schemes of traitors were fatally crossed and blasted. We have already sketched the true history of this very eventful conflict, and with augmented confidence refer the reader to our narrative,† contenting ourselves here with noticing a few particulars, which seem more pertinent to our present purpose.

The dispositions and organization of the disaffected in Ulster may be understood from a statement in a report drawn out by Wolfe Tone, and found upon the person, or among the papers, of Mr. Jackson. Wolfe Tone had been intimately acquainted with the state and prospects of the northern conspiracy. He was the accredited

* This was proved with sufficient clearness on the trials. The following extract of a letter from Mr. John Keogh (see Madden's *United Irishmen*, second series, vol. ii. p. 36) to J. Wolfe Tone, will be considered, perhaps, better evidence:—"Counsellor Burrowes considers these infatuated people as having *entiated men for the French, in expectation of an invasion*. It was proved that O'Connor swore men to be true to the French. *This now appears to be the oath taken by the Defenders.*"—Letter from one of the chief Catholic leaders in Dublin, September 3rd, 1795. *Tone's Memoir*, vol. i. p. 292.

† *University Magazine*, October, 1837

link between the Catholic Committee in Dublin and the United Irishmen of Belfast, and he was also the confidant and counsellor of republican Presbyterians and Roman Catholic Defenders. His was, in truth, a master spirit, capable of penetrating into the secret purposes of all parties, and of combining the discordant elements of which all consisted, into a formidable, although it could not be a permanent union. While marshalling treason, too, and preparing it for action, he was adroit and subtle enough to appear as nothing more than an agitator whose activities were bounded within the limits set by a free constitution; and such was the estimate of him by Roman Catholics, and such their fearlessness of having their cause prejudiced by his agency, that he was selected as one of those whom they sent to solicit a continuance of Lord Fitzwilliam's viceroyalty in Ireland. Very shortly after he was entrusted with this delicate commission, the report he had drawn up for the purpose of making France acquainted with the encouragement to invasion held out by the disaffection of the Irish people, was found at the arrest of Mr. Jackson, the French emissary. It contained these remarkable words:—

"The force necessary may be not more than 20,000, nor less than 10,000 men. Supposing them 10,000, 7,000 should land in the west, and having secured and fortified a landing-place, should advance into the middle of the country; at the same time, 3,000 should land immediately at the capital, and seize on all the stores and such persons as might be troublesome. *In that event the north would rise to a man.*"—(Statement of the situation of Ireland found on Jackson's arrest, April, 1794, and written by my father.—*Life of T. W. Tone*, by his Son, vol. i. p. 277.)

The discovery of Tone's intercourse with Jackson rendered it unsafe for him to reside much longer in Ireland. Accordingly, he emigrated, not without the design of prosecuting in foreign lands the mission of treason in which he had so sedulously laboured while at home. In this design,* he was encouraged by the political friends with whom he had held most confidential intercourse, while acting as secretary or agent for the Roman Catholic body. He instances,

especially, Mr. M'Cormac and Mr. Keogh, the Magog and Gog of his journal. With them he appears to have arranged his plan of addressing himself to the French minister in America, and ultimately makes his way to France, and solicits support there for the malcontents in Ireland. With these dispositions and purposes, on the 20th of May, 1795, he left Dublin for Belfast, where he was to embark for America. He was warmly received by his northern friends, and found that the seed sown so recently by him had already borne much fruit. He commemorates in his journal a day passed "on the Cave hill, when Russell, Neilson, Simons, M'Cracken, and one or two more of us, on the summit of Mount Arts, first took a solemn obligation never to desist in our efforts until we had subverted the authority of England over our country, and asserted her independence."†

"Before my departure," he says, "I explained to Simons, Neilson, and C. G. Teeling my intentions with regard to my conduct in America, and I had the satisfaction to find it met, in all respects, with their perfect approbation: and I now looked upon myself as competent to speak fully and with confidence for the Catholics, for the Dissenters, and for the Defenders of Ireland."‡

Such was the understanding between Tone and his northern confederates on the 13th day of June, 1795, when he set sail from Ireland.

In about three months from that day, the conflict, called the battle of the Diamond, was fought. It was a premature effort on the part of the Defenders; but the precipitancy which betrayed them into it was that of men who had been rendered impatient and unmanageable by an alternation of stimulants and checks continued until the regimen could no longer be endured. Two letters* are given in Tone's memoirs, from leaders in the United Irish Society of Belfast, written on the day or days of that sad, yet Providential, tumult, and both announcing the instructive fact, that Neilson and Teeling (conspirators pledged to aim at the severance of connection with England, and studying to effect the treasonable object by the intervention of a foreign foe,) had proceeded to the scene of contention, in

* *Life*, vol. i. p. 128.

† *Life*, p. 128.

‡ *Ibid*.

the hope of being able to settle amicably the disputes of the belligerent parties.

But this part of our subject demands a statement somewhat more in detail. It would appear that Wolfe Tone had made his arrangements for settling permanently in America, and thus, probably, withdrawing from the conspiracy in which he had been implicated, when his plans and purposes were all at once changed by communications from Ireland.

The reader may naturally desire to learn something of the contents of the communications which had such an effect upon the fortunes of this remarkable man, and it would seem that the editor of Tone's Memoirs has furnished the means of gratifying this reasonable curiosity. The Appendix to the Life of Tone contains three several communications, all written in September, 1795, one from a "a chief Catholic leader in Dublin," now known to have been Mr. John Keogh, dated September 3rd—two bearing date the 21st, from "leaders of the United Irish in Belfast." From the letter of Mr. Keogh we have already quoted the testimony that the oath of the Defenders bound them to be true to the French—an oath which, he says "appears to be the oath taken by *all the Defenders*." "Our bishop, Dr. Troy," he continues, "has excommunicated them, and they are not to be admitted to the sacraments at the hour of their death; but this has also proved ineffectual. Religion and loyalty have lost their influence with these men, who rely upon their numbers, which are very great indeed." We pass over the various counsels, suggestions, and insinuations conveyed in this letter, important as they are, and turn to the communications from Belfast, written on the eventful 21st of September. From the former of these we shall cite the commencement and the conclusion. The letter opens thus:—

"Reynolds has, at length, broke his long silence, and wrote to Neilson. We and ——— were with your friend, Smith, who professed great willingness on the part of his employers, to assist us, provided they are able. After informing N. of this, R. recommends instant action, whenever our crops are secured, and brings forward all the heroes of antiquity to support his arguments."*

The allusion here to the negotiations with France needs no interpreter. The writer does not approve of the advice; but at the same time thinks that when his party are fully prepared, they should embrace the first favourable opportunity. The letter concludes thus:—

"Neilson has been called away this morning by express, to settle some serious disputes in the county Armagh, between the Peep-o'-day Boys and Defenders. C. Teeling is there before him. I hope their efforts will be successful: that county has always been a plague to us."

The second letter is important enough and brief enough to be cited at length:

"I have been expecting very anxiously, for some time past, to hear from you. Government, on this side the water, are a good deal alarmed at the spread of Defenderism among the militia. R. is just returned from Dublin, where it is currently reported, and generally believed, that five or six thousand of the militia have taken the Defenders' oath. It is certain that a great many have. A file-major of the Fermanagh regiment has been sent to Newgate, for having administered it to a number of privates in said regiment. The Societies of United Irish are spreading fast throughout a large portion of Ulster. As you will no doubt have to lay out a good deal of money, before you are settled as you could wish, if you have occasion, draw on me at sixty days' sight, for one or two hundred pounds: your bill shall be duly honoured, and you may repay me at your convenience. I beg you will not be backward in doing this, in case you find it at all necessary. Neilson received a letter last night from C. Teeling, from Portadown, where he is gone this day. There has been dreadful work there about the Defenders."†

These, it must be admitted, are very important communications—important as having aided in determining Tone's movements, and important as furnishing evidence of a kind not to be disregarded, respecting the conflict known as the Battle of the Diamond. The reader will probably remember the general features of that engagement. He will find them in our number for October, 1837, as detailed by the authors of "Pieces of Irish History," T. A. Emmett and Dr. Mc'Nevin. The Defenders had been worsted in an engagement, and had made a truce. In breach of this solemn engagement,

* *Ibid.* Appendix, vol. i. p. 269.

† *Ibid.* Appendix, vol. i. p. 267.

having received a strong reinforcement, they attacked the village of the Diamond, and, as soon as their antagonists could be rallied, suffered a second defeat—a defeat in which the strength of their party was effectually broken. It was upon this occasion, we may observe, the first Orange lodge was formed. In the first conflicts, between the Defenders and Peep-o'-Day Boys, the gentry and the Protestant Episcopalians took but little part. They were all aroused to a sense of their common danger, by the treachery and truce-breaking of the Defenders, and by their sanguinary denunciations against Protestants of every description. Moved by these menaces, they came in aid of their brethren, and thus the Battle of the Diamond was distinguished from the feuds which had previously disturbed the country, not only by its greater magnitude, but also by its placing in array against the Defenders Protestants of various denominations, and, we may add, of various ranks and conditions.

Mr. Plowden's account of this transaction is characterised by his accustomed disingenuousness, and yet it contains a truth which, admitted by such a writer, is of no common importance.

"But in the neighbourhood of Portadown, the animosity of the opposite parties had taken so decided a turn, that the Defenders remained under arms for three days successively, challenging their opponents to fight it out fairly in the field rather than harass them with nocturnal visits. On the 21st September, 1795, the Defenders were defeated at the village of the Diamond by a less numerous, though better organised party of their opponents."

The truth in his passage of most pertinency to our subject, is Mr. Plowden's confession that the Defenders remained under arms for three days successively, challenging their opponents. As to the pretext under which this military display was excused, fear of nocturnal visits from the Protestants, it is unnecessary to expose its weakness. The historian who neglects to notice a matter so very important as the treachery which followed the first, and provoked the second or final, battle of the Diamond,

can have but little authority. We can afford, in deference to things of graver importance, to pass him by. He is correct in his statement respecting the three day's military parade of the Defenders. For so long did a body of persons who had taken treasonable engagements, and who meditated the most criminal designs, openly affront the laws of the land, and menace and persecute loyal and unoffending men. And during these days, it would seem as if the leaders of the United Irish looked on, or looked away, with as much composure as the constituted authorities, leaving the sworn, although unpaid soldiers of France, free to prosecute their evil purposes, and to cause the fear of them to work its effect on the minds of unprotected loyalists. A change took place; the Protestants arose to defend themselves, and appeared, in strength, sufficient to overcome their adversaries; *then, and it would seem, not until then*, Neilson and Teeling, two persons, one of whom, at least, took that solemn engagement described by Tone, devoting themselves to the work of separating Ireland from Great Britain; two of the persons to whom Tone communicated his purposes of seeking armed assistance from France, proceed to the field where the Irish army of France were in action, or about to enter into action, with design, as it is said by parties who thought the time for action not fully come, to effect a cessation or suspension of hostilities.

We were, at one time, under an impression that Neilson and Teeling constituted a deputation from the United Irish Society in Belfast, appointed to negotiate, in their name, with the two contending parties.—The passages cited from Tone's Memoirs led us to form such an inference, and the religious profession of each of the peace-makers, we thought, would have recommended them, respectively, to Peep-o'-Day Boys and Defenders. Having given expression to this opinion, as an inference, not as the assertion of a fact, we feel no hesitation in adding that one of the parties, Mr. C. H. Teeling, has denied that our inference was well founded. He himself, he says, then not more than seventeen years of age, troubled by reports of the tumults in Armagh,

and being of opinion that the social position of his family, as well as their religious profession, would give him influence with the body whose creed was the same as his own (the Defenders), undertook of his own will and judgment the task of peace-making. "Impressed with these sentiments," he says, "I left the town of Lisburn, the residence of my family, and, without apprising any one of my intentions, proceeded direct for the county of Armagh." Finding his difficulties, as he proceeded towards the scene of action, greater than he had anticipated, Mr. Teeling "despatched an express to Belfast, apprising Mr. Neilson, by letter, of the troubled aspect of affairs, and entreating him, without delay, to meet me at Portadown." And this is the express sent by a boy, whose age did not exceed "seventeen years,"* to which, we are given to understand, Neilson yielded so prompt an obedience. Space does not permit us to dwell upon the topics which are presented to us by this disclosure. We must hasten to the abortive termination of Mr. Teeling's enterprise.

"Too soon, however, I learnt more correctly the still more unfortunate position of affairs; and nearly in the same breath was announced the adoption and the breach of treaty, and the renewal of hostilities, with feelings, on either side, of more deep and deadly animosity. I could no longer indulge the hope that, in this irascible state of public feeling, the maddened minds of either party could be rendered amenable to any rational control, and I left the ill-fated district with no cheering presage, either of its present or future prospects."[†]

Neilson, also, who was on his way to Portadown, acquiesces in the opinion of his young friend, and turns back with him from "the ill-fated district" towards where he was proceeding. Mr. Teeling appears to have been a youth of more than ordinary power to influence the human mind. When barely seventeen years old, he summons a man of mature age, and of what might be called a high position, to leave his home, and attend to the movements of a boy engaged in an enterprise, on which the boy's opinion, and the man of years, were at variance. He speaks the person thus

summoned on his way to the place where his influence was to be exerted, tells him that he despairs of being useful, and instantly his superior yields again, and after his bootless errand, returns quietly to his home!

But the matter of real moment is this—the Defenders, a body sworn to be true to France, and to exterminate Protestants, assemble in arms, and take the initiative in a rustic, but a sanguinary war. In their first attempt they meet defeat, and obtain, through the intervention of merciful men, a cessation of hostilities, and a truce. This truce, as soon as they feel themselves strong, they most perfidiously break, and by their treachery and violence they rouse up against them the indignation of the Protestant body, and provoke the battle of the Diamond—a battle in which they sustained so utter an overthrow, that their power was utterly broken. From the time of that engagement, the name of Defender was never boastfully paraded. The purposes to which the name served as a cloak and cover became disclosed; it could no longer afford protection against suspicion and abhorrence—it was, in short, *used out*, and was accordingly laid aside.

It is not from a wish to keep acrimonious remembrances alive, we advert to a subject like this. Seldom have there lived men who would more gladly welcome the word amnesty, than we—but when we see that forgetfulness on one side, only gives encouragement to fiction on the other—we think it better to be rude, in reminding those whom it much concerns, of truths which are unpalatable, than to betray our trust, by suffering falsehoods to be propagated in their stead. If all that genders strife between brethren were permitted to sink into oblivion—happy for [the country, happy, in our humble position, for us; but if only the reminiscences of one side are to be subject to decay—and if, as they fade, the inventions of the other side usurp the dignity and power of truths, then, we say, it is better to maintain and expose the whole truth, even though there may be matter of offence in it, than acquiesce in the utterance of the more offensive falsehoods by which these truths are sought to be superseded.

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VOL. XXV

TALES OF THE TRAINS; BEING SOME CHAPTERS OF RAILROAD ROMANCE.

BY TILBURY TRAM, QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

NO. III.—FAST ASLEEP, AND WIDE AWAKE; OR, THE TRAIN FOR "THE OVERLAND."

I got into the Dover "down-train" at the Station, and after seeking for a place in two or three of the leading carriages, at last succeeded in obtaining one, where there were only two other passengers; these, were a lady and a gentleman—the former, a young, pleasing-looking girl, dressed in quiet mourning; the latter, was a tall, gaunt, bilious-looking man, with grisly gray hair, and an extravagantly aquiline nose. I guessed, from the positions they occupied in the carriage, that they were not acquaintances, and my conjecture proved subsequently true. The young lady was pale, like one in delicate health, and seemed very weary and tired, for she was fast asleep as I entered the carriage, and did not awake, notwithstanding all the riot and disturbance incident to the Station. I took my place directly in front of my fellow travellers, and whether from mere accident, or from the passing interest a pretty face inspires, cast my eyes towards the lady, the gaunt man opposite fixed on me a look of inexpressible shrewdness, and with a very solemn shake of his head, whispered in a low under tone—

"No! no! not a bit of it, she ain't asleep—they never do sleep—never!"

Oh! thought I to myself, there's another class of people not remarkable for over-drowsiness; for, to say truth, the expression of the speaker's face, and the oddity of his words, made me suspect that he was not a miracle of sanity. The reflection had scarcely

passed through my mind, when he arose softly from his seat, and assumed a place beside me.

"You thought she was fast," said he, as he laid his hand familiarly on my arm; "I know you did—I saw it the moment you came into the carriage."

"Why, I did think——"

"Ah! that's deceived many a one; Lord bless you, sir, they are not understood, no one knows them;" and at these words he heaved a profound sigh, and dropped his head upon his bosom, as though the sentiment had overwhelmed him with affliction.

"Riddles, sir," said he to me, with a glare of his eyes that really looked formidable. "Sphinxes, that's what they are—are you married?" whispered he.

"No, sir," said I, politely, for as I began to entertain more serious doubts of my companion's intellect, I resolved to treat him with every civility.

"I don't believe it matters a fig," said he, "the Pope of Rome knows as much about them as Blue Beard."

"Indeed," said I, "are these your sentiments?"

"They are," replied he, in a still lower whisper, "and if we were to talk modern Greek this moment, I would not say but *she*——and here he made a gesture towards the young lady opposite——" but *she* would know every word of it; it is not supernatural, sir, because the law is universal,

but it is a most—what shall I say, sir? a most extraordinary provision of nature—wonderful! most wonderful!”

“In heaven’s name, why did they let him out?” exclaimed I to myself.

“Now, she is pretending to awake,” said he, as he nudged me with his elbow; “watch her, see how well she will do it;” then turning to the lady, he added in a louder voice—

“You have had a refreshing sleep, I trust, ma’am?”

“A very heavy one,” answered she, “for I was greatly fatigued.”

“Did not I tell you so?” whispered he again in my ear; “oh!” and here he gave a deep groan, “when they’re in delicate health, and they’re greatly fatigued, there’s no being up to them!”

The remainder of our journey was not long in getting over, but brief as it was, I could not help feeling annoyed at the pertinacity with which the bilious gentleman purposely misunderstood every word the young lady spoke. The most plain, matter-of-fact observations from her, were received by him, as though she was a monster of duplicity; and a casual mistake, as to the name of a Station, he pounced upon, as though it were a wilful and intentional untruth. This conduct, on his part, was made ten times worse to me, by his continued nudgings of the elbow, sly winks, and muttered sentences of “you hear that?”—“there’s more of it!”—“you would not credit it now,” &c.; until at length he succeeded in silencing the poor girl, who, in all likelihood, set us both down for the two greatest savages in England.

On arriving at Dover, although I was the bearer of dispatches requiring the utmost haste, a dreadful hurricane from the eastward, accompanied by a tremendous swell, prevented any Packet venturing out to sea. The commander of “the Hornet,” however, told me, should the weather, as was not improbable, moderate towards daybreak, he would do his best to run me over to Calais; “only be ready,” said he, “at a moment’s notice, for I will get the steam up, and be off in a jiffy, whenever the tide begins to ebb.” In compliance with this injunction, I determined not to go to bed, and ordering my supper in a private room, I prepared myself to pass the intervening time, as well as might be.

“Mr. Yellowley’s compliments,”

said the waiter, as I broke the crust of a veal pie, and obtained a bird’s-eye view of that delicious interior, where hard eggs, and jelly, mush-rooms, and kidney, were blended together in a delicious harmony of colouring. “Mr. Yellowley’s compliments, sir, and will take it as a great favour, if he might join you at supper.”

“Have not the pleasure of knowing him,” said I, shortly—“bring me a pint of sherry—don’t know Mr. Yellowley.”

“Yes, but you do though,” said the gaunt man of the railroad, as he entered the room, with four cloaks on one arm, and two umbrellas under the other.

“Oh! it’s you,” said I, half-rising from my chair, for in spite of my annoyance at the intrusion, a certain degree of fear of my companion overpowered me.

“Yes,” said he, solemnly—“can you untie this cap? the string has got into a black-knot, I fear;” and so he bent down his huge face, while I endeavoured to relieve him of his head-piece, wondering within myself, whether they had shaved him at the asylum.

“Ah, that’s comfortable,” said he at last, and he drew his chair to the table, and helped himself to a considerable portion of the pie, which he covered profusely with red pepper.

Little conversation passed during the meal—my companion ate voraciously, filling up every little pause that occurred by a groan or a sigh, whose vehemence and depth were strangely in contrast with his enjoyment of the good cheer. When the supper was over, and the waiter had placed fresh glasses, and with that gentle significance of his craft, had deposited the decanter, in which a spoonful of sherry remained, directly in front of me, Mr. Yellowley looked at me for a moment, threw up his eyebrows, and with an air of more “*bon-homme*” than I thought he could muster, said—

“You will have no objection, I hope, to a little warm brandy and water.”

“None whatever, and the less, if I may add a cigar.”

“Agreed,” said he.

These ingredients of our comfort being produced, and the waiter having

left the room, Mr. Yellowley stirred the fire into a cheerful blaze, and nodding amicably towards me, said—

"Your health, sir; I should like to have added your name."

"Tramp—Tilbury Tramp," said I, "at your service." I would have added Q.C., as the couriers took that lately, but it leads to mistakes, so I said nothing about it.

"Mr. Tramp," said my companion, while he placed one hand in his waistcoat, in that attitude so favoured by John Kemble and Napoleon, "You are a young man?"

"Forty-two," said I, "if I live till June."

"You might be a hundred and forty-two, sir."

"Lord bless you," said I, "I don't look so old."

"I repeat it," said he, "you might be a hundred and forty-two, and not know a whit more about them."

Here we are, thought I, back on the Monomania.

"You may smile," said he, "it was an ungenerous in-insuation; nothing was farther from my thoughts—but it's true, they require the study of a lifetime—talk of Law, or Physic, or Divinity, it's child's play, sir, now, you thought that young girl was asleep."

"Why, she certainly looked so."

"Looked so," said he, with a sneer; "what do I look like? do I look like a man of sense or intelligence?"

"I protest," said I, cautiously, "I won't suffer myself to be led away by appearances, I would not wish to be unjust to you."

"Well, sir, that artful young woman's deception of you has preyed upon me ever since; I was going on to Walmer to-night, but I couldn't leave this without seeing you once more, and giving you a caution."

"Dear me. I thought nothing about it. You took the matter too much to heart."

"Too much to heart," said he, with a bitter sneer; "that's the cant that deceives half the world—if men, sir, instead of undervaluing these small, and apparently trivial circumstances, would but recall their experiences, chronicle their facts, as Bacon recommended so wisely, we should possess some safe data to go upon, in our estimate of that deceitful sex."

"I fear," said I, half timidly,

"you have been ill treated by the ladies?"

A deep groan was the only response.

"Come, come, bear up," said I, "you are young, and a fine-looking man still;" (he was sixty, if he was an hour, and had a face like the figure-head of a war-steamer.)

"I will tell you a story, Mr. Tramp," said he solemnly, "a story to which, probably, no historian, from Polybius to Hoffman, has ever recorded a parallel. I am not aware, sir, that any man has sounded the oceanic depths of that perfidious gulf—a woman's heart—but I, sir, I, have at least added some facts to the narrow stock of our knowledge regarding it; listen to this:—"

I replenished my tumbler of brandy and water, looked at my watch, and, finding I still had two hours to spare, lent a not unwilling ear to my companion's story.

"For the purpose of my tale," said Mr. Yellowley, "it is unnecessary that I should mention any incident of my life more remote than a couple of years back. About that time it was, that, using all the influence of very powerful friends, I succeeded in obtaining the consul-generalship at Stralsund. My arrangements for departure were made with considerable despatch; but on the very week of my leaving England, an old friend of mine was appointed to a situation of considerable trust in the East, whither he was ordered to repair, I may say, at a moment's notice. Never was there such a 'contre-temps.' He longed for the north of Europe—I, with equal ardour, wished for a tropical climate; and here were we both going in the very direction antagonist to our wishes! My friend's appointment was a much more lucrative one than mine; but so anxious was he for a residence more congenial to his taste, that he would have exchanged without a moment's hesitation.

"By a mere accident, I mentioned this circumstance to the friend who had procured my promotion. Well, with the greatest alacrity he volunteered his services to effect the exchange, and with such energy did he fulfil his pledge, that on the following evening I received an express, informing me of my altered destination, but directing me to proceed to Southampton

ton on the next day, and sail by the Oriental steamer. This was speedy work, sir; but as my preparations for a journey had long been made, I had very little to do, but exchange some bear-skins with my friend for cotton shirts and jackets, and we both were accommodated. Never were two men in higher spirits—he, with his young wife, delighted at escaping what he called banishment—I, equally happy in my anticipation of the glorious East.

"Among the many papers forwarded to me from the Foreign Office was a special order for free transit the whole way to Calcutta. This document set forth the urgent necessity there existed to pay me every possible attention 'en route;' in fact, it was a sort of Downing-street firman, ordering all whom it might concern to take care of Simon Yellowley, nor permit him to suffer any let, impediment, or inconvenience, on the road. But a strange thing, Mr. Tramp—a very strange thing—was in this paper. In the exchange of my friend's appointment for my own, the clerk had merely inserted *my* name in lieu of his in all the papers; and then, sir, what should I discover but that this free transit extended to 'Mr. Yellowley and lady,' while, doubtless, my poor friend was obliged to travel 'en gargon.' This extraordinary blunder I only discovered when leaving London in the train.

"We were a party of three, sir." Here he groaned deeply. "Three—just as it might be this very day, I occupied the place that you did this morning, while opposite to me were a lady and a gentleman. The gentleman was an old, round-faced, little man—chatty and merry after his fashion. The lady—the lady, sir—if I had never seen her but that day, I should now call her an angel. Yes, Mr. Tramp, I flatter myself that few men understand female beauty better. I admire the cold regularity and impassive loveliness of the North, I glory in the voluptuous magnificence of Italian beauty; I can relish the sparkling coquetry of France, the plaintive quietness and sleepy tenderness of Germany; nor do I undervalue the brown pellucid skin and flashing eye of the Malabar;—but she, sir, she was something higher than all these; and it so chanced that I had

ample time to observe her, for when I entered the carriage she was asleep—asleep," said he, with a bitter mockery Macready might have envied. "Why do I say asleep? No, sir!—she was in that factitious trance, that wildest device of Satan's own creation, a woman's sleep—the thing invented, sir, merely to throw the shadow of dark lashes on a marble cheek, and leave beauty to sink into man's heart without molestation;—sleep, sir—the whole mischief the world does in its waking moments, is nothing to the doings of such slumber! If she did not sleep, how could that braid of dark-brown hair fall loosely down upon her blue-veined hand; if she did not sleep, how could the colour tinge with such evanescent loveliness the cheek it scarcely coloured; if she did not sleep, how could her lips smile with the sweetness of some passing thought, thus half recorded? No, sir; she had been obliged to have sat bolt upright, with her gloves on, and her veil down. She neither could have shown the delicious roundness of her throat, nor the statue-like perfection of her instep; but sleep, sleep, is responsible for nothing. Oh! why did not Macbeth murder it, as he said he had!

"If I were a legislator, sir, I'd prohibit any woman under forty-three from sleeping in a public conveyance. It is downright dangerous—I wouldn't say it ain't immoral. The immovable aspect of placid beauty, Mr. Tramp, etherealises a woman. The shrewd housewife becomes a houri; and a milliner—ay, sir, a milliner—might be a Maid of Judah under such circumstances!"

Mr. Yellowley seemed to have run himself out of breath with this burst of enthusiasm, for he was unable to resume his narrative until several minutes after, when he proceeded thus—

"The fat gentleman and myself were soon engaged in conversation. He was hastening down to bid some friends good-bye, ere they sailed for India. I was about to leave my native country, too—perhaps for ever.

"Yes, sir," said I, addressing him, "heaven knows when I shall behold these green vallies again—if ever. I have just been appointed Secretary and Chief Counsellor to the political resident at the court of the Rajah of Santancantarabad!—a most import-

ant post—three thousand eight hundred and forty-seven miles beyond the Himalaya.’

“And here—with, I trust, a pardonable pride—I showed him the Government order for my free transit, with the various directions and injunctions concerning my personal comfort and safety.

“‘Ah,’ said the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles to read, ‘ah, I never beheld one of these before. Very curious—very curious, indeed—I have seen a sheriff’s writ, and an execution, but this is far more remarkable—“Simon Yellowley, Esq., and lady.” Eh?—so your lady accompanies you, sir?’

“‘Would she did—would to heaven she did!’ exclaimed I, in a transport.

“‘Oh, then, she’s afraid, is she? She dreads the blacks, I suppose.’

“‘No, sir; I am not married. The insertion of these words was a mistake of the official, who made out my papers:—for, alas! I am alone in the world.’

“‘But why don’t you marry, sir?’ said the little man, briskly, and with an eye glistening with paternity. ‘Young ladies ain’t scarce—’

“‘True, most true; but even supposing I were fortunate enough to meet the object of my wishes, I have no time. I received this appointment last evening: to-day, I am here—to-morrow, I shall be on the billows!’

“‘Ah, that’s unfortunate, indeed—very unfortunate.’

“‘Had I but one week—a day—ay, an hour, sir,’ said I, ‘I’d make an offer of my brilliant position to some lovely creature, who, tired of the dreary North and its gloomy skies, would prefer the unclouded heaven of the Himalaya, and the perfumed breezes of the valley of Santancantarabad!’

“A lightly-breathed sigh fell from the sleeping beauty, and at the same time a smile of inexpressible sweetness played upon her lips. But like the ripple upon a glassy stream, that, disappearing, left all placid and motionless again, the fair features were in a moment calm as before.

“‘She looks delicate,’ whispered my companion.

“‘Our detestable climate!’ said I, bitterly, for she coughed twice at the

instant. ‘Oh, why are the loveliest flowers the offspring of the deadliest soil!’

“She awoke, not suddenly or abruptly, but as Venus might have risen from the sparkling sea, and thrown the dew-drops from her hair, and then she opened her eyes. Mr. Tramp, do you understand eyes?”

“I can’t say I have any skill that way, to speak of.”

“I’m sorry for it—deeply, sincerely sorry; for to the uninitiated these things seem nought. It would be as unprofitable to put a Rembrandt before a blind man, as discuss the æsthetics of eyelashes with the unbeliever. But you will understand me when I say that her eyes were blue—blue as the Adriatic!—not the glassy, doll’s-eye blue, that shines and glistens with a metallic lustre; nor that false depth, more grey than blue, that resembles a piece of tea-lead; but the colour of the sea, as you behold it five fathoms down, beside the steep rocks of Genoa! And what an ocean is a woman’s eye, with bright thoughts floating through it, and love lurking at the bottom! Am I tedious, Mr. Tramp?”

“No; far from it—only very poetical.”

“Ah, I was once,” said Mr. Yellowley, with a deep sigh. “I used to write sweet things for ‘The New Monthly;’ but Campbell was very jealous of me—couldn’t abide me. Poor Campbell! he had his failings, like the rest of us.

“Well, sir, to resume. We arrived at Southampton, but only in time to hasten down to the pier, and take boat for the ship. The blue-peter was flying at the mast-head, and people hurrying away to say ‘good-bye’ for the last time. I, sir, I alone had no farewells to take. Simon Yellowley was leaving his native soil, unwept and unregretted! Sad thoughts, these, Mr. Tramp—very sad thoughts. Well, sir, we were aboard at last, above a hundred of us, standing amid the lumber of our carpet bags, dressing-cases, and hat-boxes, half blinded by the heavy spray of the condensed steam, and all deafened by the din.

“The world of a great packet-ship, Mr. Tramp, is a very selfish world, and not a bad epitome of its relative on shore. Human weaknesses

are so hemmed in by circumstances—the frailties that would have been dissipated in a wider space are so concentrated by compression, that middling people grow bad, and the bad become regular demons. There is, therefore, no such miserable den of selfish and egotistical caballing, slander, gossip, and all malevolence, as one of these. Envy of the man with a large berth—sneers for the lady that whispered to the captain—guesses as to the rank and station of every passenger, indulged in with a spirit of impertinence absolutely intolerable, and petty exclusiveness practised by every four or five on board, against some others, who have fewer servants or less luggage than their neighbours. Into this human bee-hive was I now plunged, to be bored by the drones, stung by the wasps, and maddened by all. No matter, thought I, Simon Yellowley has a great mission to fulfil. Yes, Mr. Tramp, I remembered the precarious position of our Eastern possessions—I bethought me of the incalculable services the ability of even a Yellowley might render his country in the far-off valley of the Himalaya, and I sat down on my portmanteau, a happier—nay, I will say, a better man.

“The accidents—we call them such every day—the accidents which fashion our lives, are always of our own devising, if we only were to take trouble enough to trace them. I have a theory on this head, but I’m keeping it over for a kind of a Bridgewater Treatise. It is enough now to remark, that though my number at the dinner-table was 84, I exchanged with another gentleman, who couldn’t bear a draught, for a place near the door, No. 122. Ah, me! little knew I then what that simple act was to bring with it. Bear in mind, Mr. Tramp, 122, for, as you may remember, Sancho Panza’s story of the goatherd stopped short, when his master forgot the number of the goats; and that great French novelist, M. de Balzac, always hangs the interest of his tale on some sum in arithmetic, in which his hero’s fortune is concerned—so, my story bears upon this number. Yes, sir, the adjoining seat, No. 123, was vacant. There was a cover and a napkin, and there was a chair placed leaning against the able, to mark it out as the property of some one absent, and day by day was

that vacant place the object of my conjectures. It was natural this should be the case. My left-hand neighbour was the first mate, one of those sea animals most detestable to a landman. He had a sea appetite, a sea voice, sea jokes, and, worst of all, a sea laugh. I shall never forget that fellow. I never spoke to him that he did not reply in some slang of his abominable profession; and all the disagreeables of a floating existence were increased ten-fold by the everlasting reference to the hated theme—a ship. What he on the right hand might prove, was therefore of some moment to me. Another ‘Loup de mer’ like this would be unendurable. The crossdest old maid, the testiest old bachelor, the most peppery nabob, the flattest ensign, the most boring of tourists, the most careful of mothers, would be a boon from heaven in comparison with a blue jacket. Alas! Mr. Tramp, I was left very long to speculate on this subject; we were buffeted down the channel; we were tossed along the coast of France, and blown about the Bay of Biscay before 123 ever turned up;—when one day—it was a deliciously calm day, (I shall not forget it soon)—we even could see the coast of Portugal, with its great mountains above Cintra. Over a long reach of sea, glassy as a mirror, the great ship clove her way, the long foam track in her wake, the only stain on that blue surface. Every one was on deck: the old asthmatic gentleman, whose cough was the curfew of the after-cabin, sat with a boa round his neck, and thought he enjoyed himself. Ladies in twos and threes walked up and down together, chatting as pleasantly as though in Kensington gardens. The tourist, sent out by Mr. Colburn, was taking notes of the whole party, and the four officers in the Bengal Light-Horse had adjourned their daily brandy and water, to a little awning beside the wheel. There were sketch-books, and embroidery frames, and journals, on all sides; there was even a guitar, with a blue ribbon round it; and amid all these reminders of shore life, a fat poodle waddled about, and snarled at every one. The calm, sir, was a kind of doomsday, which evoked the dead from their tombs, and up they came from indescribable corners and nooks, opening their eyes with amase-

ment upon the strange world before them, and some almost feeling that even the ordeal of sea-sickness was not too heavy a penalty for an hour so bright, though so fleeting.

"Which is 123? thought I, as I elbowed my way along the crowded quarter-deck, now asking myself could it be the thin gentleman with the two capes, or the fat lady with the three chins? But there is a prescience which never fails in the greater moments of our destiny, and this told me, it was none of these. We went down to dinner, and for the first time the chair was not placed against the table, but so as to permit a person to be seated on it.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the steward to me, 'could you move a little this way; 123 is coming in to dinner, and she would like to have the air of the door-way.'

"She would," thought I; oh, so this is a she, at all events; and scarce was the reflection made, when the rustle of a silk dress was heard brushing my chair. I turned, and what do you think, Mr. Tramp—shall I endeavour to describe my emotions to you?"

This was said in a tone so completely questioning, that I saw Mr. Yellowley waited for my answer.

"I am afraid, sir," said I, looking at my watch, "if the emotions you speak of will occupy much time, we had better skip them, for it only wants a quarter to twelve."

"We will omit them, then, Mr. Tramp; for, as you justly observe, they would require both time and space. Well, sir, to be brief, 123 was the angel of the railroad."

"The lady you met at ——."

"Yes, sir; if you prefer to call her the lady; for I shall persist in my previous designation. Oh, Mr. Tramp, that was the great moment of my life. You may have remarked that we pass from era to era of our existence, as though it were from one chamber to another. The gay, the sparkling, and the brilliant succeed to the dark and gloomy apartment, scarce illumined by a ray of hope, and we move on in our life's journey with new objects suggesting new actions, and the actions engendering new frames of thought, and we think ourselves wiser as our vicissitudes grow

thicker; but I must not continue this theme. To me, this moment was the greatest transition of my life. Hero was the ideal before me, which neither art had pictured, nor genius described—the loveliest creature I ever beheld. She turned round on taking her place, and with a slight gesture of surprise recognised me at once as her former fellow-traveller. I have had proud moments in my life, Mr. Tramp. I shall never forget how the Commander of the Forces at Boulaehcush, said to me in full audience, in the presence of all the officials—

"Yellowley, this is devilish hot—hotter than we have it in Europe."

"But here was a prouder moment still, that little graceful movement of recognition, that smile so transient as to be scarce detected, sent a thrill of happiness all through me. In former days by doughty deeds and hazardous exploits men won their way to women's hearts; our services in the present time have the advantage of being less hazardous; little attentions of the table, passing the salt, calling for the pepper, lifting a napkin, and inviting to wine, are the substitutes for mutilating giants and spitting dragons. I can't say but I think that 'the exchange is with the difference.'"

"The first day passed over with scarce the interchange of a word between us. She arose almost immediately after dinner, and did not make her appearance during the remainder of the evening. The following morning she took her place at the breakfast table, and to my inexpressible delight, as the weather still remained calm, ascended to the quarter-deck when the meal was over. The smile with which she met me now had assumed the token of acquaintance, and a very little address was necessary, on my part, to enable me to join her as she walked, and engage her in conversation. The fact of being so young and so perfectly alone—for except her French maid, she did not appear to know a single person on board—perhaps appeared to demand some explanation on her part, even to a perfect stranger like myself; for, after some passing observations on the scenery of the coast, and the beauty of the weather, she told me that she looked forward with much hope to the benefit her health might derive from a warmer

air and less trying climate than that of England.

"I already feel benefitted by the sweet South," said she; and there was a smile of gratitude on her lip, as she spoke the words. Some little further explanation she may have deemed necessary; for she took the occasion soon after to remark, that her only brother would have been delighted with the voyage, if he could have obtained leave of absence from his regiment; but, unfortunately, he was in 'the Blues,' quartered at Windsor, and could not be spared.

"Poor dear creature," said I; "and so she has been obliged to travel thus alone, reared doubtless within the precincts of some happy home, from which the world with its petty snares and selfishness were excluded, surrounded by all the appliances of luxury, and the elegancies that embellish existence—and now, to venture thus upon a journey without a friend, or even a companion.

"There could scarcely be a more touching incident than to see one like her, so beautiful and so young, in the midst of that busy little world of soldiers, and sailors, and merchants, travellers to the uttermost bounds of the earth, and wearied spirits seeking for change wherever it might be found. Had I not myself been alone—a very 'waif' upon the shores of life—I should have felt attracted by the interest of her isolation—now, there was a sympathy to attach us—there was that similarity of position—that *idem nolle, et idem velle*, which, we are told, constitutes true friendship. She seemed to arrive at this conclusion exactly as I did myself, and received with the most captivating frankness all the little attentions it was in my power to bestow; and in fact to regard me, in some sort, as her companion. Thus, we walked the deck each morning it was fine, or if stormy, played at chess or piquet in the cabin. Sometimes she worked while I read aloud for her, and such a treat as it was to hear her criticisms on the volume before us—how just and true her appreciation of sound and correct principles—how skilful the distinctions she would make between the false glitter of tinsel sentiment, and the dull gold of real and sterling morality. Her mind, naturally a gifted one, had received every

aid education could bestow. French and Italian literature were as familiar to her as was English, while in mere accomplishments she far excelled those, who habitually make such acquisitions the grand business of early life.

"You are, I presume, a man of the world, Mr. Tramp. You may, perhaps, deem it strange that several days rolled over before I ever even thought of inquiring her name; but such was the case. It no more entered into my conception to ask after it, than I should have dreamed of what might be the botanical designation of some lovely flower, by whose beauty and fragrance I was captivated. Enough for me that the bright petals were tipped with azure and gold, and the fair stem was graceful in its slender elegance. I cared not where Jussieu might have arranged or Linnaeus classed it. But a chance revealed the matter even before it had occurred to me to think of it. A volume of Shelley's poems contained on the title page, written in a hand of singular delicacy, the words, 'Lady Blanche D'Esmonde.' Whether the noble family she belonged to, were English, Irish, or Scotch, I could not even guess. It were as well, Mr. Tramp, that I could not do so. I should only have felt a more unwarrantable attachment for that portion of the empire she came from. Yes, sir, I loved her. I loved her with an ardour that the Yellowleys have been remarkable for, during three hundred and eighty years. It was my ancestor, Mr. Tramp—Paul Yellowley—who was put in the stocks at Charing-Cross, for persecuting a maid of honour at Elizabeth's Court. That haughty Queen, and cold-hearted woman, had the base inscription written above his head—'the penalty of a low scullion who lifteth his eyes too loftily.'

"To proceed. When we reached Gibraltar, Lady Blanche and I visited the rocks, and went over the bomb-proofs and the casemates together—far more dangerous places those little cells and dark passages to a man like me, than ever they could become in the hottest fury of a siege. She took such an interest in every thing. There was not a mortar nor a piece of ordnance she could afford to miss; and she would peep out from the embrasures, and look down

upon the harbour and the bay, with a fearlessness that left me puzzled to think, whether I were more terrified by her intrepidity, or charmed by the beauty of her intep. Again we went to sea; but how I trembled at each sight of land, lest she should leave the ship for ever. At last, Malta came in view, and the same evening the boats were lowered, for all had a desire to go ashore. Of course Lady Blanche was most anxious; her health had latterly improved greatly, and she was able to incur considerable fatigue, without feeling the worse afterwards.

"It was a calm, mellow evening, with an already risen moon, as we landed to wander about the narrow streets and bastioned dwellings of old Valletta. She took my arm, and, followed by Mademoiselle Virginie, we went on exploring every strange and curious spot before us, and calling up before our mind's eye the ancient glories of the place. I was rather strong in all these sort of things, Mr. Tramp, for in expectation of this little visit, I made myself up about the Knights of St. John and the Moslems, Fort St. Elmo, Civitta Vecchia, rocks, catacombs, prickly pears, and all. In fact, I was primed with the whole catalogue, which, written down in short memoranda, forms Chap. I. in a modern tour book of the Mediterranean. The season was so genial, and the moon so bright, that we lingered till past midnight, and then returned to the ship the last of all the visitors. That was indeed a night, as, flickered by the column of silver light, we swept over the calm sea. Lady Blanche, wrapped in my large boat cloak, her pale features statue-like in their unmoved beauty, sat in the stern, I sat at her side, neither spoke a word. What her thoughts might have been I cannot guess; but the little French maid looked at me from time to time with an expression of diabolical intelligence I cannot forget; and as I handed her mistress up the gangway, Virginie said in a whisper—

"Ah, Monsieur Yellowley, *vous êtes un homme dangereux.*"

"Would you believe it, Mr. Tramp, that little phrase filled every chamber of my heart with hope; there could be but one interpretation of it, and what a meaning had that—dangerous to the peace of mind—to the heart's

happiness of her I actually adored. I lay down in my berth and tried to sleep, but the nearest approach of slumber was a dreamy condition, in which the words '*vous êtes un homme dangereux.*' kept ever ringing. I thought I saw Lady Blanche dressed in white, with a veil covering her, a chaplet of orange flowers on her brow, and weeping as though inconsolably; and there was a grim, mischievous little face that nodded at me with a menacing expression, as though to say, 'this is *your* work, Simon Yellowley;' and then I saw her lay aside the veil and encircle herself with a sad coloured garment, while her tears fell even faster than before; and then the little vixen from the window exclaimed, 'here's more of it, Simon Yellowley.' Lord, how I reproached myself—I saw I was bringing her to the grave; yes, sir, there is no concealing it. I *felt* she loved me. I arose and put on my dressing-gown; my mind was made up. I slept noiselessly up the cabin stairs, and with much difficulty made my way to that part of the ship inhabited by the servants. I will not recount here the insolent allusions I encountered, nor the rude jests and jibes of the sailors when I asked for Mademoiselle Virginie; nor was it without trouble and considerable delay that I succeeded in obtaining an interview with her.

"Mademoiselle," said I, 'I know the levity of your nation; no man is more conscious than I of—the frailty of your moral principles. Don't be angry, but hear me out. You said a few minutes ago that I was a "dangerous man;" tell me now, sincerely, truthfully, and candidly—here I put rather a heavy purse into her hands—the exact meaning you attached to these words?'

"Ah, monsieur," said she, with a stage shudder, '*je suis une pauvre fille, ne me perdez pas.*'

"I looked at the little wizened devil and never felt stronger in my virtue.

"Don't be afraid Virginie, I'm an archbishop in principles; but I thought that when you said these words they bore an allusion to another—

"Ah! *c'est ça,*" said she, with perfect *natveté*—'so you are, a dangerous man, a very dangerous man; so much so, indeed, that I shall use all my influence to persuade one, of whom

you are aware, to escape as quickly as may be, from the hazard of your fascinating society.'

"I repeat these words, Mr. Tramp, which may appear to you now too flattering, but the French language, in which Virginie spoke, permits expressions even stronger than these, as mere conventionalities.

" 'Don't do it,' said I, 'don't do it, Virginie.'

" 'I must, and I will,' reiterated she; 'there's such a change in my poor dear Lady Blanche since she met you, I never knew her give way to fits of laughing before—she's so capricious, and whimsical—she was an angel formerly.'

" 'She is an angel still,' said I, with a frown, for I would not suffer so much of aspersions against her.

" 'Sans doute,' chimed in Virginie, with a shrug of her shoulders, 'we are all angels, after a fashion;' and I endeavoured to smile a concurrence with this sentiment in which I only half assented.

"By wonderful skill and cross-questioning, I at last obtained the following information: Lady Blanche was on a voyage of health, intending to visit the remarkable places in the Mediterranean, and then winter at some chosen spot upon its shores. Why she journeyed thus unprotected, was a secret there was no fathoming by indirect inquiry, and any other would have been an act of indelicacy.

" 'We will pass the winter at Naples, or Palermo, or Jerusalem, or some other watering-place,' said Virginie, for her geography was after all only a lady-maid's accomplishment.

" 'You must persuade her to visit Egypt, Virginie,' said I; 'Egypt, Virginie—the land of the pyramids. Induce her to do this, and to behold the wonders of the strangest country in the universe. Even now,' said I, 'Arab life!—'

" 'Ah, oui. I have seen the Arabs at the Vaudeville; they have magnificent beards.'

" 'The handsomest men in the world.'

" 'Pas mal,' said she, with a sententious nod, 'there's no converting into words.'

" 'Well, Virginie, think of Cairo, think of Bagdad. You have read the Arabian Nights—haven't you?'

" 'Yes,' said she, with a yawn, 'they are *passé*; now, what would you have us do in this droll old place?'

" 'I would have you to visit Mehemet Ali, and be received at his court—for I saw at once the class of fascination she would yield to. Drink sherbet, eat sweetmeats, receive presents, magnificent presents, cachimeres, diamond bracelets. Ah! think of that.'

" 'Ah! there is something in what you say,' said she, after a pause, 'but we have not come prepared for such an expensive journey. I am purse-bearer, for Lady Blanche knows nothing about expense, and we shall not receive remittances, until we settle somewhere for the winter.'

" These words made my heart leap; in five minutes more I explained to Virginie that I was provided with a free transit through the East, in which, by her aid, her mistress might participate, without ever knowing it. You have only to pretend, Virginie, that Egypt is so cheap; tell her a camel only costs a penny a league, and that one is actually paid for crossing the Great Desert; you can hint that old Mehemet wants to bring the thing into fashion, and that he would give his beard to see English ladies travelling that route.'

" 'I knew it well,' said Virginie, with a malicious smile, 'I knew it well, you are 'a dangerous man.'

" All the obstacles and impediments she could suggest, I answered with much skill and address, not unaided, I own, by certain potent persuasives, in the shape of bank paper—she was a most mercenary little devil; and as day was breaking, Virginie had fully agreed in all my plans, and determined that her mistress should go beyond 'the second cataract, if I wished it. I need not say that she fully understood my motives; she was a Frenchwoman, Mr. Tramp; the Russian loves train oil, the Yankee prefers whittling, but a Frenchwoman, without an intrigue of her own, or some one's else, on hand, is the most miserable object in existence.

" 'I see where it all will end,' cried she, as I turned to leave her; 'I see it already. Before six weeks are over, you will not ask my aid to influence my mistress.'

" 'Do you think so, Virginie,' said I, grasping at the suggestion.

" 'Of course I do,' said she, with a look of undisguised truth; '*ah, que vous etes un homme dangereux.*'

" It is a strange thing, Mr. Tramp, but I felt that title a prouder one, than if I had been called the Governor of Bombay, varied and numerous as the incidents of my life had been, I never knew till then that I was a dangerous man; nor, indeed, do I believe that, in the previous constitution of my mind, I should have relished the epithet; but I hugged it now as the symbol of my happiness. The whole of the following day was spent by me in company with Lady Blanche, I expatiated on the glories of the East, and discussed everybody who had been there, from Abraham down to Abercromby. What a multiplicity of learning, sacred and profane, did I not pour forth—I perfectly astounded her with the extent of my information, for, as I told you before, I was strong on Egypt, filling up every interstice with a quotation from Byron, or a bit of Lalla Rookh, or a stray verse from the Palm Leaves, which I invariably introduced as a little thing of my own; then I quoted Herodotus, Denon, and Lamartine, without end—till before the dinner was served, I had given her such a journey in mere description, that she said with a sigh—

" 'Really, Mr. Yellowley, you have been so eloquent, that I actually feel as much fatigued, as if I had spent a day on a camel.'

" I gave her a grateful look, Mr. Tramp, and she smiled in return; from that hour, sir, we understood each other. I pursued my Egyptian studies nearly the entire of that night, and the next day came on deck, with four chapters of Irby and Mangles, off by heart. My head swam round with ideas of things Oriental—patriarchs and pyramids, Turks, dragomans, catacombs, and crocodiles, danced an infernal quadrille in my excited brain, and I convulsed the whole cabin at breakfast, by replying to the Captain's offer of some tea, with a profound salaam, and an exclamation of '*Bismillah, Allah il Allah.*'

" You have infatuated me with your love of the East, Mr. Yellowley," said Lady Blanche, one morning, as she met me. "I have been thinking

over poor Princess Shezarade and Nouredin, and the little tailor of Bagdad, and the wicked Cadi, and all the rest of them.

" 'Have I,' cried I, joyfully; 'have I indeed!'

" 'I feel I must see the Pyramids,' said she. 'I cannot resist an impulse on which my thoughts are concentrated, and yours be all the blame of this wilful exploit.'

" 'Yes,' said I,

" 'Tis hard at some appointed place,
To check your course and turn your prow,
And objects for themselves retrace
You past with added hope just now.'

" 'Yours,' said she, smilingly—

" 'A poor thing,' said I, 'I did for one of the Keepsakes.'

" Ah, Mr. Tramp, it is very hard to distinguish one's own little verse from the minor poets. All my life I have been under the delusion that I wrote "O'Connor's Child," and the "Battle of the Baltic," and now I think of it those lines are Monckton Milnes.'

" We reached Alexandria a few days after, and at once joined the great concourse of passengers bound for the East.

" I perceive you are looking at your watch, Mr. Tramp."

" I must indeed ask your pardon. I sail for Calais at the next ebb."

" I shall not be tedious now, sir. We began 'the overland'—the angel travelling as Lady Blanche Yellowley, to avoid any possible inquiry or impertinence from the official people. This was arranged between Virginie and myself, without her knowledge. Then, indeed, began my Arabian nights. Ah, Mr. Tramp, you never can know the happiness enjoyed by him, who, travelling for fourteen long hours over the hot sand, and beneath the scorching sun of the desert, comes at last to stretch his wearied limbs upon his carpet at evening, and gazes on celestial beauty as he sips his mocha. Mahomet had a strong case, depend upon it, when he furnished his paradise with a houri and a hubble bubble; and such nights were these, as we sat and chatted over the once glories of that great land, while in the lone khan of the desert would be heard the silvery sounds of a fair woman's voice, as she sung some little barcarole, or light Venetian canzonette. Ah, Mr. Tramp,

do you wonder if I loved—do you wonder if I confessed my love. I did both, sir—ay, sir, both.

"I told her my heart's secret in an impassioned moment, and with the enthusiasm of true affection, explained my position and my passion.

"*'I am your slave,'* said I, with trembling adoration—*'your slave,* and the Secretary at Santancantarabad. You own my heart. I possess nothing but a Government situation and three thousand per annum. I shall never cease to love you, and my widow must have a pension from *'the Company.'*"

"She covered her face with her handkerchief as I spoke, and her sobs—they must have been sobs—actually penetrated by bosom."

"*'You must speak of this no more,* dear Mr. Yellowley,' said she, wiping her eyes, you really must not, at least until I arrive at Calcutta."

"*'So you consent to go that far,'* cried I, in ecstasy.

"She seemed somewhat confused at her own confession, for she blushed and turned away; then said, in a voice of some hesitation—

"*'Will you compel me to relinquish the charm of your too agreeable society, or will you make me the promise I ask?'*

"*'Any thing—every thing—'* exclaimed I, and from that hour, Mr. Tramp, I only *looked* my love, at least, save when sighs and interjections contributed their insignificant aid. I gave no expression to my consuming flame. Not the less progress perhaps did I make for that. You can educate a feature, sir, to do the work of four—I could after a week or ten days look fifty different things, and she knew them—ay, that she did, as though it were a book open before her."

"I could have strained my eyes to see through the canvass of a tent, Mr. Tramp, if she were inside of it. And she, had you but seen *her* looks! what archness and what softness—how piquant, yet how playful—what witchcraft and what simplicity! I must hasten on. We arrived within a day of our journey's end. The next morning showed us the tall outline of Fort William against the sky. The hour was approaching in which I might declare my love, and declare it with some hope of a return!"

"Mr. Tramp," said a waiter, hurriedly, interrupting Mr. Yellowley, at this crisis of his tale, "Captain Smithet, of *'the Hornet,'* says he has the steam up, and will start in ten minutes."

"Bless my heart," cried I; "this is a hasty summons," while snatching up my light travelling portmanteau, I threw my cloak over my shoulders at once.

"You'll not go before I conclude my story," cried Mr. Yellowley, with a voice of indignant displeasure.

"I regret it deeply, sir," said I, "from my very heart; but I am the bearer of government despatches for Vienna; they are of the greatest consequence—delay would be a ruinous matter."

"I'll go down with you to the quay," cried Yellowley, seizing my arm, and we turned into the street together. It was still blowing a gale of wind, and a heavy sleet was drifting in our faces, so that he was compelled to raise his voice, to a shout, to become audible.

"We are near Calcutta, dearest Lady Blanche," said I; "In a moment more we shall be no longer bound by your pledge—do you hear me, Mr. Tramp?"

"Perfectly; but let us push along faster."

"She was in tears, sir—weeping. She is mine, thought I. What a night, to be sure! We drove into the grand Cassawaddy, and the door of our conveyance was wrenched open by a handsome-looking fellow, all gold and moustaches.

"Blanche—my dearest Blanche," said he.

"My own Charles," exclaimed she.

"Her brother, I suppose, Mr. Yellowley?"

"No, sir," screamed he, "her husband!!!"

"The artful, deceitful, designing woman had a husband!" screamed Yellowley, above the storm and the hurricane. "They had been married privately, Mr. Tramp, the day he sailed for India, and she only waited for the next *'overland'* to follow him out, and I, sir, the miserable dupe, stood there, the witness of their joys."

"Don't forget this dear old creature, Charles," said she: "he was invaluable to me on the journey!" but I rushed from the spot, anguish-torn and almost desperate.

towns of Shashter, Dizful, and others, together with the land of the Chab-Araba, is denominated *Khuzistan* or *Arabistan*.

"These regions, which in general now offer to the eye the melancholy spectacle of decay, of devastation, and even spread out at intervals into utter wildernesses, were not so in former ages. There was a time when they must have teemed with an industrious population, as the vestiges of ruinous towns plainly denote.

"The names of some of these have survived, and live in the traditions of the natives; others can be recognized in history, but a greater number lie scattered over the waste, without leaving any records behind, or bequeathing to posterity their names, the nations to which they belonged, or the time at which they flourished. There they crumble into dust like bones bleaching on a forgotten field of battle, or like a solitary plank on the heaving wave, a sad wreck of some noble vessel sunk in the unfathomable depths of the ocean.

"Shushter is greatly fallen from its former importance. *Ahraz*, the winter capital of the Arsacids or Parthian kings, is a heap of ruins. The plough is levelling with the soil the only remaining mounds which point to Jondi-Shapur; while Susa, the rival of Babylon and Ecbatana, the vernal residence of the King of Kings, hides its ancient ruins under thick grass and waving reeds, as if ashamed that common mortals should see how low it has fallen from its pristine greatness."

Through these fallen lands the Baron de Bode prepared to journey, during the expiring days of the year 1840. His route lay from Teheran to Isfahan and Persepolis in the first instance. At the first-named city he gives us a graphic account of the melancholy catastrophe which there befell the Imperial Russian Mission in 1829, when the Envoy Griboedoff and his whole suite, in their endeavours to protect the lives of some obnoxious fellow-countrymen, were all butchered by the mob, who were instigated to the work of blood by their fanatical priests. In the summer of 1836, when goodwill and harmony were restored, it devolved on our author to superintend the transferring of the bodies of the slain from the glacis beyond the contere-carp of the city, where they had been hastily laid, to consecrated ground. The Mohammedan natives neither exhibited surprise nor offered opposition.

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"The custom which prevails among Mussulmans of carrying the dead to be buried in places reputed sacred, such as Mesched, Kum, Kerbelai, and Mecca, is partly founded on the feelings of reverence they bear to the deceased. The Persians, therefore, far from being astonished at our disinterring the mortal remains of our countrymen and removing them to a consecrated Christian burying-ground, were only surprised it had not been done before. A circumstance which occurred at the very time will give an idea how Mussulmans think on this subject. When we were engaged in digging up the bones, a caravan of *Zuvars*, or pilgrims, came out of the Shah-Abdul-Asim gate, each leading a horse having two coffins swung across the pack-saddle, with dead bodies in them, which they were transporting to Kum and to Kerbelai, there to be buried. As they passed near our party, they were curious to know what we were about, and on learning that we were engaged in disinterring the dead, in order to replace them in holy ground, some observed that that was right, and that it seemed Christians know likewise it was a duty to respect the dead. I subsequently heard the same opinion confirmed by others."

While close to Isfahan, some of the severities of winter-travelling in these regions befell the party. With the remembrance of the Khoord-Cabul pass before us, we cannot but read the following with painful attention:—

"The direct road to So, the next station, being completely choked up by deep snow, a more easy path was pointed out to us by the karavanseraï of Ak-Kemal, which took us, by a round-about way, first to S.S.W. by S. and from the karavanseraï to S.E. by E.S.E.

"I do not know in what state the direct road may have been, but the one we followed was any thing but easy. First of all, there was no road; a caravan which was said to have preceded us in the same direction that morning, had, it seems, the start of us for several hours, and the wind being strong in these Alpine regions, had obliterated the traces of their march by drifts of snow, just as sand is shifted about by the whirlwinds of the desert. We moved on accordingly at random, the poor horses sinking up to their girths at every step they took, until, after much plunging and rearing, we came on the traces of the caravan, and soon espied it at a distance, moving like a string of geese along the snowy ocean. Pushing onward, as well as the path would allow

us, we at last came up with the party, which consisted of a dozen chavadars, or muleteers, who were carrying some bales of merchandize to Isfahan on the backs of their horses and mules. The difficulties of the march soon recommenced: we had not yet reached the high table land, and the intervening space was hill and dale. The snow, although lying deep on the former, could not be compared to what had accumulated in the narrow valley, and the poor beasts who led the van of the column and served as pioneers, sunk so completely into the snow, that they could advance no further. What was to be done? The whole caravan was obliged to halt. The men gathered together to extricate the poor animals out of their uncomfortable position, and I admired the ingenious plan they had recourse to. After freeing the beasts of their burthens, they stripped themselves of their felt great coats, and spreading them on the ground, got the feet of their horses upon them. Although the felted garments gave way beneath the weight of the animal, still it in this manner got some sort of footing. In this fashion we got over the most deep and difficult portions of the road, and it may easily be conceived how slowly we advanced. It was lucky that the weather cleared up and the wind abated, for a *buran*, or snow-drift, in these bleak and barren wastes is at times attended with fatal consequences. The chavadars usually when overtaken by a *buran*, throw their goods in the middle of the way, and themselves seek for safety with their cattle in the nearest village or karavanserai, only returning when the weather clears up, to fetch their bales of merchandize, which are usually safe during their absence, as no one will venture out as long as the *buran* lasts, which is sometimes for several days.

"After swallowing a few cold boiled eggs, and some greasy cold pillau, in a corner of the karavanserai of Ak-Kemal, we again vaulted into our saddles, and as the country presented fewer obstacles, arrived at the pretty village of So, about sunset."

The distance to Isfahan was soon got over, and Baron de Bode took up his lodging in the Julfa, or Armenian quarter of the city, with his friend, M. Eugene Boré. During a rest of a few days at Isfahan, he was shown the school established by M. Boré for the use of the Armenian youth of the district. This he found in perfect toleration by the authorities, and Mohammedan parents availing themselves

of its benefits, though only to a small extent. Religious toleration, according to our author, is making its way silently in Persia, from a variety of reasons; among which are to be placed the advance of secular or ecclesiastical power, and the progress of *Suffeism*, or loose adherence to the Koran. We pass over intervening matters of minor interest, to take up the writer wandering over the ruins of Persepolis.

"The 9th January [1841], as soon as I had finished my early breakfast, we rode off to the ruins, distant rather less than half a farsang from the village of Kenore. The nearer we approached, the more majestic the relics rose before us, till we arrived at the foot of the staircase leading to the platform on which Persepolis stands.

"An indescribable feeling of awe prompted me to get off my horse, in order to ascend the steps on foot, but my guide stopped me with the prosaic observation that I should have sufficient walking, and that I had, therefore, much better remain in my saddle, as the stairs were amply broad and sloping enough for horses to ascend with ease. This staircase consists of a double flight of steps of black marble, and so broad that eight or ten horsemen can advance abreast. The platform to which the staircase leads is an oblong square, measuring 1,200 feet from north to south, and 1,600 feet from east to west, according to Chardin. It faces the plain of Merdasht on the west, and is flanked by the hill of Rahmed on the east.

"On reaching the platform, we came to an immense portal, formed of huge blocks of granite or marble, with two gigantic figures of bulls in front, and two sphinxes on the opposite side, with two high columns between. . . . Another flight of steps, the walls of which are full of bas-reliefs, leads to the second platform, on which the principal edifices of Persepolis once rose. Here only thirteen columns are found standing erect out of the seventy-two of which the splendid temple was originally composed. It would be, perhaps, curious to trace the progress of the work of destruction, as it gradually has proceeded in the palace of Jemahid. Pietro de la Valle found, in 1621, twenty-five columns standing. When Mandelso visited these ruins in 1638, there were only nineteen; in the days of Kœmpfer (1696) and Niebuhr (1765), the number was reduced to seventeen; and, in 1811, Sir W. Ouseley met only with fifteen columns, excluding the two on the lower

platform. The pedestals of a great number are remaining, while the lines of the colonnade evidently show where the rest had been. These columns are fluted, and surmounted by capitals of various styles of architecture.

"One of these capitals, nearly detached from the pillar, probably by an earthquake, and menacing every instant to fall down, represents the head, chest, and bent legs of a bull, which figure is united at the back to a corresponding bust of a similar animal. This appears to have been the favourite ornament of the Persepolitan order, for we find it reproduced on the bas-reliefs of the royal tombs of Takhti-Jemshid and Nakshi-Rustam, as well as among the ruins of the town of Istakhr in the plain.

"Proceeding still in a southern direction, I passed an elevated mound of earth, which Sir R. Kerr Porter supposed may represent that part of the edifice which was burnt by the Macedonian madman, and to which the great Zend scholar, Lassen, assigns the name of the banquet-hall, or hall of reception.

"In a southern and eastern direction are numerous pilasters, formed into different compartments, with fluted architraves. The walls are covered with Cuneatic inscriptions and bas-reliefs, representing human figures, animals, &c., the number of which, according to some travellers, exceeds thirteen hundred."

Baron de Bode rightly conjectures that beneath the accumulated strata of ages, many valuable reliques of antiquity might be discovered at Persepolis. When a mighty city is overthrown, its very ruins form the depositories of its former grandeur, and hide from the spoiler buried treasures for after men. Accident, at times, brings to light some statue, or inscription, or bas relief; and at once they are caught up, and lodged proudly in our museums. How much, then, might be looked for, from extended and systematic excavation! For two thousand years has silence reigned in the halls of King Jemshid; and yet, the unveiling of much of the mystery attached to his wondrous city is, perhaps, in the reach of a twelvemonth's labour, if rightly conducted amidst its own ruins. Even the subterranean apartments and passages of vast extent have never been traversed fully, although remaining open to every passing traveller.

In these, Beckford placed the Hall

of Eblis, and all the closing scenes of his grand history of the Caliph Vathek. Here he sent the grandson of Haroun al Raschid, in his insatiate thirst for power and knowledge, to wander after the diadem of Gian-ben-gian, the talisman of Soliman, and the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans. Our author entered some of these mysterious passages, with these recollections present with him; and his visit must have been greatly heightened and stimulated by their means, though he acknowledges he received a warning respecting over-great curiosity.

"To return to the vaults of Persepolis. Having procured lights, my guide took me down into dark corridors, which are so low in some parts, that not only was I obliged to advance in a bending posture, but even to crawl. In one direction, I proceeded as far as eighty-five paces, in another seventy. These corridors are cut in the rock, and are covered by huge granite blocks, which circumstance makes me suppose that they were hewn previous to the construction of the massive buildings on the platform. These subterraneous walks intersect each other at right angles, and branch off in various directions. Some, even, I was told, communicate with the tombs in the mountain. This may explain the non-existence of a door into the royal tomb of Rahmed from the external face of the rock; but how are we to account for the absence of a similar entry into the caves at Nakshi-Rustam? Water appears, likewise, to have been conducted by means of these subterranean canals. In summer, the vaults of Persepolis, form the residence of herds of porcupines, which breed there in vast numbers, the ground being strewn with the dry manure and litter of this animal. This is all I saw in the lower regions of Takhti-Jemshid, and although it fell short of what Vathek and his fair companion had witnessed many centuries before me, of the infernal grandeur of the court of Eblis, I took warning from their example, not to push my inquisitive investigations any further, but hastened to exchange the dark abode for the pure light of heaven, and quit the loathsome atmosphere of the cells below, to inhale the fresh air of the plain of Merdasht."

Bend-Amir, which lay in the baron's route to Shiraz, must not be passed over, even for Thomas Moore's sake, albeit at that winter season there were

no roses mirroring themselves in the stream, nor heard our author the faintest chirrup of a nightingale.

"Bend-Amir consists of sixty houses, with twenty-one water-mills, erected in the river of the same name. Here is the famous dyke which was constructed in the tenth century by Amir Uzun-Deylami, from whom the river Kum Feruz, after its junction with the Murgab, (the Polvar and Medus of the ancients) has derived its name, Bend-Amir signifying 'the Dyke of the Chief.' A flat bridge of thirteen arches is thrown over the stream, the waters of which form a beautiful cascade just under it. As the bed of the river is very deep, seven other dykes have been constructed in its lower course to procure water for the irrigation of the fields. Of these dykes, that of Bondi-Talekan, four farsangs lower down the stream, has a bridge similar to the one at Bend-Amir. At present the fields around this village are left uncultivated, because the dyke is out of repair, and the water does not rise high enough to the surface of ground; hence the inhabitants have turned their attention to other pursuits, and have become millers, grinding flour for all the adjacent villages."

Among the wild tribes through whose country Baron de Bode had to pass on his leaving Shiraz, he found some localities rendered interesting by native tradition connecting them with the early patriarchs of the Bible. At Tashûn, for instance, he had a legend concerning Abraham, or Ibrahim, as he is styled by the Mohammedans:—

"Continuing my march in a N.N.W. direction from the previous night's halting-place, at nine A.M. I reached Tashun. The chief of this place came out to meet me with some armed horsemen.

"Tashun at present is but a poor place; but the ruins of houses, bazaars, palaces, and bathi, scattered in all directions, and venerable old trees with massive branches, attest it to have been formerly a considerable and picturesque town, perhaps during the dominion of the Atabegs of Luribuzurg, as the buildings are apparently modern. According to the natives, however, there exists a tradition that *Tâshûn* is the spot where the patriarch Ibrahim, or Abraham, was thrown into a burning furnace by Nimrad, 'the mighty hunter before the Lord;' and in corroboration

of this legend, they adduce the name of the town of *Tâshûn*, which is derived from *atash*, meaning fire.

"Major Rawlinson mentions the same fable, as attached to a place called Man-jarik, in Baghi-Malek, in the Bakhti-yari country."

At Tashûn, moreover, or in its immediate neighbourhood, will probably be found the site of the "Ur of the Chaldees," where Terah, Abraham's father, abode; and which, at the command of God, the great patriarch quitted for the land that he was afterwards to receive for an inheritance. Our author discovered a small village, quite near at hand, still bearing the exact scriptural name: c

"A circumstance, which deserves to attract our notice, is, that in the neighbourhood of Tashun, and not far distant neither from Manjanik, where the tradition concerning Abraham and Nimrod, as we have just seen, is likewise kept alive, we find a village called *Ur*, which, according to Scripture, was the name given to the birthplace of Abraham in Chaldea.

"Sixteen farsangs west of Behbahan, on the road to Shushter, is *Dehi-Ur* (or village of *Ur*), where, according to the information I obtained at Behbahan, a certain ancient prophet was buried, whose name the natives could not tell me; and as I did not follow that direction, I failed to ascertain any further particulars on the subject.

"We read in the book of Genesis, chap. xi. 28, 31, that Haran, the brother of Abraham, died at *Ur* in the Chaldees, before the latter, with his father Terah, left the place of their nativity; while Josephus, who wrote the 'History of the Jews after the final destruction of Jerusalem,' mentions that the sepulchre of Haran was still to be seen at *Ur* in his days.

"The locality of *Ur*, I believe, has not yet been fixed. neither have the limits of Chaldea been probably defined. It is not unlikely, however, that they extended thus far east, for we know from Pliny, and even Strabo, that some of the rivers of Susiana discharged their waters into the lake or sea of the Chaldees, probably in the Cha'b country, to the south-east of Shushter.

"Not the least curious circumstance in this account is, that *Ur*, like Tashun and Manjanik, should be connected with the notion of fire, for *Ur*, in Hebrew, literally means fire. This, therefore, may be the reason why St. Jerome

in his translation of Nehemiah ix. 7, instead of saying, 'Thou art the Lord the God, who didst choose Abram, and broughtest him out of *Ur of the Chaldees*,' translates, 'Thou broughtest Abram out of the fire of the *Chaldees*.'

Susa, with the tomb of the prophet Daniel, we must not pass over:

"The ruins of Shush lie four hours' hard riding from Dizful, in a direction S.S.W., on the right bank of the river Dizful, which we crossed by a bridge on leaving the town. The most conspicuous object is a lofty mound, which is discernible at a great distance before we arrive at the spot where the ruins commence.

"Although we went at a pretty brisk trot, we were still outstripped by a turbaned old Arao riding on a donkey at a swift amble, with a thick iron nail in his hand, with which he urged the animal forward by pricking it under the mane. He greeted our party in a very friendly manner as he passed on, and I learned that it was the Mutaveli, or guardian of the tomb of the prophet Daniel, anxiously hurrying on before us to do the honors of the place, and reap the benefit.

"On approaching the ruins, we overtook several groups of Arab families, who were hastening in the same direction, (it being their *jumma*, or day of rest—Friday), to the shrine of the prophet Daniel, whose supposed tomb, surmounted by a white conical roof, similar to the section of a honeycomb, was discernible through some very graceful palm trees. . . . The Arabs made no opposition to my entering the chapel, in which the coffin of Daniel is said to be deposited, on hearing that Christians, as well as themselves, who are Mussulmans, acknowledge him to have been a prophet. The building is of modern architecture, and has nothing to carry us back to remote ages, except some fragments of marble pillars, with the lotus carved on them, probably of the Susian date. In the interior of a four cornered cell stands the coffin; a high box of a dark sort of wood, surrounded by a railing somewhat similar to the tombs of Esther and Mardochoi, I had seen at Hamadan. Hanging up against the grating are several boards with Arabic quotations from the Koran, which the devout Mussulmans press to their lips, as they pass round the coffin."

Beneath this apartment was a vault, entered from the outside of the court, which traditional rumour made the

lion's den, into which the prophet was cast by order of the Median king. Amongst the reeds and marshes, which environ the ruins of Shush, lions are still found in great numbers; and the Arabs were full of the stories of their ravages. An old man of the party, with vehement gestures and considerable volubility, detailed a personal adventure:—

"When a mere lad, of eight or nine years old, I was sent," he said, "one day by my parents to scare birds from a plantation belonging to us, which lay close to the river. As I was sitting in a frail hut of rushes, I suddenly espied a lioness making her way towards my place of concealment. My liver melted into water at the sight (*jighe àb shud*), and I became like one transfixed. The animal stopped short, then couched, and rolling on the sand, appeared quite unconscious of the presence of an intruder. Although I trembled like a leaf, this afforded me some respite; but presently I became aware of the approach of another lion through the rushes, by the tremendous roaring which preceded him. They met, and apparently on very friendly terms, and for some time they gambolled like dogs together. But I felt my situation was not the better for it, as their stay might be prolonged. I was more dead than alive, expecting at every instant that they would discover my hiding place; and one stroke of the paw was more than sufficient to bring down the hut. I was afraid to breathe, lest the sound should reach their ears, yet I could not prevent my teeth chattering quite audibly. But whether it was that they were too much occupied with their own concerns, or that they are deficient in scent, I do not know; suffice it to say, that after a short time, which to me appeared an age, they separated, each taking a different direction, and were soon lost in the high grass.

"It is many years since that event took place," added the old man, in conclusion, "and still I never can think of it without a shudder." And if I understood him right, the mental anxiety he underwent at the time, had the effect of changing the colour of his hair into grey ever since. To me this narrative had a peculiar interest, as I was standing on the very spot which the traditions of the East point out as the scene where, twenty-five centuries ago Daniel had his miraculous escape; and I could not but contrast the calm confidence of the prophet with the agitated state of the Arab youth, who had not yet learned to

place complete and implicit reliance on his heavenly Father."

Baron de Bode returned by Búrújird and Kúm, passing through the Great Salt Desert to Teheran, and arrived in that city on the 28th of February, 1841, having been absent in all sixty-seven days, of which forty-six had been spent in actual travelling. In that period he was enabled to traverse three hundred and fifty-three Persian farsangs, or 1,235 English miles—giving twenty-seven miles as the average distance of each day's ride. We could have wished, in many instances, that his journey had been less hurried; for localities of great interest were but hastily gone over, and then superficially dismissed. The Baron came, and saw, and — departed. He rides up to some ruined fane, and dismounts to sketch it; and while we are looking for him to pitch his tent there for some hours at least, lo! he is once more in the saddle, and ere long descending the plane of the horizon. With the exception of Isfahan, Persepolis, and Shiráz, he seems to have hardly halted to draw breath any where. How it was possible for him each evening, according to the orthodox custom of travellers, to note down what he had observed during the day; and prepare for the night's rest, and the morrow's start, is a mys-

tery, doubtless, well-known to the Baron de Bode—to us it is impervious.

Still, under these very great disadvantages, he has done well, and given us two volumes which materially increase our knowledge of Persia—the country and the people. In several cases, his knowledge may be considered supplementary to Sir Robert Kerr Porter's, as being more recent. We have some good descriptions and drawings of sculptured monuments; and fac-similes of those tantalising torments of the antiquary, inscriptions which cannot be read. There is abundant evidence, too, that, however bird-like was his flight through these interesting regions, the Baron's volumes have been prepared for publication with much careful and industrious research. His concluding essay on the Expeditions of Timúr and Alexander the Great, is deserving of all praise; and joined with Mr. W. Francis Ainsworth's recently published work, on the retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks, leaves scarcely anything to be desired of topographical information concerning their respective routes. As a foreigner writing in English, Baron de Bode is entitled to our respectful attention, and with the exception of but one or two very trivial solecisms, there is nothing whatever on the score of style for which we have to reprehend him.

EARL OF ROSSE'S TELESCOPE—POSSIBLE DISCOVERIES.

THE public has been favoured with many descriptions of Lord Rosse's magnificent telescope, and the successful arrangements by which he has been enabled to bring to perfection this splendid triumph of science and art; but it does not appear that any detail, however superficial or prognostic, however fanciful, has yet touched upon the discoveries it may possibly effect, or the advances in human knowledge which may be expected, or at least desired, from its extraordinary powers. It may not be amiss to endeavour, in some degree, to supply this deficiency; and though the attempt may, in its execution, be stigmatized as fanciful and superficial, still it may act as a stimulus to others; and in the meanwhile gratify those who, satisfied with popular views, may take an interest in this deeply important subject.

1. In the first place, it may be expected, with certainty, that, in penetrating into still remoter regions of space, it will add considerably to the two thousand five hundred nebulae, numbered by Sir William Herschel in our hemisphere;* and that it will resolve into stars many of those which still remained luminous clouds in the most powerful telescopes of both the Herschels. In this well-informed age, it is well-nigh superfluous to observe that every nebula is, as it were, another universe, equal, or at least similar, to that which we behold in a starry night, when myriads of luminaries condense their light in the milky-way, or separately shed their rays upon us as they are nearer to our eyes. Yet all these splendours, so magnificent to us, would appear but a nebula to a spectator in one of those distant clusters of stars. Every nebula, therefore, which Lord Rosse's telescope adds to those already known, brings to light another universe, composed of millions of stars; every star a sun, attended by a system

of planets, satellites, and comets, and contributing to the happiness of an infinitude of beings, capable of elevating their thoughts and feelings to the stupendous Creator of such a creation.

II. In the second place, this powerful instrument may afford a clearer insight into the nature of that filmy, luminous substance in the girdle of Andromeda, and other parts of the heavens which no telescopic power has yet sufficed to resolve into stars, and which some astronomers suppose to be the rudiments of future solar systems—universes in the progress of arrangement.† Yet it must be admitted that a more intimate knowledge of this substance, although possible, is still scarcely to be expected.

It may, however, be found that this substance, apparently a mass of nebulous light, may be composed of myriads of small meteoric bodies, at a considerable distance from each other, but condensed more or less to the eye, according to their relative remoteness from the earth; and that one of these nebulosities not only approaches, but actually crosses, the Ecliptic, and traverses a portion of the space within the orbit of the earth; that the star-showers, as they are called, and which exhibit sixty or eighty of these star-like meteors in a single hour—four or five hundred in a single night—are occasioned by the passage of the earth through this nebulosity thus crossing its orbit; and although these meteors may be *comparatively* in a state of rest, the rapid motion of our globe passing through the mass would give them the apparent velocity of shooting stars. Such bodies occasionally come in contact with the earth; and several of them, composed of iron, nickel, and other solid substances, have from time to time been found, and exercised the ingenuity of philosophers in devising whether they were ejected from some

* See Sir William Herschel's papers on the Motion of the Sun and Solar System, in the Philosophical Transactions of the years 1783 and 1785.

† Professor Nichol's views of the Architecture of the Heavens. 3rd edition. page 137.

lunar volcano, have travelled at random through free space, or rolled in regular orbits round the sun, the earth, or the moon. Sir John Herschel, from the phenomena observed by him on the 10th of August, 1839, and the 9th of August, 1840, inferred that a zone or zones of these bodies turn round the sun, and are cut by the earth in its annual revolution.† This inference nearly coincides with the above hypothesis; but he does not touch the question whether this mass of meteoric bodies is or is not a nebulosity similar to that in the girdle of Andromeda.

This latter conjecture is, perhaps, more near the truth than any of them. It, however, without being singular in this respect, involves two startling objections—viz. How does it happen that these bodies remain, like the stars, in a permanent state of luminous combustion, in free and empty space?—and why are they not, one and all, absorbed in the attraction of the earth as it traverses their column? If they are ponderous, opaque bodies, and merely illuminated while traversing our atmosphere, they cannot compose the substance of a permanently luminous nebulosity. Can the meteoric stones which have fallen on the earth at various times—one on the 7th November, 1492, another on the 27th November, 1627, a third in September, 1753, &c. &c.—and those others which have so frequently been observed during earthquakes and volcanic eruptions§—be one kind of shooting-stars?—and that the multitude of meteoric bodies, seen *periodically* from the 9th to the 12th of August, and on correlative days, if such shall be decidedly ascertained, are another kind? and will Lord Rosse's telescope possess the power of distinguishing between them?

III. In the third place, and of far more importance, we may hope, because there are rational grounds for hoping, that Lord Rosse will be able to discover the planets revolving round Sirius, Arcturus, Aldebaran, and other stars most near our solar system.

Professor Nichol, in his eloquent work on the Architecture of the Heavens, observes that Sir John Herschel has lately requested attention, in the most express way, to the *minute and point-like companions* of such stars as—1. Ursa, a.² Capricorni, a.² Cancri, γ Hydra, and α Geminorum, &c., as in some cases shining by reflected light; and, still more recently, his impression has been confirmed by what he saw in the southern hemisphere. "If these small silvery points," continues Nichol, "lurking within the rays of their respective suns, should indeed prove to be planets, the telescope will have performed the greatest of its achievements; and if upheld by observation as far as it can stretch, our knowledge of the physical constitution of matter shall ever enable us to state it as a general and necessary law, that all the orbs of space—not merely those which shine above us, but also the myriads whose wonderful clustering is seen in distant firmaments—that each one of this mighty throng is, through the inseparable exigencies of its being, engirt by a scheme of worlds proud as ours, perhaps far prouder, how immeasurable the range, how illimitable the variety of planetary existence!"||

IV. Professor Nichol here decides that the discovery of the planets revolving round the fixed stars would be the greatest of the achievements of the telescope; yet there is another which may be justly pointed out as still greater, if among the possible achievements of any human instrument. In a word, the discovery of the grand centre of attraction, round which all the other heavenly bodies have been supposed to revolve.

It is to be recollected that Sir Wm. Herschel has ascertained that several of the fixed stars have a proper motion: a fact, he observes, that will admit of no farther doubt, from the continued observations, since it was first suspected, by Dr. Halley, and which demonstrates that Sirius, Arcturus, Aldebaran, &c. &c. are actually in motion, and that, in strictness, there

† Transactions of the Royal Academy of Sciences and Belles Lettres of Brussels. Vol. VIII. 2nd part, page 220.

§ Id. Id. page 437. See also pages 62 and 434.

|| Nichol's work above referred to, pages 69 and 65.

is not one fixed star in the heavens. But, he adds, many other reasons will render this so obvious that there can hardly remain a doubt of the general motion of all the starry systems, and consequently of the solar one among the rest; and he indicates a point in the heavens somewhere near λ Her-
cules, as that to which this motion is directed.

In pursuing this inquiry, he adverts to the *disappearance* of certain stars,

and the appearance of others, since the time of Flamsteed (who completed his catalogue in 1689), observing that a slow motion in an orbit round some LARGE OPAKE BODY, when the star which is lost, or diminished in magnitude, might undergo occasional occultations, would account for some of those changes. The following table will show the several circumstances adverted to on this occasion by Herschel:—*

Constellations.	Stars lost or changed.	Newly-appearing Stars.
Hercules .	80, 81. 9 4th magnitude. 70 or 71. 5th magnitude	A star between 4th and 5th magnitude, following δ .
Cancer..	26, 56, 73 or 74. 6th magnitude	A considerable star, between β Canceri and γ Hydra.
Perseus	19 6th magnitude	Star of 5th magnitude, following τ .
Orion	62.	Star near δ and δ 1.
Places	108 6th magnitude .	
Hydra		
Coma Berenices.....	19, 34. 5th magnitude..	A star between 4th and 5th magnitude.
Lacerta (Tail's-end) .		A star preceding 10.
Cepheus's Head		A star between 58 and 61.
Gemini		A double star of 1st class, preceding 1.
Equulus		Two stars following 1 and 7.
Sextans.....		Two considerable stars preceding 7 and λ .
Bootes .		

In four of these constellations certain stars have disappeared, and others have been recently observed. In three constellations stars have disappeared, but none new have been observed; and in six constellations new stars have been observed, where none have disappeared. These several constellations are dispersed in different parts of our hemisphere, and the area they encompass is immense, particularly at that distance where a star of the sixth magnitude would be eclipsed by an opaque body. Such a body, occupying such an area, could never have been in the contemplation of Herschel as the centre of attraction of the universe. This is not the region in which he would have sought it. An opaque body of such vastness would there cause not only the occultation of all stars of lesser magnitude than the sixth, but of all the distant nebulae intercepted by its disk. No stars would be visible in the greater portion of our heavens but those of the most considerable dimensions. It is, therefore, evident that, if these phenomena be caused by the interference of any opaque body at such distant intervals of space, there must

be not a few of those bodies in our hemisphere, and some of them still more near us than stars of the fourth and fifth magnitude. It is barely possible that Lord Rosse's telescope may throw some light on this mysterious subject.

Herschel looks to a very different position, and a very different body, for the grand universal centre of attraction. "There are," he says, "two ways in which a centre of attraction so powerful as the present occasion would require, may be constructed. The most simple of these would be, A SINGLE BODY OF GREAT MAGNITUDE. This may exist, although we should not be able to perceive it by any superiority of lustre; for notwithstanding it might have the usual starry brightness, the decrease of its light, arising from its great distance, would hardly be compensated by the size of its diameter." . . . "The second way of the construction of a very powerful centre may be the joint attraction of a great number of stars united into one condensed group." . . . "If," he continues, "a still more powerful, but more diffused exertion of attraction

* See Wm. Herschel's papers above referred to, 73d vol. pp. 397, 398.

should be required than what may be found in the union of clusters, we have hundreds of thousands of stars, not to say millions, contained in very compressed parts of the Milky Way. Many of these immense regions may well occasion the sidereal motions we are required to account for; and a similarity in the direction of their motions will want no illustration."

This latter alternative can scarcely ever be demonstrated by any telescope; because it can only afford *negative* evidence against the existence of a great central orb; and such negative evidence could never be decisive, unless we were acquainted with the actual extent of the universe, which in this remote corner is, we may assume, impossible. The other alternative may be within the scope of Lord Rosse's telescope, if in penetrating into the profound infinitude of space it can command a view of the actual centre of creation, and the evidence will be equally positive, although not equally satisfactory, whether the central orb be opaque or luminous. If opaque, it may observe the occultation or re-appearance—not of stars of any defined magnitude, however small, for it must lie far beyond them—but of the far distant nebulae occupying the remotest skirts of the universe. Without some happy concurrence of events, ages of vigilant observation must elapse before some future generation of men could be assured of the existence of such a body thus opaque, and therefore, probably, invisible. It might, however, happen to be visible. Ten thousand universes, consisting of millions of millions of suns revolving around it in

their immeasurable orbit, might shed such a lustre on its expansive disk, as to yield us an imperfect and twilight view of this stupendous orb. But if this orb is luminous—if it pours around on every side unceasing streams of light, heat, and electricity, it would not be too extravagant a hope that this all-efficient telescope will bring us into acquaintance with so vast a mass of matter—equal in magnitude, or, at least, equal in gravity, to all the other bodies of the universe, attracting them all, and controlling all their movements. But whether this instrument, the most powerful that has yet been contrived and constructed by the ingenuity of man, will, or will not accomplish all the important tasks we have assigned it, of this we may be assured, that it will lead us much farther than we have yet advanced in the knowledge of the immensity of the creation; and that every step it leads us will still more highly exalt our loftiest conceptions of the Deity. When we fill our minds with such contemplations, and then shrink back upon ourselves, with what contempt do we regard our wretched party feuds, and still more wretched sectarian bickerings. The earth we inhabit appears but an atom of dust in the mighty temple which God has erected for his own glory,—and with redoubled glory consecrated to the happiness of beings, unnumbered and innumerable. If we know not the immensity of his works, how little have we learned of the all-wise, the all-good, the omnipotent, eternal, and infinite Creator!

A. C.

A STUDENT'S REMINISCENCE OF THE "QUARTIER LATIN."

I took out my degree in 1836, at Paris, and then resided in the Rue Corneille, in an establishment solely appropriated to students; one of those hotels with well-staircases, lighted below from the street, higher up by borrowed lights, and at the top by a sky-light. There were forty chambers in it, furnished in the way students' apartments usually are. What do young people require more than they boast of? A bed, some chairs, a chest of drawers, a glass and a table. No sooner is the sky clear than the student opens his window—but in this street he has no fair neighbour to make love to. In front, the Odeon, long since shut up, opposes to his view its walls, already dark with time, the narrow windows of its boxes, and its enormous slate roof. I was not rich enough to have a handsome apartment, or even to have one all to myself. Juste and I had a two-bedded one between us, and on the fifth floor too.

On this side of the staircase there was but our chamber, and another small one occupied by Z. Marcas. Juste and I remained nearly six months in utter ignorance of this vicinage; the old woman who acted as our servant, had certainly told us, that this small chamber was occupied, but, she added, we would not be troubled, the person being exceedingly quiet. In fact, during six months we never once met our neighbour, and we heard no sound from his apartment, notwithstanding the thinness of the partition which separated us, which was one of those lath-and-plaster ones so common in the houses of Paris.

Our chamber, seven feet high, was covered with a common looking blue paper, spotted with flowers. The painted

floor was innocent of the lustre of the polisher. At our bedsides we had but a poor patchwork of listen. The chimney was so low, and smoked so, that we were obliged to get a "wolf's mouth" made at our own expense. Our beds were small painted wooden ones, of the kind used in schools. The chimney-piece was never graced with more than two brass candlesticks, with or without candles, our two pipes, tobacco, loose, or in a bag, and the little heaps of ashes which our visitors deposited, or we ourselves accumulated, from our cigars. Two calico curtains ran on iron rods over the window, on each side of which, two small book-cases were fastened up with hold-fasts; book-cases of cherry-tree-wood, well known to all those who have *flâné* in the "*Quartier Latin*" of Paris—and on these we deposited the few books necessary for our studies. The ink in the ink-bottle had the unchanging feature of being like the coagulated lava in the mouth of a volcano. Every ink-bottle may now-a-days become a Vesuvius! the twisted pens served to clear the tubes of our pipes; while contrary to the laws of credit, paper was even scarcer with us than cash.

How could it be expected that young people could be satisfied with the accommodation furnished in such quarters. Hence it is, the students study in the coffee-houses, at the theatre, in the walks of the Luxembourg, with grisettes, every where, (even in the law-school,) except in their hideous chambers—hideous, if the matter be to study there—charming, if only to chat and smoke. See a cloth laid upon that table, and an unpremeditated dinner sent in by the best *restaurateur* of the neighbourhood—four covers and two friends;

NOTE.—It may not be unnecessary to make the explanation that the Pays Latin is the University quarter of Paris, almost entirely inhabited by Students, and those connected with the different schools of the university—another suggestion may also be added—the character of Marcas was no fictitious one—and as for the Minister he lives to this hour in the possession—if not in the enjoyment—of wealth, station, and power. The tale is a true one.

get this view of the interior lithographed, and where's the ascetic could refrain from smiling.

We thought only of amusing ourselves, nor is the reason one very difficult of explanation. Juste and I saw no opening in the two professions our parents had constrained us to adopt. There were a hundred barristers, a hundred physicians for one chance. The crowd blocked up these two paths, which seemed to lead to fortune, and which are two arenas where the combatants contend and sacrifice each other, not with naked limbs or fire-arms, but by intrigue and slander, by dismal labours, by campaigns in the domain of intelligence, as destructive as those of Italy were to the republican soldiers. Now-a-days, when all is a contest of the understanding, one must acquire the endurance to sit forty-eight hours consecutively on a chair before a table, as a general sat two days in his saddle on horseback. The crowd of candidates has caused the profession of medicine to be subdivided into categories; there is the literary physician, the professorial physician, the political physician, and the military physician; four different ways of being a physician! four sections already full. As to the fifth division, that of doctors who dispense medicines, there is a concourse of competitors, and they combat by the strokes of infamous placards on the walls of Paris. In all the courts there are almost as many lawyers as causes. The lawyer has been thrown back upon journalism, upon politics, and upon literature. In short, the State, stormed for the lowest offices in the magistracy, has ended by requiring a property qualification in the candidates. The sugar-loaf head of a rich grocer's son shall be preferred to the square cranium of a young man of talent, if penniless. Putting forth every exertion, displaying every energy, a young person starting from Zero may find himself at the end of ten years, below the point of departure. In this age, talent requires the good luck which ensures success to incapacity: nay more! should it lack the base qualities which recommend cringing mediocrity, it will never meet advancement.

If we could have duly estimated our epoch, we should also have appreciated ourselves, and so preferred the

leisure of thought, to exertion without object; indifference and enjoyment, to vain labours, calculated to waste our ardour, and exhaust the vigour of our understanding. We had analysed the social state in joyous mood, smoking and promenading, and arriving at the same result, our reflections, our dissertations, were not the less discreet or less profound.

Whilst observing the helotism to which youth is condemned, we were amazed at the besotted indifference of power to everything intellectual, to the mind, to the imagination. What looks Juste and I often exchanged on reading the journals, on learning political events, on running over the Debates of the Chambers, on discussing the conduct of a Court, whose voluntary ignorance could only be compared to the dulness of its courtiers, or to the mediocrity of the men who formed a hedge round the new throne without genius or capacity, without science or fame, without power or greatness! We looked upon all these things as a spectacle, and lamented over them without adopting any course.

Juste, whom no one came to seek, and who went to seek no one, was, at five-and-twenty, a professed politician, a man of wonderful aptness in seizing upon the remote relations between present and future events. He told me in 1821, what would happen, and what has happened; the assassinations, the conspiracies, the reign of the Jews, the restraint upon the motions of France, the dearth of intelligence in the upper classes, and the abundance of talent in the lower, where the most gallant courage lies extinguished under the ashes of the cigar! What was he to do? His family was desirous he should become a physician. To be a physician; would not this be to wait twenty years in expectation of practice? Well, he is a physician; but he has left France—he is in Asia. At this moment he perhaps falls exhausted with fatigue in the desert: he dies, it may be under the wounds of a barbarian horde; or he is perhaps the prime minister of some Indian prince. An active life was my forte. Enlarged from college at twenty years of age, I was interdicted from entering the army except as a common soldier, and wearied with the sad perspective which the life of a lawyer presents, I learned

the profession of a sailor. I am now about to follow the example of Juste, to abandon France. I am setting out to where one may direct his course according to his own wishes.

Our resolutions and our reflections were a long time fluctuating. Marcas, our neighbour, was, in many respects, the guide who led us along the verge of the precipice, or of the torrent, and who made us sound it, and who pointed out to us what our destinies would be, if we allowed ourselves to fall in. He warned us against the compact which poverty will often make with necessity, and which hope will sometimes sanction; and how, by accepting a precarious position, our energies become chained and fettered, and life but a drudgery, with no relief save in death.

Our first meeting with Marcas was merely accidental. Upon returning from our colleges before dinner time we always went up to our chamber, and remained there a little, waiting for each other, to ascertain if any thing had occurred to change our plans for the evening. One day at four o'clock, Juste saw Marcas on the stairs, and I had met him in the street. It was then the month of November, and Marcas had no cloak; he wore thick soled shoes, a blue outside coat buttoned up to the throat, with a square collar, which gave his bust a still more military appearance, from his wearing a black cravat. This costume had nothing extraordinary about it; but it was in perfect harmony with the air and physiognomy of the man. My first impression upon seeing him was neither that of surprise nor astonishment, nor sadness, nor interest, nor yet pity; but a curiosity partaking of all these sentiments. He walked slowly with a step which indicated a deep melancholy, the head inclined forward, but not bent down in the manner of those who are conscious of guilt. His large and compact head which appeared to contain the treasures necessary for an aspirant of the first order, was, as it were, surcharged with thought, it sunk under the weight of a moral grief; but there was not the least trait of remorse in his features. As to his face, it may be described in a word. According to a popular theory, each human countenance has its resemblance in an animal. The animal of Marcas was the lion.

His hair resembled a mane; his nose was short, flattened, large, and divided at the end like that of the lion; his forehead was parted like a lion's, by a deep furrow into two powerful lobes. In short, his hairy cheek bones, which the lankness of his jaws rendered still more prominent; his capacious mouth, and his hollow cheeks, were moved, by the action of strong muscles, and tinged by a complexion of a tawny yellow. This almost terrible countenance seemed irradiated by two brilliant lights, two black eyes; but of infinite softness, tranquil, profound, full of reflection. If the expression be permissible, his eyes were humiliated. Marcas was apprehensive of regarding any one, less on his own account, than for the sake of those upon whom he might happen to cast his fascinating glance: he possessed a power he was not desirous of exercising; he spared the passers-by, he shrunk from being remarked. It was not modesty, but resignation—not christian resignation which implies charity, but the resignation taught by reason, a colder light, that often chills the very soul it brightens. That look could at certain moments flash forth lightning. That mouth indicated the vehicle of a voice of thunder; it much resembled Mirabeau's.

"I have just seen in the street, a remarkable man," said I to Juste, on entering our chamber.

"That must be our neighbour," replied Juste, who at once described the man I had just met. "He is exactly what I should have anticipated, from his recluse habits."

"What humiliation and what greatness!"

"The one follows from the other."

"How many ruined prospects! how many abortive plans!"

"Seven leagues of ruins! obelisks, palaces, towers, the ruins of Palmyra in the desert," said Juste, laughing.

We called our neighbour "the ruins of Palmyra." When we went out to dine at the dismal restaurant of La rue de la Harpe, where we were boarded, we asked the name of number 37, and then learned the singular name of Z. Marcas. Like children, as we were, we repeated more than a hundred times, and with the most varied inflexions, jocosely or melancholy, this

name, of which the pronounciation added to our amusement. Juste sometimes hit the utterance of the Z like a rocket going off, and having launched forth the first syllable of the name brilliantly, he imitated a fall by the indistinct brevity with which he pronounced the last.

"But where or how does he live?"

Between this question, and the harmless "espionage" which curiosity prompts, there passed but the interval requisite for the execution of our design. Instead of amusing ourselves, we returned to our quarters, provided each with a romance, and began to read, listening in the meanwhile. We heard, in the total silence of our garret, the equable and soft sound produced by the breathing of a man asleep.

"He is asleep," said I to Juste, being the first to observe this fact.

"And at seven o'clock!" replied the Doctor. Such was the surname I had given to Juste, who called me the Chancellor.

"It argues great unhappiness to sleep as long as our neighbour," said I, mounting, at the same time, our chest of drawers with a large knife, in the handle of which there was a cork-screw. I cut a round hole in the top of the partition about the size of a five sous piece; but had not dreamt there would be no light, and when I applied my eye to the aperture, all was darkness. At about one o'clock, having finished our romances, we were about to undress ourselves, when we heard a noise in our neighbour's apartment; he got up, detonated a phosphoric "allumette," and lit his candle. I again mounted the chest of drawers, and saw Marcas at his table copying pleadings. His apartment was by one-half less than ours; the bed stood in a recess beside the door: for, the corridor terminating here, the space it would otherwise have occupied was thrown into his closet; but the ground upon which the house was built had been cut up, and the party-wall formed a trapezium at the side of his garret. There was no fire-place, but instead, a small white delf stove, spotted with green, of which the funnel was carried out through the roof. The window contrived in the trapezium had paltry red curtains. An arm-chair, a table, and a wretched bed-side table, composed the furniture. The paper on

the walls was mean-looking. It was evident no one but a domestic had occupied this chamber, until Marcas came to it.

"What have you discovered?" inquired the Doctor, as he perceived me dismounting.

"Look for yourself," replied I.

The following morning, at nine o'clock, Marcas was in bed. He had breakfasted off a Boulogna sausage. We saw upon a plate, amidst crumbs of bread, the remains of this dish, an old acquaintance of ours. Marcas was asleep, and did not awaken until near eleven o'clock. He resumed the copying he had been at during the night, which lay upon the table. On going out we asked the rent of this apartment, and were informed fifteen francs per month. In a few days we were fully aware of the kind of life passed by Z. Marcas. He copied law papers, doubtless, at so much a sheet, for a scrivener who lived in La rue de la Saint Chapelle. After sleeping from six to ten, he got up and resumed his labours, writing until three o'clock. He then went out to take his copies home before dinner, and dined in the Rue Michel-le-Comte, at Miserais, a dinner for nine sous, and returned to bed at six o'clock. It was proved to us that Marcas did not utter fifteen sentences in the month—he did not even say a word to himself in his wretched garret.

"Most certainly 'the ruins of Palmyra' are terribly silent," exclaimed Juste.

'This silence in a man whose exterior was so imposing, had something deeply significant. Sometimes on meeting him, we exchanged looks full of meaning on both sides, but which were not followed by any protocol. Imperceptibly this man became the object of our particular admiration, without our being able to explain the cause. Was it those manners secretly simple?—that monastic regularity—that hermetical frugality—that mechanical labour, which permitted the mind to remain neuter, or to range abroad, and which declared the expectation of some happy event, or some part determined upon in life? After having wandered a long time in "the ruins of Palmyra," we lost sight of them; we were so young! Then came the carnival—that Parisian carnival, which

shall henceforward obliterate the carnival of Venice, and which will in some years attract all Europe to Paris, if unlucky prefects of police do not stand in the way.

This joyous carnival entailed upon us, as it does upon all students, great privation. We had deprived ourselves of every article of comfort: we had sold our second coats, our second boots, our second vests—every second thing we had, except our friend. We eat bread and gruyère, walked circumspectly, and set to work. We were two months in arrear at the hotel, and were each certain of having a bill with the porter consisting of more than sixty or eighty items, amounting to forty or fifty francs. We were neither prompt nor cheerful in crossing the square landing at the foot of the staircase, and often passed it at a bound, springing from the last step of the stairs into the street. When our tobacco failed, we perceived we had been for some days eating our bread without any kind of butter. Our dejection was deep.

"No tobacco!" said the Doctor.

"No cloak!" replied the Chancellor.

"Ah! funny rogues, nothing would do but being tricked out as postillions de Lonjumeau! Then you should sup in the morning, and breakfast in the evening, at Very's—sometimes at le Rocher de Cancale! then come down to dry bread! Why, sirs, you ought," said I, raising my voice, "to sleep under your beds—you do not deserve to sleep on them."

"True; but, Chancellor, no more tobacco!" said Juste.

"It is high time to write to our aunts, to our mothers, to our sisters, that we have no longer any linen, that the career of Paris would wear out cloth of knit iron. We shall solve an important problem in chemistry, in changing linen into silver."

"But we must subsist until the answer arrives."

"Well, I shall go and contract a loan with such of our friends, as may not have exhausted their capital."

"What will you procure?"

"Let me see—ten francs," replied I proudly.

Marcas had overheard all; it was midnight; he knocked at our door, saying—"Gentlemen, here is tobacco ;

you can return it to me when convenient."

We remained forcibly struck, not at the offer, which was accepted, but with the richness, the depth, and the fulness of his voice, which could only be compared to the fourth string of Paganini's violin. He disappeared without waiting for our thanks. Juste and I regarded each other in the most perfect silence. To be assisted by one evidently poorer than ourselves! Juste set himself to write to all his friends, and I went to negotiate the loan. I procured twenty francs from a fellow-countryman. My countryman had Turkish tobacco brought from Constantinople by a sailor: he gave me quite as much of it as we had got from Z. Marcas. I bore the rich cargo into harbour, and we went in triumph to offer a voluptuous, a flaxen peruke of Turkish, in the place of his corporal's tobacco.

"You were determined not to be in my debt," said he; "you have returned me gold for copper: you are children—good children."

These three sentences, uttered in different tones, were diversely accentuated. The words were nothing; but the accents! . . . Ah!—the accent made us friends of ten years' standing. Marcas had concealed his work on hearing us coming. We comprehended it would have been indelicate to speak to him of his means of existence, and we felt ashamed of having watched him. His press was open; it contained but two shirts, a white cravat, and a razor. The razor made me shudder. A mirror, worth about a hundred sous, was hung up beside the window. The unsophisticated and singular gestures of this man possessed a kind of wild grandeur. The Doctor and I regarded each other, as if to know what reply we ought to make. Juste, perceiving me dumbfounded, said—"Monsieur cultivates literature?"

"I am effectually prohibited from it," replied Marcas; "I am not rich enough."

"I thought," said I, that poetry alone could, in the present times, lodge a man as badly as us."

My reflexion drew forth a smile, which imparted grace to his sallow countenance.

"Ambition is not less severe towards

its unsuccessful votaries," said he. "I would therefore recommend you, who are about to commence life, to keep in the beaten paths. Do not think of becoming eminent—you would be lost."

"You would not advise us to remain as we are?" said the doctor, smiling.

Marcas smiled slowly—a smile of deepest and most painful meaning, and then pressed us to sit down with him: we filled our pipes, and took our places around the stove.

His family was of Vitry. His father and his mother lived upon a property of fifteen hundred francs a-year. He had passed through his studies gratuitously in a seminary, and had refused to become a priest: he had felt within him the fire of an unbounded ambition, and had travelled on foot to Paris at twenty years of age, with two hundred francs in his purse. He had taken out his degree whilst working in the office of a solicitor, to whom he became first clerk. He was a doctor of laws, was master of ancient and modern jurisprudence, and could demonstrate to the most celebrated counsellors. He knew the law of nations, and was acquainted with all the European treaties and international customs. He had studied men and things in the five capitals—London, Berlin, Vienna, Petersburg, and Constantinople. No one knew better than he the precedents of the Chamber, having been five years reporter of its proceedings to a daily paper. He spoke extemporaneously, and eloquently, and could continue for a long time with that agreeable, profound voice, which had penetrated our souls. He proved by the recital of his life that he was a great orator, and a concise one, grave, yet nevertheless of a penetrating eloquence. He possessed the warmth of Berryer, in his sympathetic emotions for the masses, and the ingenuity of M. Thiers; but he would have been less diffuse, less embarrassed in his conclusions; he counted upon passing rapidly to power without engaging himself with doctrines, necessary at first to a man in opposition, but which afterwards constrain the statesman.

Marcas had learned all that a true statesman ought to know; so that his astonishment was great, indeed, when he experienced the profound ignorance of those who had attained to the ma-

nagement of public affairs in France. Independent of vast industry, nature had accorded to him all that cannot be acquired—a quick penetration, self-possession, adroitness of mind, promptitude of judgment, decision, and that which constitutes the genius of men, fertility of resources.

When he believed himself sufficiently qualified, Marcas found France a prey to the intestine divisions, arising from the triumph of the Orleans branch over the Bourbons. The ground of political struggles is evidently changed. Civil war can no longer endure for any length of time—it can no longer be waged in the provinces. In France there can no more be any but a brief struggle at the very seat of government, and which will put an end to the moral conflicts that master minds shall have precedently made. This state of things will maintain as long as France shall continue to have her singular governments, which possess no analogy with that of any country; for there is no longer any more resemblance between the English government and ours, than between the two territories. The place of Marcas was, then, in the political press. Poor, and unable to procure his election, no time was to be lost in manifesting himself. He resolved upon the most costly sacrifice a man of superior mind can make—to become subordinate to some rich and ambitious deputy, and labour for him. A new Bonaparte, he sought his Barras—Colbert hoped to find Mazarin. He rendered incalculable services: he really rendered them. There was no mistake on this point. He did not put himself forward; he did not rail against ingratitude; he rendered them, in the hope, that this man would place him in a position to be elected a deputy. Marcas desired no more than the necessary loan to procure a house in Paris, in order to fulfil the demands of the law—Richard desired but his horse.

In three years Marcas bolstered up one of the fifty pretended political geniuses, who are the rackets with which two silent hands toss the porte-feuilles backward and forward, exactly as a puppet showman knocks the heads of the Commissary and Punch together in his out-of-door theatre, always keeping the circulation of the hat in view. This man's political existence depended

upon Marcas; but he possessed exactly the portion of understanding necessary to enable him to appreciate the value of his prompter, to know that with Marcas's aid he should, ere long, win his way to the Peerage. He resolved, therefore, to throw insurmountable obstacles in the way of the advancement of his guide, and concealed this determination under the forms of an entire devotedness. Like all narrow-minded men, he was wonderfully apt in the art of dissimulation; and he carried the day in the field of ingratitude. He should kill Marcas, or be killed by him. These two men, so apparently united, hated each other from the moment one had been deceived by the other. The statesman was a member of the Ministry. Marcas remained in the opposition to guard his Minister from attacks; for whom, by a bold stroke he obtained the eulogiums of the opposition. In order to evade recompensing his lieutenant, the statesman alleged the impossibility of suddenly, and without skilful arrangement, procuring place for a man in opposition. Marcas had calculated upon a place, to obtain by marriage the so-much-desired qualification. He was thirty-two, and foresaw the dissolution of the Chamber. After having taken the Ministry in the act of deception, he overthrew it, or at least mainly contributed to its fall, and rolled it in the mire.

Every defeated Ministry should, if it looks to a return to power, show itself formidable; this man, whom the royal *eloquence* had intoxicated, who had calculated upon a long retention of power, acknowledged his injuries, and in avowing them, rendered a slight pecuniary service to Marcas, who had become involved in debt during the struggle. He supported the journal for which Marcas worked, and procured the direction of it for him. Although despising him at bottom, Marcas, who received a pledge to a certain extent, consented to make, in appearance, common cause with the fallen ministry, without as yet unmasking all the batteries of his superior strength. Marcas advanced further than the first time, he displayed a moiety of his capability; the Ministry lasted one hundred and eighty days. It was swamped, Marcas placed in

communication with certain deputies, had moulded them like dough, impressing them all with a high idea of his talents. His puppet resumed anew the part of a Minister, and the journal became ministerial. The Minister united it to another, merely with the view of annihilating Marcas, who, in this fusion, was obliged to give place to a wealthy and insolent competitor, whose name was established, and who had already his foot in the stirrup. Marcas fell back into the profoundest misery; his arrogant *protégé* knew well the abyss into which he had plunged him. What way could he turn? The ministerial journals, premonished underhand, would have no further connexion with him. The opposition papers repelled the idea of admitting him behind their counters. Marcas could not make cause with the Republicans, nor with the Legitimists—two parties, whose success would consist in the reversal of existing order. "The ambitious love the actual and the real," observed Marcas to us, smiling. He subsisted on some articles upon commercial affairs, and wrote for one of the Encyclopædias, which speculation, not science, had been tempted to set afloat, and also originated a journal, not destined to last more than a couple of years, but which sought the editorship of Marcas.

The journal of Marcas had been dead six months, he had not been able to obtain place anywhere. He was set down as a dangerous man; calumny preyed upon him; he had just annihilated a vast financial and industrial operation, by some articles and a pamphlet; he was known to be the organ of a banker, who, they said, had liberally paid him—and from whom, doubtless, he expected some favours in return for his devotion. Disgusted with men and things, wearied with a struggle of five years, Marcas, looked upon rather as a *condottiere*, than a great captain—borne down by the necessity of earning bread, which prevented him from earning an estate—driven to despair by the mental paralysis of pecuniary influences, a prey to the deepest misery—had retired to his garret, earning thirty sous a day, the sum strictly necessary for his wants. Reflection had extended, as it were, deserts around him. He read

the journals, to keep pace with events. Pozzo di Borgo was similarly circumstanced for some time. Doubtless, Marcas meditated the plan of a serious attack—he had, perhaps, accustomed himself to dissimulation, and punished himself for his faults by a Pythagorean silence. He did not assign any reason to us for his conduct.

It is impossible to convey the powerfully dramatic scenes lying beneath the algebraic synthesis of his life: the vain cabals formed at the shrine of that fortune, who fled as he followed; the weary pursuits through the under-wood of Paris; the courses of the breathless importuner; the plans counteracted; the important schemes rendered abortive by the control of a silly woman; the treaties with shopkeepers, who expected their capital should yield them at once, birth, the peerage, and usurious interest; hopes touching the very shore, and dashed in pieces amidst the breakers; the wonders accomplished in approximating conflicting interests, which again split, after having progressed to a marvel for a week; the constantly-excited disgust at seeing a fool, ignorant as a clerk, adorned with the legion of honour, in preference to the man of talent; then, what Marcas called the subtleties of stupidity—a man is appealed to; he appears convinced, responds with a nod, all is about to be settled; the next day this piece of Indian-rubber, compressed for a moment, having, during the night, regained its consistency, and even expanded itself; all is again to be gone over; you labour and labour until you find that it is not with a man you have to deal, but some species of gum, which dries up in the sunshine.

These innumerable mishaps, these incalculable losses of human strength shed upon a barren soil, the difficulty of effecting good, the incredible facility of working evil; two grand games played, twice won, twice lost; the hatred of a statesman; who, if not able, was to be feared; all these things, great and small, had not discouraged, only momentarily depressed Marcas.

When money was plenty with him, his hand had not closed upon it, he had enjoyed the sublime pleasure of sending all to his family, to his sisters, to his brothers, to his old father. Like Napoleon fallen, he only needed thirty

sous a day, and any man of energy can always earn thirty sous a day in Paris.

When Marcas had finished the recital of his life, which was mingled with reflections, and interrupted with maxims and observations indicative of the great politician, a few mutual questions and answers upon the course of things in France, and in Europe, were sufficient to demonstrate that Marcas was a true statesman; for men may be quickly and readily judged, from the moment they consent to appear on the arena of trial. As I have told you, our frivolous life covered designs which Juste has carried into execution on his part, and which I am about to follow up.

After dressing we all three walked out, and waiting dinner time, promenaded, notwithstanding the cold, in the garden of the Luxembourg. During this walk, our conversation, still serious, embraced our unhappy political prospects. Each contributed his sentence, his observation, or his word, his pleasantry, or his maxim. It was no longer exclusively a question of life in the colossal proportions recently pictured to us by Marcas, the champion of political struggles. Nor yet, the horrible monologue of the wrecked mariner, in the garret of the Hotel Corneille—but a dialogue, in which two educated young persons, having well judged the world they lived in, sought, under the guidance of a man of talent, to have their own future path enlightened.

"Why," inquired Juste of him, "have you not patiently waited an opportunity, and followed the example of the only man who has known how to come out since the revolution of July, always floating on the top of the billows?"

"Have I not told you, that we know not all the roots of chance? Carrel was in a position identical with that of this orator. This benighted young man, this bitter spirit, bore a whole government on his head; he, of whom you have spoken, has but the conception of mounting on the crupper, behind each event; of the two, Carrel was the strong mind; well, the one became Minister, Carrel remained a journalist—the incompetent, but cunning man endures. Carrel dies. Let me remind you, that this

man has taken fifteen years to make his way, and has only made some way; he may yet be caught and crushed between two wagons on the road. He has no shelter—he has not, like Metternich, the palace favour; nor, like Villele, the protecting roof of a compact majority. I do not think that, in ten years, the existing form will subsist. Yet, whilst contemplating so sad a happiness, it would be no opportunity for me—for, in order not to be swept away in the movement I foresee, I must have antecedently mastered a superior position."

"What movement?" asked Juste.

"August, 1830," replied Marcas, in a solemn tone, extending his hand towards Paris. Youth compressed, will burst like the boiler of a steam engine. Youth has no vent in France, accumulates an avalanche of despised dimensions—of legitimate and restless ambitions; it contracts few marriages, families know not what to do with their children. What may be the real storm that shall move these masses I know not; but they will inevitably precipitate themselves upon the existing order of things, and overwhelm it. There are laws of change which govern generations, forgotten by the Roman empire when the Barbarians landed. In the present epoch the Barbarians are Intelligences. The laws of the mill-wear operate at this moment slowly and silently in the midst of us. The government is the great culprit, it forgets the two powers to which it owes every thing; it has permitted its hands to be tied up by the absurdities of the contracts; it is ready bound like a victim. Louis XIV., Napoleon, England, were and are covetous of intelligent youth. In France, youth is condemned by the new code; by the evil conditions of the election principle; by the vices of the ministerial constitution. In examining the construction of the elective chamber, you see there no deputy of thirty; the youth of Richelieu and that of Mazarin, the youth of Turenne and that of Colbert, the youth of Pitt and that of Saint Just, that of Napoleon and that of Prince Metternich, would find no place there; Burke, Sheridan, or Fox could not have taken a seat in it. Political majority should have been fixed at twenty-one years, and eligibility

levelled to all conditions, the departments should not have elected any but *bona fide* deputies, not persons without any political talent, incapable of speaking without maiming grammar, and amongst whom, during ten years, there has scarcely appeared a single statesman. The tendencies to a future event may be divined; but the event itself cannot be foreseen. At this moment the whole body of youth is driven to become republican, because it desires to see in republicanism its emancipation. It recalls young representatives of the people, and young generals! The imprudence of the government can only be compared to its avarice."

That day will be echoed to throughout our existence. Marcas strengthened us in our resolutions to quit France, where young minds of a superior cast, full of activity, find themselves crushed under the weight of upstart mediocrity, ever envious and insatiable. We dined together in the Rue de la Harpe. For him we thenceforth entertained the most deferential affection, whilst he exercised the most zealous guardianship over the sphere of our ideas. This man knew every thing; he had sounded every depth; he studied for us the political globe, and sought the country where the chances were at once the most numerous, and the most favourable to the success of our plans. He indicated to us the points towards which our studies ought to lead; he urged us to promptitude, in explaining to us the value of time, in enabling us to comprehend that emigration must necessarily take place, and that its effect would be to tear from France, the cream of its energy, of its young spirits, that these necessarily skilful intelligences would select the best places, and the matter was to get there the first. We thenceforth often sat up by lamp-light; this generous master writing for us several papers, two for Juste, and three for me, which contain excellent instructions, from the recollections that experience alone can furnish, from these signal posts that genius alone knows to plant. There are in those pages perfumed with tobacco, full of characters of an almost hieroglyphic cacography, finger posts to fortune, predictions certain of success. They contained conjectures re-

specting certain points of America and of Asia, which, since and before Juste and I were able to set out, have been realized.

Marcas had, as well as ourselves, arrived at utter misery; he earned, certainly, his daily subsistence, but he had neither linen, nor clothes, nor shoes. He did not make himself better than he really was; he had dreamed of luxury in dreaming of the exercise of power. Thus he did not regard himself as the true Marcas. He abandoned his exterior to the caprice of routine existence. He lived by the breathings of his ambition; he dreamed of vengeance, and reproached himself for yielding to so shallow a sentiment. The true statesman ought, above all things, to be indifferent to common passions; he ought, like the philosopher, to be influenced alone by the objects of his science. It was during these days of misery that Marcas appeared to us great, and even terrible; there was something fearful in his look, which contemplated a world beyond that, which strikes the eyes of ordinary men. He was for us a subject of study and wonder, for youth (which of us has not felt it?) experiences a lively want of subject for admiration; it delights in attaching itself; it is naturally led to refer to men it believes to be superior—on the same principle it devotes itself to great things. Our astonishment was above all excited at his indifference in matters of sentiment: woman had never ruffled his life. When we spoke of this eternal subject of conversation among Frenchmen, he simply replied to us: "The garments are too expensive!" He perceived the look that Juste and I interchanged, and resumed, "yes, too dear." The woman that one buys, and she is the least expensive, takes all our money; she who gives herself to us, takes all our time! Woman extinguishes all energy, all ambition. Napoleon reduced her to the position she ought to hold.

We discovered that, like Pitt, who took England to wife, Marcas bore France in his heart. He idolized her. He possessed no thought which was not devoted to his country. His transport at beholding in his hands the remedy for the evil (of which the extent bore him down) without the power of applying it, gnawed him incessantly;

but this rage was still further increased by the inferior position of France, with respect to Russia and England. France in the third rank! This cry was the constant burden of his conversation. The intestine divisions of his country had penetrated his heart. He designated the struggles of the Court with the Chamber, and which involved so many changes and incessant agitations, destructive of the prosperity of the country, as the sordidness of a porter.

"We shall have peace," said he, in deducing the future.

One evening Juste and I were engaged, and immersed in the deepest silence. Marcas had risen to work at his copies, for he had refused our assistance, notwithstanding our most urgent entreaties. We had offered to take each a share in the task, in order that he might have but a third of his uninteresting labour; but he became angry, and we desisted. We heard the tread of thin boots on our corridor, and raised our heads to listen. Some one tapped at the door of Marcas, who always left the key in the lock. Then we heard the words, "come in.—Ah! *you* here, sir!"

"I myself," replied the ex-minister, the Diocletian of the unknown martyr.

Our neighbour and he spoke together for some time, when Marcas, whose voice had as yet been hardly heard—the case usually in a conference where the proposer begins by displaying the facts, suddenly exclaimed to a proposition which was unknown to us—

"You would make a jest of me if I confided in you. The Jesuits have disappeared, but Jesuitry is eternal. You neither possess good faith in your machiavelism, nor in your generosity. You know how to reckon upon us, but one knows not upon what to reckon with you. Your court is composed of screech-owls frightened at the light, old men who tremble before youth, or who do not disturb themselves about the matter. The government models itself after the court. You have been seeking the remains of the empire, as the Restoration enrolled the *voltigeurs* of Louis XIV. Up to this moment the retrogressions of fear and cowardice have been taken for skill; but dangers will come, and youth will rise, as in 1790. It has

effected important things since that period. You now change ministers as a sick man changes his place in bed. These vibrations display the weakness of your government. You employ a species of political chicanery, which will be turned against yourselves, for France will be wearied with these scene changings. She will not tell you she is worn out. No one ever knows how they die. The why is the task of the historian; but perish you certainly will, for not having sought from the youth of France its might and its energy; its devotedness and its fervency; for having regarded with enmity competent men, for not having selected them with affection in this generation of ability, for having in every thing preferred mediocrity. You come to ask me for my support, but you belong to that decrepid mass which self renders appalling, which quakes, which shrivels up, and which will abase France, because she abases herself. My uncompromising disposition, my opinions, would operate like poison upon you. You have deceived me twice—twice I have overthrown you. You know it. We unite for the third time!—that should involve a grave issue. I would sacrifice myself if I again fell into your snare, for I would despair of myself—the party to blame would be, not you, but me.

We then heard the humblest accents, the warmest entreaties not to deprive the country of superior talent.

"You talk of the country! pooh! pooh!" uttered Marcas significantly, in derision of his would-be-patron.

The statesman became more explicit. He acknowledged the superiority of his former adviser, and undertook to place him in a position to remain in the administration—to become a deputy. He then proposed to him high office, telling him that henceforth he (the Minister) would become subordinate to him, of whom he could no longer be but the lieutenant. He was in the new ministerial confederation, and desired not to return to power, unless Marcas might have a place suitable to his merit. He had announced this condition. Marcas had been included as a matter of necessity.

Marcas refused.

The statesman promised, on the part of his colleagues, a considerable sum to enable Marcas to pay his qualifica-

tion acquittance—offered him the chief place in his Cabinet, with the formal promise of a retirement into the magistracy of Paris, in the event of failure.

Marcas refused.

"I have never before been in a condition to keep my engagements; here is an occasion on which I can perform my promises faithfully, and you balk it."

Marcas made no reply to this last sentence. The tread of the boots were heard in the corridor, and the sounds proceeded in the direction of the staircase.

"Marcas! Marcas!" we both cried at once, rushing into his chamber; "why refuse? He was sincere. His terms are honourable. Besides, you will see the Ministers."

In the twinkling of an eye we gave Marcas a hundred reasons. The tone of the future minister was honest. Without seeing him, we had concluded he was not dealing falsely.

"I am without a suit of clothes," replied Marcas.

"Reckon upon us," said Juste to him, fixing his eyes upon me.

Marcas had the resolution to confide in us, lightning flashed from his eyes, he passed his hand through his hair, and displayed his features by one of those gestures which reveal a belief in happiness. And when he had, so to speak, unveiled his face, we perceived a man who had been hitherto altogether unknown to us. Marcas, sublime Marcas, in power. The spirit in its element—the bird restored to its air—the horse coursing on his native plains. It was but a passing gleam. His features resumed their sombre expression. It was like a vision of his destiny. Halting doubts followed closely bright winged hope. We left him.

Said I to the Doctor, "we have promised, but how to perform?"

"Let us think over it sleeping," replied Juste, "and to-morrow morning we will interchange thoughts."

Next morning we went to take a turn in the Luxembourg.

We had time to think over the matter of the preceding night, and were both equally surprised at the little address displayed by Marcas in the petty cares of life; he whom nothing perplexed in the solution of the deepest problems of rational or physical policy.

But exalted minds are apt to stumble over a grain of sand—to balk at the grandest undertakings for want of a thousand francs. It is the history of Napoleon, who, for want of his boots, missed being at the Indies.

"What have you hit upon?" said Juste to me.

"Why, the means of obtaining credit for a complete outfit."

"With whom?"

"With Humann."

"How?"

"Humann, my dear, never goes to his customers; his customers all go to him; so that he is ignorant whether I am rich or not; he knows simply that I am fashionably dressed, and wear gracefully the clothes that he makes for me. I shall tell him that an uncle has come up to me from the country, whose indifference in matters of dress, injures me considerably in the best societies where I visit with the view of marriage. He will not be Humann if he sends in his bill sooner than three months."

The Doctor found this conception excellent in a vaudeville, but abominable in real life, and doubted its success. But I assure you, Humann attired Marcas, and like an artist, as he really is; he attired him, as a politician ought to be attired.

Juste presented to Marcas two hundred francs in gold, the proceeds of two watches bought on credit, and deposited at the Mont-de-Piété. As for me, I had said nothing of six shirts, of all that was necessary in the way of linen, and which cost me nothing but the pleasure of asking them from the forewoman of a linen draper, with whom I had *musardé* during the carnival. Marcas accepted all without many thanks. He was only anxious as to the means by which we had acquired these riches; and we made him laugh for the last time. We contemplated our Marcas, as privateers, who, having exhausted all their resources and all their credit in the equipment of a craft, contemplate her swelling sails, and send their hearts after her through the waters.

"Well, but what happened him?"

I shall tell you in two words; for it is not a romance, but a true story. We no longer saw Marcas. The Ministry remained in office three months; it fell after the session. Marcas rejoined us without a sou, worn out with labour. He had sounded the crater of power, and returned from it with the germs of a nervous fever. The disease made rapid strides. We nursed him. Juste from the very first brought the principal physician of the hospital, which he had entered as a resident student. I, then, the sole remaining occupant of the Chamber, was the most attentive of nurse-tenders; but care and skill were both in vain. In the month of January, 1838, Marcas felt himself that he had but a few days to live. The statesman, of whom he had been the soul, never came to see him—never even sent to inquire after him. Marcas expressed to us the profoundest contempt for the government. He appeared to us to doubt the destiny of France; and this doubt had originated his indisposition. He conceived he had discovered treason in the very heart of power; not a palpable, tangible treason, resulting from deeds, but a treason produced by a system—by a subjugation of national interests to selfishness. The belief in the prostration of his country was of itself sufficient to increase his malady. I was witness to propositions made to him by one of the heads of the opposite system, which he had contended against. His hatred of those he had endeavoured to serve was so violent that he would, perhaps, have gladly consented to join the coalition forming amongst the ambitious, with whom there existed, at least, one common thought—that of shaking off the yoke of the Court. But Marcas answered the negotiator with the word of the Hotel de Ville: "It is too late!"

He did not leave wherewith to bury him. Juste and I had great difficulty in sparing his remains the disgrace of pauper interment; and we alone followed the hearse bearing the body of Z. Marcas, which was cast into the common grave in the cemetery of Mount Parnassus.

ROBERT BURNS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE appearance of a true poet among the people of a remote rural district, is for them a notable, and by no means an unimportant event. Genius invests every thing rude and homely—such as all things in such a district usually are—with a new interest and significance. The young men becoming conscious of the possession of something not dreamt of before, as well as of the power of communicating these new feelings, begin to open their hearts to one another in generous sentiments of friendship, of manliness, of sympathising detestation of untruth, cowardice, oppression, meanness, and treachery. The beauty of the young girls is appreciated with a purer admiration; graces of mind and person never thought of in the coarse routine of ordinary country life, spring, as it were, into existence in emerging, for the first time, into perception and appreciation; for the true poet inspires a new sense of physical as well as of moral beauty, wherever his influence comes into operation in such a state of society. The very face of nature, trampled over by the heavy feet of clowns insensible to her commonest charms, may be said, in the same way, to acquire a new expression and a brighter bloom.

The river which has run for ages past the dwellings of those who have been used to regard it merely as a means of driving the mill, of breeding fish, or of filling their washing tubs, sparkles and rolls along with a new life, and meaning, not only under the eye of the poet himself, but of every one in whom he has excited the new knowledge of what is beautiful, and to whom he has given the means of making the perception of that beauty communicable. The mountains lift their heads with an additional loftiness, and clothe their slopes with a fresher verdure in such a man's eyes. In the fields and groves, the sunshine and dew weave wreaths of radiance for him, as fresh as if creation had but that morning begun; for he has never perceived them before, and he now only perceives

them through the newly-developed faculty, opened within him by the poet. The stars at night look down on such a man with a startling accession of meaning. It is a revelation, a revival, like that produced in the youthful heart by the first emotions of love. Grave men, and men engaged in the practical, and sometimes sordid pursuits of country life, despise the influence at first; but by degrees they are forced to feel, and grow not ashamed to acknowledge it. The burly farmer, the heavy-footed ploughman, the sinewy smith, the pale weaver, even the "windy tailor," listen and imbibe, and treasure up the marvellous rhymes, which have so simply and suddenly revealed thoughts in their breasts that they never dreamt of finding there, much less of being able to express to the minds, and to call up in the breasts, of others.

All things which are good for the uses of life, whether in food, clothing, shelter, locomotion, instruction, or legitimate pleasure, are wealth. Objects in which the mind can take a blameless delight, beautiful forms, flowers, trees, the sky, the stars of heaven, the waves of the ocean, the blue-sided hills at eve, the song of birds, the tones of music—these are all wealth to him whose blameless pleasures of eye and ear they promote. Let the earth become a level plain—let the sky be perpetually serene, and the ocean without a ripple, though eatable and wearable wealth should spring spontaneously from the glebe, and all the necessities of life be at hand without labour and without decay, yet the amount of true wealth would be diminished past computation; for the minds of men would have lost the infinite enjoyment of the face of nature. But still more, remove from life its finer charities, its tenderer sentiments, its nobler aspirations, such as the poet alone can excite, alone can foster, and make communicable, and the moral economist will be forced to admit that between the lost items of his account

and the poor worldly residue of what is needful to sustain and perpetuate mere life, his science knowing no term that will be a common measure, has no means of estimating or of expressing the incalculable loss.

Thus it is that the poet is, to use the phrase of the economic school, a true and meritorious *producer*, a right operative, and one of the real working class. The man who makes two blades of wheat to grow where one blade grew before, says the economist, is a benefactor to his kind. So say we, the man who makes two true, tender, pious, or lovely thoughts to grow up in a mind, or blossom in a heart where there was but one before, is a benefactor to his kind; a producer also, and a maker of wealth more essential to the happiness of mankind, than any other production of land or sea, after the needful daily bread, clothing, and shelter, without which life itself could not exist, to be the *nidus* for virtue.

When, therefore, the young ploughman of Mossiel began to sing songs which took his brother farmers, and the sons and daughters of his brother farmers, by the heart, and shook up, as it were, in all their souls, that host of new notions of nature, of humanity, and of social relations, of which the song of every true poet is as fruitful in unsophisticated bosoms, as the plough is of a teeming crop in virgin soil; it was as if a new sense had been revealed to the whole people of Kyle, and the coarse and tender, the generous and the sordid, almost simultaneously and unanimously accepted these gifts of his genius as positive boons, and things of practical value, singing them, repeating them, and out of them learning to convey sentiments to one another, till that time inexpressible and unknown.

In this, as well as in almost all the other circumstances surrounding Burns, prior to his visit to Edinburgh, he was eminently fortunate; for his genius was peculiarly suited to his place in society, to his epoch in time, to the tastes and habits of thought of his countrymen, and even to the local characteristics of his neighbourhood. Every thing about him favoured the development of his natural tastes. He had, above all things, but love itself, a love for the soft, the tender, and the

cheerful, in external nature. His landscapes must rustle with foliage, among which the cushats can be heard cooing; his brown ploughed lands must sparkle with sunshine and dew, and the hares be seen "whirling down the furs," or scudding on the head-ridge "in amorous whids." A bare green glen, with the Bruar water roaring down between the steep braes, makes him long for the "budding timmer," for the chequering sunbeams let in among the boles of the birch trees, and the sylvan shades sacred to the confessions of youthful lovers. The sounding sea, the whirling snow-drift, the brown tumbling burn, "great in spate," the frowning mountain in its robe of clouds, these raised in his breast a momentary sense of stern delight. But he loved not such scenes long, and while the waves were still thundering on the shore, or the flood rushing from the mountain, he would turn with renewed zest to the sheltered valley, to the hawthorns, the "lown" lea-rigs, the banks of primroses, the sparkling river with its "wimpling pools," to the hares, the wood-pigeons, the cattle, the very field-mice, and little daisies—and on these he would expend his soul, adding warmth, beauty, and significance to them all, and imparting humane sentiments, and philosophic humour, even to the meanest things among them.

His epoch, too, was favourable to Burns. He lived at a time when the mass of the lowland Scottish people had got over the sordidness of feudal slavery and ignorance, but before they had acquired the fastidiousness and delicacy of taste that great mental cultivation has since caused, even among them, to so morbid an extent. They were qualified to understand and admire just such strains as he had been commissioned to sing. Had he been a Blind Harry or a Dunbar he would have fallen behind, had he been a Southey or a Coleridge he would have overpassed the taste of his contemporaries. As it was, he appeared a poet of the simple, strong emotions of everyday life, among a plain, homespun people, capable of appreciating every thing he could say; willing to follow him as far as he could go; aware of the existence of many faculties in their own minds hitherto unattended to, and grateful to the prophetic voice which

at once told of the existence of those new feelings, and made them communicable. If he had had to address an audience intoxicated with the philters of Byron, or narcotized with the madragora of Coleridge or Wordsworth, his plain, but wholesome home-brewed would have stood untasted, or might have made an acceptable libation to Oblivion. As it was, Maybole Willie, Davy Sillar, John Lapraik, and the rest of his friends and admirers, were just in that intellectual condition in which the "gude Scotch drink" that Burns's muse could best brew, was the most acceptable of all the intellectual draughts which Genius could have offered them.

Besides, from whatever source the Lowland Scottish people acquired their predilection for poetry and literature, they even then possessed those tastes which have since become in a manner hereditary among them. Indeed, we might say that such tastes had already become hereditary among the people of that part of Scotland; for even to this day they remain among the descendants of that branch of the same family, which had long previously colonized the north of Ireland. Perhaps there is not within the British dominions a population whose tastes and manners more resemble those of the Ayrshire peasantry, in Burns's time, than the present representatives of the old Scottish colonists of Antrim. In every house you will find, beside the Bible, on the well-smoked "window-sole," a little library of poems and ballads, and in almost every "chimney-corner" an "auld gude-wife," full of traditionary romance. These people are genuine patrons of literature, and we could point to a district, comprising little more than a single barony, which, within the last twenty years, has enabled nearly a dozen rustic poets to get their poems printed, and that not at all by the condescension of the gentry, but by the almost ungrudging liberality of the humbler classes themselves. We have seen a little volume of poems, by John Fullarton, of Ballyclare, printed about ten years ago, by subscription. The subscribers' names are over one hundred, of which not more than six are those of the gentry; the rest are small farmers, weavers, and mechanics. And those poems, ushered into the world

under such auspices, you will probably suppose are of rustic texture and small merit. Quite the contrary: the poems are cast mostly in the Spenserian stanza, and belong to a high school of poetry, full of grand thoughts and images, and only wanting arrangement and polish, to lay claim to a place near some efforts of Byron. We can assure the reader that John Fullarton is no ordinary man. From a MS. poem of his now before us, and which we hope will shortly see the light under somewhat more influential auspices than those which presided over the birth of the "Feudal Scenes," we extract an apostrophe to the memory of Burns, which appears peculiarly appropriate here, both as expressing in very vigorous and harmonious language, the dominant feelings excited in every generous breast, at the recollection of Burns' fate, and showing how powerful a strain of poetic tendencies runs through that race and family of men, among whom it was Burns' good fortune to be cast in his early life, and whose common kindred, on this side of the channel, still foster so honorably every development of the same genius. Mr. Fullarton's poem is a sort of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage round the British isles. Contemplating, in the second canto, an assemblage of Scottish peasants, he exclaims:—

- "Let not the wise, the wealthy, or the proud,
In scorn o'erlook the happy peasant band;
From yonder ranks high rose above the crowd
The mightiest bard that graced the Scottish land.
Exult, proud peasantry! Your brother's hand
Could guide the plough, or sweep his country's lyre,
And all the passions of the soul command,
Whose heart o'ercharged with more than nature's fire,
Beat but to feel, to love, to blaze, and to admire.
- "How dazzling seem the distant scenes of life
To youthful bard; how bright the fields of fame!
No thought of future pangs, no dream of strife,
No clouds to damp the soul-enlightening flame.

Alas ! the thousand ills that want a
name,
As, drop by drop, his cup of sorrow
fills ;
The restless couch, the blackening
breath of shame,
The poison malice flings, which more
than kills,
Scorch deep his heart's best blood within
its secret rills.

" Loved bard ! ere burst that mighty
heart in twain,
Amidst the storms which man is
doomed to bear,
With soul erect, 'twas thine to walk
the plain,
And breathe thy wild notes on the
mountain air :
To snatch the flowers that bloomed so
fragrant there,
And fling the chaplet on thy country's
brow ;
To soothe the throbbings of the soul's
despair,
To pour in beauty's ear the ardent
vow,
While beauty spurned not back, the
nursling of the plough.

" Bold child of genius ! whilst the wreath
of fame,
Fresh gathered, yet hung trembling
o'er thy head,
While yet she poured abroad thy
deathless name,
And glory seemed to wait thy forward
tread.
Alas ! the fire that lit thy spirit fled ;
The voice of fame rolled on—but,
where art thou ?
Bent down, neglected in thy humble
shed—
The clouds of anguish deepening on
thy brow,
Whose death-pangs rent a soul oppres-
sion could not bow.

" Fast o'er thy fate thy country's tears
may fall,
Whose very name seems less when
wanting thine—
Who points in sorrow to thy funeral
pall—
Thy monumental stone—thy empty
shrine—

Whose proudest trophy is thy living
line—
Thy verse, which wafts her fame to
every shore,
Binds every laurel that her children
twine,
Fills every Scottish heart with kind-
liest lore,
And clothes with light the forms which
all mankind adore."

From a *protégée* of the farmers
of Antrim, this tribute, to the memory
of the ploughman of Mossiel, is as
touchingly appropriate as the stanzas
themselves are full of energy and
feeling. We hope ere long to be in
a position to pronounce on Mr. Ful-
larton's whole poem. If the mean time
we congratulate him on having been
cast, like Burns, among a people, he-
reditary lovers of song, and fosterers of
genius. Whence this taste, this pre-
dilection for poetry and literature,
came to the lowland Scottish people,
we do not here inquire. Burns, by the
father's side, was from near the foot of
the Grampians, of a name and locality
both Celtic ;* by his mother he was a
Brown, but whether the progenitor who
first took that surname, came South of
the Tweed, it is now impossible to say.
All that can be affirmed with certainty
on the subject is, that the bulk of the
Scottish people, both highland and
lowland, are of pure Scotie descent,
and that ninety-nine out of every hun-
dred Scotchwomen may truly sing with
Peggy Bawn—

" Oh Ireland is a fine countrie,
And the folk to us are kin."

But how or why it is that, substantially
the same race in the Scottish plains
should have tastes and habits of
thought, so different from their cousin
clans of the Highlands and Islands,
and from the bulk of the same race
and stock of people in this, the parent
seat, from which both were principally
peopled, is a question which we can-
not pretend to discuss within the limits
open to such an inquiry in a paper of
this kind. We would merely remark
that, making the largest allowance for

* Burns, and Burney, and Birnie, are the English equivalents of the Irish Mac
Conborne and O'Conborne. There are numerous families of these names in the
West of Ireland. Burns is the form usually adopted. (Tribes and customs of Hy
Fiaclra. Trans. Irish Arch. Soc. pp. 5, 6—217).

the infusion of Saxon blood that historical considerations can admit, there is no sufficient ground for assuming these characteristics to have originated in differences of race. Perhaps the main distinction will be found in the use of a language of civilization, and in the presence of civilizing institutions to which the people were attached. The accident of using a barbarous, or a polished language undoubtedly makes the greatest difference. We can hardly imagine Ausonius composing his beautiful odes in the vernacular of Gaul, or Jerome his polished homilies in the unformed accents of the Treviri. Yet for a long time we have had the language and institutions under which, these tastes grew up in Scotland, among us here; and the question may reasonably be urged—why have they not here been attended with the like results? We believe that question has at length begun to receive its best answer in the growing development of genius which is going on around us. Perhaps ere another generation the query may be transferred to the other side. In the mean time let us return to him who, in so bountiful a measure, possessed this divine gift of genius from whencesoever derived; and before proceeding to consider those pieces of philosophic humour and tenderness which we consider his *chefs d'œuvre*, let us notice one other great and inestimable advantage which he possessed. For, what was of still greater service to Burns than almost any of the fortunate circumstances to which we have alluded—what Scotland herself has been indebted to, not in the encouragement of Burns alone, but in ten thousand modes of peaceful prosperity, and of respect at home and abroad, was this, that the middle and upper classes of that country were then, as they still are, proudly national, interested in every thing that concerns the interests or reputation of their native land; familiar with its local peculiarities of manners and dialect, and piquing themselves on the perfect sympathy that subsisted between them and the peasantry. If a young Irish farmer of the present day displayed ability, or wrote humorous, pathetic, or philosophic verses, he might perhaps look for the worthless laudation of a local newspaper, pro-

vided there was a local newspaper of his party within reach; but that he should expect to be taken by the hand and caressed by the gentry of his neighbourhood, that he should hope, even, if he expressed himself with the independence becoming a man of genius, to avoid suspicion and repulse from his neighbours of condition, would be a thing unheard of—a mere suggestion of romance. We blame the Scottish people for their social neglect of Burns, unjustly. Their national neglect of him was altogether unjustifiable but, socially, they were not neglectful of him, till his own indiscretions made it impossible for them to have him among them. This is the plain truth, which Scottish fondness for his memory has prevented the Scotch themselves from declaring long ago; for they would rather bear the infamy of a neglect, which, if it had not been justified as it was, would be truly infamous, than tell the humiliating truth, that Burns's loose way of living, excluded him from permanently enjoying the society of his best friends and admirers.—There are men with whom no man's family is safe; unhappily the greatest gifts of genius are too often associated with this erotic temperament; and while readers at a distance, whose conduct is regulated by a becoming observance of the moral law, can sympathise harmlessly and in safety with the aspirations of such a spirit, making every thing take the hue of chaste passion by reference to their own sentiments, the immediate companions and associates of such a man too often find that his sweetest songs have originated in feelings which cannot be encouraged without a dissolution of all the ties of society. While Burns confined himself to rustic *liaisons*, who could be kinder—who more generously considerate—who could have bent more gracefully from the conventional, but still the distinguished elevation given by rank, wealth, and refinement—than the gentry and nobility of his native country? Is it in England or in Ireland that ladies of condition would be found writing to an humble young man like Burns, begging the favor of his personal visits, and evincing their sympathy by familiar epistles in verse, in the provincial dialect? Such a writer at the present day might as

well expect to draw the moon from her sphere, as to excite these attentions. Was it not then a peculiar piece of good fortune for Burns, that he possessed not only the friendship and applause of men like himself, humorists and rustic poets—the Lapraiks, the Sillars, the Simpsons—but the countenance and sympathy of such distinguished and excellent persons as Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, Mrs. Scott of Wauchop, Colonel Fullarton, Professor Stewart, and others, while his name had, as yet, been hardly heard among the *soirees* of Edinburgh, much less been transported to the literary circles of London? But it was not (we own) until his fame had spread a little that Mrs. Scott addressed him that admirable letter, breathing such good Scotch kindness, such a warm homely good-will, that we regard it not only as one of the most flattering tributes to Burns's genius, but as one of the most pleasing examples, of right feeling in a country, that can any where be met with:—

"My cantie, wittie, rhyming plouman,
I haillins doubt it is na' true, man,
That ye between the stilts was bred,
Wi' ploughmen schooled, wi' ploughmen
fed;

I doubt it sair, ye've drawn your know-
ledge

Either frae grammar-school or college.
Guid troth, your saul and body baith
War better fed, I'd gie my aith,
Than theirs wha sup sour milk and par-
ritch,
And bummlil through the single Car-
ritch.

Whaever heard the ploughman speak,
Could tell gif Homer was a Greek?
He'd flee as soon upon a cudgel,
As get a single line of Virgil.
And then sae slee ye crack your jokes
O' Willis Pitt and Charlie Fox:
Our great men a' sae weel decrive,
And how to gar the nation thrive,
Ane maist wad swear ye dwalt amang
them.

And as ye saw them sae ye sang them.
But be ye, ploughman, be ye peer,
Ye are a funny blade, I swear;
And though the cauld I ill can bide,
Yet twenty miles and mair I'd ride
O'er moss and moor, and never grumble,
Though my auld yad should gie a stumble,
To crack a winter night wi' thee,
And hear thy songs and sonnets slee.
Oh gif I kenn'd but where ye baid,
I'd send to you a marled plaid;
'Twad hawd your shouthers warm and braw,
And douce at kirk or market shaw;

*Frae south as weel as north, my lad
A' honest Scotsmen loe the maud."*

It was a reply to this characteristic effusion of a generous and patriotic heart, that Burns wrote his address to the "gudewife of Wauchop," containing that immortal stanza about the rough burr thistle and the weeder clips, and telling how he had learned to love and rhyme together on the harvest rig. The epistle, as a whole, never pleased us. We think Mrs. Scott was worthy of something more personal to herself—of some acknowledgement of Scottish approbation, which Burns, as the national poet might, at this time, have very well taken on him to express towards a lady, whose rank and talents kept Scottish feeling and national taste alive where they were most needed, and, indeed, where, since that time, they have conferred services so eminent in every department of the state, and in every quarter of the globe, on the Scottish people. Instead of this, Burns contents himself, after giving expression so nobly to his own love of Scotland, with a coarse declaration of devotion to Mrs. Scott's sex, in a licentious-looking stanza, which, we apprehend, cannot have afforded the least gratification to that lady; and then proceeds to make his acknowledgment for the plaid in a manner much more grotesque than graceful; and in which the grotesqueness is manifestly introduced for the purpose of admitting a piece of exaggeration which he did not feel:—

"For you, no bred to barn and byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,

Thanks to you for your line:
The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
By me should gratefully be ware;
'Twad please me to the nine.

I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
Douce hingin' ower my curle,
Than ony crimine ever lap,
Or proud imperial purple.

Fareweel, then, lang leal then,
And plenty be your fa',
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca'."

But it is, perhaps, unfair to criticise closely a piece that was not written with a view to publication. In connection, however, with the painful allusions we have been compelled to make in speaking of the alleged neglect of Burns by his later cotemporaries, we

could not pass this indication of the growing coarseness of his mind at a time while society was still surrounding him with the most flattering attentions. Unquestionably it is not the way in which, two years before, he would have replied to such a compliment.—But it is with Burns in his earlier and happier days that we have at present to deal, and this retrospect admonishes us to return to the youthful poet, whom we have now followed through the daily occupations of a country life, and seen so fortunately circumstanced among scenes of external nature delightful to his eye, and companions and friends congenial to his heart.

And in spite of the pushing and striving to make ends meet, this was the truly happy period of Robert Burns' life, and the strains he now sung were his pre-eminently immortal and divine ones. For he was in his true position : a lark in his cloud : a thrush in his bush : a wild swan on his mere—unshackled—fearless of censure—unambitious of applause—uttering the spontaneous suggestions of fresh feelings and an unfatigued fancy. All nature now was busy in making him happy. The gales which blew upon him were delicious ; the dews which fell round his evening footsteps more refreshing than the first wine-cup of the banquet ; the birds that carolled over him while he guided the plough sung strains sweeter than any music of this world but the voice of the girl he loved. Her eyes opened all heaven on his soul ; her smile diffused new sunshine over his roughest path of life. Oh, happy youth ! sweet period of imaginations that only become illusions when the reality would no longer have a charm. Sing on, bright, elate-hearted young man—dream your dream of bliss—it is God's will that you should do so—it is reality, for the happiness it gives is actual. The world will come soon enough to wake you ; your own heart in the fulness of its enjoyment will soon enough grow mistrustful of the transitory delight. This was very early the case with Burns. One of his very earliest pieces, composed when he was but seventeen, expresses in beautifully harmonious numbers, which show how early his ear was attuned to the melody of rhythm, this very sentiment of the impending loss of happiness which

sooner or later is sure to arise in every imaginative mind :—

"I dreamed I lay where flowers were
springing

Gaily in the sunny beam ;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling, crystal stream :
Straight the sky grew black and daring ;
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave,
Trees with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasure I enjoyed ;
But lang or noon, loud tempests storm-
ing,

A' my flowery bliss destroyed.
Tho' fickle fortune has deceived me,
She promis'd fair, and perform'd but
ill ;

Of mony a joy and hope bereaved me,
I bear a heart shall support me still."

All nature, we have said, was, at this time, busied in making the young poet happy ; but the happiness of genius is as often a stern, as a tender delight. Burns's dominant predilection, as we have said, was for the fresh and bloming aspect of vernal nature : he is peculiarly himself in such a scene as that charming one with which the *Holy Fair* opens :—

"Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face was fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
And snuff the caller air.
The rising sun owre Galston muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin' ;
The hares were hirplin' down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin'
Fu' sweet that day."

Every thing here is fresh, fair, and exhilarating, and the reader fancies he breaths a purer air, and half feels the merit of having arisen with the sun. This is the type of that aspect of external nature with which Burns's sympathies were oftenest in harmony. In its brightness, and freshness, balminess and exuberant vitality, he sees the reflection of his own heart—full of life and love. Love fans his cheek in the delicious breeze—gazes at him from the eye of the hare-bell—plays round him in the gambols of the happy living creatures—surrounds him with endless harmonies in the lays of the birds :—

"I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair :

I hear her in the tuncfu' birds,
 Wi' music charm the air :
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' me Jean.

" *Oh blaw ye westlin winds blaw saft,
 Among the leafy trees,
 Wi' balmy gale frae hill and dale
 Bring hame the laden bees ;
 And bring the lassie back to me
 That's aye sae neat and clean ;
 Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
 Sae charming is my Jean.*"

Every one has felt, more or less, those delightful emotions and associations. A green field—a leafy grove—a blooming garden—a fair open valley with its running river and banks of aloe and hazel ; let any one go forth among these on a fresh May morning, and, if old age or misfortune have not entirely deadened the heart, he must own an irresistible sympathy with that multitude of external modes of life and beauty that on every side solicit the parent sentiment of whatever lives and is lovely, within him. The sentiment of love in Burns's breast was, we had almost said, excessive. Excessive it undoubtedly afterwards became in its grosser manifestations. Had it been less abundant he would have been a happier man ; though the world would have lost, in some of his songs, that expressible tenderness which criticism can as little define, in poetry, as optics can the glance of the same feeling through the human eye. On the other hand, with a more evenly balanced temperament, he would have given a wider scope and more useful employment to his philosophic humour, and mankind, probably, would have gained more in a further intimacy with life and social relations, through a larger production of such pieces as "The Death and Dying Words of poor Maillie," and the "Twa Dogs," than they would have lost even by stripping "Highland Mary" of its tenderest passages. But we are to deal with the poet as we find him ; and finding him this chosen vessel of passion, we are to accept the gift gratefully, and try to appreciate its value with humility and patience. We have looked at him so far as a happy youth, among scenes congenial to tender and elate moods of mind ; we shall still find him happy, though with

a stern and gloomy delight, if we pursue him into situations suggestive of sadder contemplations. He has fully laid open his heart in this regard, in a note in his common-place book, under the date of April 1784 :—

"As I am what men of the world, if they knew such a man, would call a whimsical mortal, I have various sources of pleasure and enjoyment, which are, in a manner, peculiar to myself, or some here and there such other out-of-the-way person. Such is the peculiar pleasure I take in the season of winter, more than the rest of the year. This, I believe, may be partly owing to my misfortunes giving my mind a melancholy cast ; but there is something even in the

"Mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the burned earth,"

which raises the mind to a serious sublimity, favourable to every thing great and noble. There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy winter-day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion ; my mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him, who in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind.' In one of these seasons, just after a train of misfortunes, I composed the following :—

"The wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blaw ;
 Or the stormy north sends driving forth
 The blinding sleet and snaw :
 While tumbling brown, the burn comes
 down,
 And roars frae bank to brae :
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'er-
 cast,
 The joyless winter day
 Let others fear, to me more dear
 Than all the pride of May :
 The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
 My griefs it seems to join ;
 The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their fate resembles mine !"

Few imaginative readers have ever perused that characteristic passage of Thomson's *Seasons*, where the poet

chooses his walk on some sheltered head-land—

“Between the sounding forest and the shore.”

without feeling a wonderful propriety, in it, and deriving, it might almost be said, a new pleasure from the recollection of some such scene unthought of at the time. Burns has cast the immediate idea into very vigorous and graphic prose, and has amplified the general sentiment in verses of extraordinary energy and picturesqueness. The admirable harmony of the versification surprises the reader, who learns that so fine a lyric is one of the poets earliest efforts. Burns' ear can hardly be said to have acquired any more delicate perception of rhythmical beauty than is present in every line of the “Dirge,” after a practice of ten years; perhaps there is not one of his compositions which a musician could find more easily adaptable than the “Dream” above quoted, although composed at a time when he had neither precept nor experience in the making of verse. There is, however, one expression in the memorandum respecting the “Dirge,” which we cannot accede to, “that he took a peculiar pleasure in Winter more than the rest of the year.” The general tenor of his works, the much greater number of pieces composed under the revivifying influence of Spring feelings, and the multitude of descriptions of charming vernal scenery, show plainly that this was but a fancy of the moment. He had, indeed, always an admiring eye for that grand Winter spectacle, the flooded river; as who, imbued with even a moderate degree of enthusiasm, has not? There is something in the sudden alteration from a clear-running fordable river, with its high banks, its pools, streams and stopping-stones, and lofty arched bridges, which seem hung at a needless height in the air, to show the skill of the mason, to the swift accumulating march of tawny, foam-flecked waters spreading over the drowned fields, obliterating the traces of bridges and banks, and marking the ancient channel only by a swifter track of tortuous eddies and currents, that impresses every mind vividly with the ideas of force, magnitude, danger, and sublimity. No one has painted the winter “Spate” of a large river better than Burns:—

“When heavy, dark, continued a-day
rains,
Wi’ deepening deluges o’erflow the
plains;
When from the hills where springs the
brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar’s mossy fountains boil
Or where the Greenock winds his moor-
land course,
Or haunted Garpel draws his feeble
source,
Aroused by blust’ring winds and spot-
ting thowes,
In mony a torrent down his snaw-broo
rowes;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring
speat,
Sweeps dams and mills, and brigs, a’ to
the gate;
And from Glenbuck, down to the Rat-
ton-quay,
Auld Air is just one lengthen’d tumbling
sea.”

But if we dwelt on the felicity with which he has painted every variety of stream and river, in all their varying conditions, from the Foyers plunging into its chasm, with the shock of a sea, to the Bruar, in its twisted strength, foaming down its shelvy rocks, or the wimpling Burn, that bounded the three laird’s lands, where the wanton widow got her fearfu’ settlin’ on Halloween night, with all their characteristic scenery of banks, bare or wooded, mossy or pastoral, we should never be done. The river, indeed, is endless company to a poet. One-half of our fishermen haunt the banks of their ‘trouting streams, from an unconscious passion for the face of the running water; there is such an endless variety in it. Every pool has a different character. Every breeze gives the curl it creates a new expression. The streams all murmur to different sweet, animating, or solemn tunes. The fishermen are all poets, more or less; all can bear, many of them love, to be alone with nature. Wilson and Hogg, doubtless, drew half their enthusiasm in the sport, from the river itself; though we have not heard that either of them ever went raving along the banks, girded with a Highland broadsword, as poor Burns once did, when his English visitors caught their lion in that warlike costume, seated on a rock, over a pool of the Nith.

Endowed with this susceptibility for all that is sweet and lovely, and for much that is grand and sublime in the

face of nature, Burns would have been miserable in a town-life. He might, indeed,

"— have led a market,
Or strutted in a bank, and clerkit
His cash account;"

but deprived of daily intercourse with his fields and woods, with his hares, his cushats, his partridges—all his thousand acquaintances of land and air, he would never have experienced the happiness that surrounded even his most toilsome steps, when

"Rattlin' the corn out ower the rigs,"

or following up the wearisome strokes of the scythe in the country; since every object around him was in sympathy with his tastes in the one case, and would have been in opposition to them in the other.

But it is not by reference to objects of external nature, however admirably he has portrayed them, that we are to estimate the genius of Burns; the great characteristic of his mind was its moral sympathy with mankind, exhibiting itself in an almost intuitive perception of individual character, and in a knowledge of the social relations, so just and comprehensive, that had he been a well-trained prose writer, a preacher, or a politician, he probably would have given the world as valuable instruction, in a didactic form, as he has already given it delight and entertainment in verse. His love of nature was quite secondary to his love for, and sympathy with man. What Wordsworth has described of his own youthful feelings, when

"The tall rock
Hunted him like a paeleon,"

was never known in that exclusive sense to Burns; because human passion and human sympathy were always paramount in his soul, and would only suffer these collateral raptures to come in, in aid of their dominant emotions. Wordsworth, you would say, too often cultivates his poetic intimacy with man, that he may give poetic interest to favourite objects in inanimate nature. In this spirit he has arraigned Burns for a want of love for the mountains. Living in sight of Skiddaw, Burns—only think!—says the lake poet—never craved the Solway Frith, to climb the Solway mountain. It is true, Burns was too full of love for the

human beings round him, and too much occupied with that continual accession of the knowledge of himself, which converse with his kind gave him from day to day, to care for Skiddaw with the passion of Wordsworth. A lover of inanimate nature—one who can satisfy the passion that haunts him by climbing the dizzy precipice, plunging into the solitary tarn, or straining up the mountain side to catch the first view of the rising sun—may be, and, in the instance of Wordsworth, has proved himself to be a distinguished poet of the heart; but he will not be so great a poet of the heart, as, if his love for the mountains had been secondary to his love for his kind, he would have been. It is true, he who can spend his passion on rocks and lichens, will infix no pang in innocent bosoms—will excite no criminal raptures, to be afterwards atoned for in tears and groans—he will be an honest and virtuous citizen among neighbours who will never have the pain of regretting his acquaintance; but he will not possess that miraculous power over the hearts and affections of his hearers or readers, that the more dangerous gifts of temperaments like Burns' or Byron's, have given to great orators, poets, and statesmen, ever since society began; gifts which, moderated by religion and honour, make their possessors the most enviable, unmoderated, the most unhappy, of mankind.

Burns, therefore, must suffer no derogation as one of the most favoured of nature's children, in having had his love of scenery greatly subordinated to his love of social converse, and his intuition of life. But this latter gift—this faculty of inspiring confidence and sympathy, of exciting love in the female breast, and generosity in the breasts of men—this faculty, which gave him at the age of four-and-twenty a knowledge of the dominant feelings of men and women of all ages, and enabled him, a peasant who had never travelled beyond his market-town, to extend his view of society over the civilized globe—of what components did it consist? how much of it was Fancy? how much of it Imagination? In what proportions were the Knowing, the Reflecting, and the Moral faculties concerned? These are questions which we make no pretence to answer. The impossibility of giving

them any answer that can satisfy a reasonable mind is one of those tests by which we may fairly try any system of mental philosophy. Call it life, call it mental power, call it genius, its manifestations will equally have the power of moving and delighting us. Analysis may distinguish the mental operations necessary for the conveyance of the emotions, from the emotions themselves; nay, trace the complex ideas to their simple components, and shew the enthymemes and formulae of the argument; but the *vis viva animi*, the genius which prompts and points the expression, and is the real matter worthy of our attention, can neither be measured nor weighed, nor put into any of the known forms of moral algebra. The knowledge of life, one of the most striking of the manifestations of this wondrous faculty, is seen associated with a deal of humane philosophic humour, in the Death and Dying words of Poor Maillie, the author's pet Yowo (Ewe.) The cares, the fears, and affectionate anxieties of a dying mother leaving a young family, are transferred to the dying sheep with a happiness of application, that compels us to smile at the humour while we sigh at the pathos of the picture. The prudence, the misgivings, the anxious warnings of the experienced old ewe are applied with such droll gravity to the lambs, that even a mother who feels it all come home with a pang to her own heart, must smile at finding herself sighing to think of her son and heir in the character of the "poor toop-lamb," and of her eldest unmarried daughter as a little silly "yowie," unconscious of the dangers of tether strings, moorland toops, and unauthorised visits to "stacks o' peas and stocks of kail." Often as they have been given before, we must, though it were for the thousandth time, extract poor Maillie's words, who the reader must recollect has "cost a hitch" on her tether, and lies struggling at the bottom of the gripe.

"Oh thou, whose lamentable face
Appears, to mourn my woeful case!
My dying words attentive hear,
And bear them to my master dear.

"Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
Oh bid him never tie them mair,
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp of hair!

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But ca' them out to park or hill,
And let them wander at their will;
So may his flock increase and grow
To scores of lambs and packs o' woo'!

"Tell him he was a master kin',
And aye was gude to me and mine;
And now my dying charge I gie him—
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

"Oh, bid him save their harmless
lives
Frae dogs, and tods, and butcher's
knives!
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel;
And tent them dūly, e'en and morn,
Wi' helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

"And may they never learn the
gaits
Of other vile wanrestfu' pets;
To slink through slaps, and roave and
steal
At stacks o' peas, or stocks o' kail.
So may they like their great forbears,
For mony a year come through the
shears:
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
And bairns greet for them when they're
dead.

"My poor toop-lamb, my son and
heir,
Oh, bid him breed him up wi' care,
And if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast!

"And warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
And no' to rin and wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

"And neist my yowie, sillie thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string;
Oh, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop,
But aye keep mind to moss and mell.
Wi' sheep o' credit like thyself.

"And now, my bairns, wi' my last
breath
I lea' my blessin' wi' you baith:
And when you think upo' your mither,
Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

"Now, honest Hughoe, dinna fail
To tell my master a' my tale;
And bid him burn this cursed tether,
And, for thy pains, thou's get my
blether.

This said, poor Maillie turned her back
And closed her een among the

The vein of philosophic humour
runs still more freely in the "Two

Dogs," whose discourse has always appeared to us one of the best social homilies in any language. You cannot read it without feeling for the poor; yet at the same time you see you must make allowances for, and even extend your concern and goodwill to the rich. As a genuine picture of life, and a vindication of the Providence which presides over society through all its anomalies and hardships, we regard the "Twa Dogs," as a far superior poem to the "Cotter's Saturday Night." No expositor of social evils could lay the great social evil of all, the alienation of the rich and poor, open in a more startling aspect; yet no one could more effectually counteract any vindictive feeling towards those who undoubtedly are in fault. In most respects the state of society which Burns represents as that of Scotland in his day, is our own at the present: the poor making up for toil and penury by the consolations of marriage:—

"The dearest comfort o' their lives
Their grushie weans and faithfu' wives,
The prattlin' things are just their pride
That sweetens a' their fireside."

And though we cannot say that

"Whiles twalpenny worth o' nappy
Can make the bodices unco happy,

we may add that without any excitement so wholesome, they also,

"Can lay aside their private cares
To mind the Kirk and State affairs:
They'll talk o' patronage and priests
Wi' kindlin' fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin',
And ferlie at the folk in Lon'on."

We would willingly go on with Luath, enumerating the social pleasures of the peasantry, which compensate for the toils and hardships they have to endure in keeping up the extravagance of their absentee landlords—

§ "At operas and plays parading
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;"

but the recreations of the Irish have altered so much of late, since the social has given way to the "cup which cheers, but not inebriates," and the merry-makings of the hour, conven-

ing at one another's houses, to the prim assemblages of teetotal tea-parties, and the fierce excitement of political meetings, that we lament to see the picture which we thought would have continued to represent the enjoyments of the people for ages to come, for the present, at least, more or less inapplicable. In the mean time the gentry carry on the old game, and while the philosophic observer waits for the people to return to their natural recreations and enjoyments, the patriot and philanthropist must still admit the truth of Cæsar's picture of the upper classes, and exclaim with honest Luath:—

"Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate!
Are we sae foughten and harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last!

"Oh would they stay aback frae courts,
And please themsels wi' countra sports,
It wad for every ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, and the Cotter!
For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billies.
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock.
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk."

The Dying Words of poor Maillie, we have seen, derive their principal charm from the pathetic humour of making the old ewe, while talking with perfect propriety of the affairs of her lambs, suggest the most touching considerations to the breast of every mother in connection with her children. It is this double aspect of the piece that makes it so agreeable to that mental function (wherever it reside) which the Phrenologists name Congruity. The lines to the Mouse and to the Daisy address themselves to the same faculty; but the humour in these is much more subordinated to the pathos. Nothing more pathetic in this peculiar combination of tenderness and wit has ever been written, than the Address to the Mouse. The parting of Hector and Adromache presents the mind with a succession of direct images of touching situations, moving the heart with reiterated emotions of tenderness, generosity, and sorrow. It is all direct, practical, *per verba de presenti*, and in some passages affects the soul with almost un-

mitigated anguish. The painful contemplations suggested by the Address to the Mouse are indirect, associative, in perceiving which the consciousness of the congruity delights the sense of wit, at the same moment that the touching associations, so excited, stir the sense of the pathetic. Thus in the Mouse and Daisy we experience a tender moral pity, and a keen intellectual enjoyment together, the latter not amounting to humour, as it does in the Dying Words, but to a development of the same faculty, (for we dispute the new-fangled distinction between wit and humour) stopping at the very point of wit in its best acceptation. This it is which prevents the Address to the Mouse being mournful, and makes the reader rise with pleasant emotions in the midst of all his sighs from its perusal. This mixture of emotions has something of the same effect on the moral sense, as certain mixtures of tastes have on the palate, where each reinforces the flavour of the other. The contemplation of aggravated misfortune, of ill reiterated upon ill, and no hope of end or mitigation to calamity, suggested by the ruin of the nest that cost so many a "weary nibble"—

"Thy wee bit housie too in ruin,
Its silly wa's the winds are strewn',
And naethin' now to build a new ane
O' foggage green,
And bleak December's winds ensuin'
Baith small and keen"—

would be downright distressing but for this. With this, it excites, perhaps, as much pleasure as pain; such a sweetener of whatever is sour is this ingredient of the wit. The lines to the Daisy are hardly so happy: throughout the rapid succession of images that in the Mouse carry us away at every other line to view human life in some new aspect of sorrowful interest; suggesting by transitions so easy, as to seem almost spontaneous, man's infusion on the rest of the creation—his own equal liability to death—the duty and blessing of practical charity—the desolation of a man's state on whom misfortunes accumulate—the cruel disappointments to which all worldly hopes are subject—the bitterness of houseless penury, sharpened by the recollection of past happiness—and, finally, the aggrava-

tion of present ills, attendant on those gifts so fatal to the wretched, memory and anticipation—all these, with their thousand associated images of human woe, pass through the mind in perusing the eight short stanzas in which Burns condoles with the little terrified tenant of the clod through which his conter has just been driven. In the "Daisy," instead of this comprehensive view of almost all the darker side of humanity, we have but one prominent image, that of the deceived maid, soiled and cast down by the seducer: a sad spectacle at which tenderness melts into unmitigated grief. But the images of modest purity, and of beauty, contented with adorning an humble lot, suggested by some of the earlier stanzas, are inexpressibly exquisite.—

"Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield:
But thou, beneath the random biell
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane."

What a wonder and delight must the associates of the young poet have experienced when he first began to create these miraculous beauties before them! When he awoke John Blane that night, in the stable-loft, after the adventure of the Mouse, and repeated to him the immortal stanzas as they had taken shape in his brain while lying awake on his straw pallet, what a revolution of new ideas it must have produced in the mind of the astonished rustic. "What," he would exclaim, "and is it this little beast that I was about to demolish this morning with my pettle, that has been made the means of opening my mind in this wonderful way to my own condition among God's creatures, and has taught me to feel in a way I never dreamed of before, for the misfortunes of so many lowly people—things that I never thought but with dread till now; but which it now seems a sort of pleasure to contemplate?" John Blane, we dare say, did not exactly use this language; but

ideas such as these would not have been out of place in the mind of that honest plough-boy, listening at the dead of night to so surprising a revelation. What sort of criticism John passed on his comrade's composition does not appear, but we can well imagine Robert's pride and pleasure in communicating a piece so admirable to those who were fully capable of appreciating it, and of whom he numbered at the least, three or four at that time among his intimates. Maybole Willy's countenance would kindle with a fine enthusiasm, and maybe—though we will not vouch for it—a bright tear drop from the sweet eye of Peggy Thomson; Davy Sillar would hint startling comparisons with Horace or Virgil, and send the poet home in an exalted rapture. Oh happy days!

We have numbered now the best of the philosophic pieces—pieces written with no idea of being a philosopher, yet full of the best wisdom of humanity, true to virtue as to nature, and as conversant with common sense as with poetry. We have not reckoned among them the address to the "Unco Guid," and the "Epistle to a Young Friend," though it is with reluctance we postpone them. But the former is not ethically right; and as to the latter, it revolts us, as it did Maybole Willie, to whom it was originally addressed, to see it put forward to the world as an original epistle to young Andrew Aikin. Willie would never speak to Burns after, and we can hardly blame him; to see a tribute justly earned by one's own merits, a mark of regard, won from a bosom friend, transferred to a stranger—a young prig of a son of a country writer—who had no claim on the author, but through his father, and that a claim of worldly services, not of personal or intellectual sympathies, was truly mortifying, and derogatory to the opinion that a man worthy of such an address ought to entertain of the man capable of producing it. "Andrew dear!" It sounds hollow; and the echo of something hollow is returned by that line of effort—"My loved, my honoured, much-respected friend"—addressed to Andrew's father, who has the honour of having the *Cotter's Saturday Night* inscribed to him, in a stanza beginning with that strained series of *diminuendos*.

Of the poems framed as narratives, Tam O' Shanter undoubtedly stands first. This was Burns's own judgment; and although we would rather have the Address to the Mouse, than a dozen such tales in verse, however animated or interesting, we must allow to Tam the rare merit of combining, with a sustained interest and uninterrupted progress, a marvellous variety of picturesque detail, and humorous characteristics. It comes home to the feelings of husbands and wives, of rakes and decant people, of the bold and timid, the lovers of humour and the lovers of fun, rolling out a swift-evolving panorama of scenery and situation, that flashes past the eye in successive bursts of fire-light, and lightning glare, and corpse candle illumination, with darkness like pitch, and thunder bellowing "loud, deep, and lang," between, while the floods of Doon resound through the woods, and the scream of the infernal bagpipes tirls the slates over the goblin dancers in the haunted ruins; a series of scenes as of characters all in contrast and all in keeping—undoubtedly a rare and admirable piece of its kind, and one which we can well imagine to have given Burns extraordinary enjoyment in producing.

Still we would incline to place a Halloween not far below the level of this famous tale of the handsome witch and the bold farmer. There is something cordial, and giving assurance of pleasure, in the opening stanza, where you find yourself among these "merry friendly countra folks," convened to spend their festival, according to the good old usage of the times:—

"The lasses feat, and cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, and warm, and kin':
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, and some w' gabs,
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin'
Whiles fast at night."

The "freets" begin with the pulling of the kail stocks, and, to be sure, there is a pretty hubbub in the garden—lads and lasses with "steeked een," groping and "waling," through the cabbage-beds, for "muckle anes, and straught anes;" and then, such a roar,

as they come in and the light reveals their several fortunes—straight stocks and crooked stocks, sweet stocks and sour stocks, rich stocks and poor—what a merry din! and what inextinguishable laughing at poor “Haveril Will,” with his

“Bunt was like a sow-tail,
See bow’t that night!”

Now we must burn the nuts:—

“Jean slips in twa wi’ tentie e’e;
Wha ’twas, she wadna tell;
But this is Jock, and this is me,
She says in to hersel’:
He bleez’d ower her, and she owre him,
As they wad never part;
Till fuff! he started up the lum,
And Jean had a sair heart
 . To see’t that night.”

Poor Willie “with his bow-kail runt,” next tries his fortune with “primsie Mallie,” but she bounces up the chimney in an explosion of disdain, while Nell and Robin burn over one another sweetly, till they sink together in white commingling ashes. While these proceedings are going on by the fire, Merran, whose thoughts have been occupied with the perfections of Andrew Bell, is engaged in a fearful freet in the kiln, into which she throws a clue of blue thread, which she must wind, until the devil, in her future husband’s shape, shall hold the end of the clue.

“And aye she win’t, and aye she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin’;
Till something held within the pat,
Guid L.—! but she was quakin’!
But whether ’twas the de’il himsel,
Or whether ’twas a bauken’,
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin’
 To spier that night.”

Then the auld gude wife reads a terrible lesson to “wee Jenny,” who—little huzzy!—purposes to “eat the apple at the glass”—a proceeding which will give her a sight of her future husband, looking over her shoulder. Granny’s account of the rash bravery of Rob Macgrane, who met the devil in earnest, while he attempted a somewhat similar trick, of sowing hemp-seed on a like occasion, rouses the courage of Gemmy Fleak, who tries his luck with little better speed, meeting a signal overthrow from the sow, while trailing

the grape behind him, in lieu of a harrow, and singing—

“Hemp-seed I saw thee,
Hemp-seed I saw thee,
And she that is to be my lass,
Come after me and draw thee,”

which is the proper formula of incantation in this part of the rural art magic. But of all the mischances of the night, the worst befel the wanton widow Leezie, who tumbled souse into the burn, where she went to dip her smock-sleeve in the pool that meared the three lairds lands. It was either the De’il, or else an outlying heifer, that showed the horns she saw between her and the moon. But much as we pity Leezie, we sympathise even more with auld uncle John who got the “toom dish” thrice in the conclusive trial by “dirty water and clean,” which he took so to heart that he heaved the vessel of ill-omen into the fire. Recounting these tricks and frolics, we cannot help continually reverting to the thought, of what an amount of enjoyment Burns’ immediate friends and associates must have derived from hearing their own names and doings celebrated with so much spirit and humour; and how happy he himself must have been in witnessing their delight.

But he was not a man to limit his observation to the manner and affairs of those only of his own station in life, or of his own pursuits. The spirit diffused by the French Revolution, had begun to manifest itself even in that remote corner of Europe, in daring speculations both in religion and politics. The doctrines of Calvin coarsely urged by an illiterate clergy might, at any time, have provoked the dissent of a mind like Burns’. But whether he would so ardently have taken the field against those principles, if he had not been stimulated by the general tendency of the public mind, may well be doubted. As it was, he found himself in the midst of a war, and naturally took the part to which his own constitution of mind inclined him. He felt that a good half of the austerity of the orthodox clergy was mere sanctimony and affectation. He perceived that their dogmas, in the extent to which they strained them, to please the fanatical vulgar, were mere nonsense,

derogatory to God, and injurious to society. The excitements and indecencies of their field preachings and revivals—those religious debauches—scandalized and affronted him. Hail he lived under the ministrations of the English or Irish church, in which a wholesome authority restrains those excesses—confining the clergy to what is known and approved of by long experience; the chances are, that he would have sided, in the war between institution and novelty, with the former. As it was, he took part against those who, at all events, numbered among them some hypocrites and persecutors, who well deserved the castigation he gave them; and, however deeply every one must lament that he carried his assaults past them to things holy and which he has deplorably blasphemed, it cannot be doubted, that, in the main, his “Holy Fair,” his “Ordination,” and his “Dedication to Gavin Hamilton,” did good, and helped to cure abuses which, like our own stations, needed rebuke, and which would appear again, but for the fear of similar chastisement. The “Holy Fairs,” especially, resembling the camp-meetings of the fanatics in the United States of America, called loudly for reform. Messrs. Chambers—from a pamphlet published in the year of the poet’s birth, under the title of *A letter from a blacksmith to the ministers and elders of the church of Scotland*, furnish us with the following description of such a scene:—

“In Scotland, as they consider a sacrament, or an occasion (as they call the administration of the Lord’s Supper) in a neighbouring parish, in the same light in which they do a fair, so they behave at it in the same manner. I defy Italy, in spite of all its superstition, to produce a scene better fitted to raise pity and regret in a religious, humane, and understanding heart, or to afford an ampler field for ridicule to the careless and profane, than what they call a field-preaching, upon one of those occasions. At the time of the administration of the Lord’s Supper upon the Thursday, Saturday, and Monday, we have preaching in the fields near the church. At first, you find a great number of men and women lying together upon the grass; here they are sleeping and snoring, some with their faces towards heaven, others with their faces turned downwards, or covered with their

bonnets; there you find a knot of young fellows and girls making assignments to go home together in the evening, or to meet in some ale-house; in another place you see a pious circle sitting round an ale-barrel, many of which stand ready upon carts for the refreshments of the saints. The heat of the summer season, the fatigue of travelling, and the greatness of the crowd, naturally dispose them to drink; which inclines some of them to sleep, works up the enthusiasm of others, and contributes not a little to produce those miraculous conversations that sometimes happen at these occasions; in a word, in this sacred assembly there is an odd mixture of religion, sleep, drinking, courtship, and a confusion of sexes, ages, and characters. When you get a little nearer the speaker, so as to be within the reach of the sound, though not of the sense of the words, for that can only reach a small circle, you will find some weeping, and others laughing, some pressing to get nearer the tent or tub in which the person is sweating, bawling, jumping, and beating the desk; others fainting with heat, or wrestling to extricate themselves from the crowd; one seems very devout and serious, and the next moment is scolding and cursing his neighbour for squeezing or treading on him; in an instant after, his countenance is composed to the religious gloom, and he is groaning, sighing, and weeping for his sins;—in a word, there is such an absurd mixture of the serious and comic, that were we convened for any other purpose than that of worshipping the God and Governor of nature, the scene would exceed all power of ‘face.’”

Hecker, in his epidemics of the the middle ages, has brought together a variety of accounts of such manifestations of religious enthusiasm, from the dancing mania, and the antics of the flagellants of the middle ages, down to convulsory excesses of the Methodists, and hysterical extacies of the later Scottish revivals. The Philosophic German classes them all in one category, and deals with them equally as forms of mania. Scotland has to thank Burns for helping to suppress such exhibitions in his day; and ministers of every church may still draw a salutary lesson from his picture of the absurd appearance made by the preacher who deals too much in rant and gesture:

“Hear how he clears the points o’ faith
Wi’ rattlin’ and wi’ thumpin’!

Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin' and he's jumpin' !"

Such characters have generally disappeared from the pulpits of both countries ; but it is well to recall the picture occasionally for the benefit of a few, whose tendencies in that way need continual repression.

We have left ourselves no space for "Death and Doctor Hornhook," and the other personal satires. How Burns escaped being pummelled by some of his victims in this way, can only be accounted for by giving them credit for amazing good humour. The only one who turned on him effectually was Dr. Mirrhead, and certainly the "auld crab apple" in Burns was called the wind-dried little minister of Urr, gave Robert his change in full—sterling, classic coin, too, from the mint of Martial :—

"Vaccerras, shabby son of—
Why do thy patrons keep thee poor ?
Thou art a sycophant and traitor,
A liar, and calumniator,
Who conscience (hadst thou that)
wouldst sell,
Nay lave the common sewers of hell
For whiskey. Eke, most precious imp,
Thou art a *gauger*, rhymer, pimp—
How comes it then, Vaccerras, that
Thou still art poor as a church rat ?"

But this was long after the period of which we have undertaken to speak in this paper ; and we must not anticipate vexations. Had Robert now died while he was still the darling of his youth's companions, and friends—the revealer of passion, beauty, and philosophy to his old neighbours—the terror of the spiritual tyrants whose oppressions and absurdities had long tempted human forbearance and common sense—had he left the world before drinking of the cup of intoxication and bitterness that his visit to Edinburgh was to place before him, his memory would have come down to us as that of one of the happiest of God's creatures. It is true we would have lost most of his songs which were chiefly written in his later days, but we would have escaped the afflicting contemplation of his woes, his weaknesses, and his abandonment by the world. Regrets, however, cannot alter what has been : we have seen the vocation of the poet so far vindicated from the supposed necessity of unhappiness, and having accompanied Burns through one period of his career, in which there are few now who know the value of genius that will not think him enviable, we must address ourselves to the darker residue of our task with the best countenance we may.

A PILGRIMAGE TO CALDARO.

It was the second time of my visiting the city cherished of St. Mark ; and, from my old quarters at Daniell's, I looked out once more on the glittering sheet of the Laguna, broken with ships and churches, bristling with steeples and masts, what belonged to the land mixing so strangely with what belonged to the sea, that it was hard to say which seemed most out of its element. But the summer was already sufficiently advanced to render Venice a much less delightful place to linger and loiter away one's days in than I had found it some years before, in the

month of October ; and had it not been for the resource offered me by the *soirees* of a much-travelled friend, who had taken a *palezzo* on the Grand Canal, and was "at home" to all the world, three or four evenings in the week, I should have been driven to continue my course northwards, much sooner than I either wished or intended. May was begun—the days were torrid, the nights breathless ; and it was only for a few hours after sunrise, that you could find, on the shady side of St. Mark's Place, or under the trees of the public garden, the luxury

of cool air to temper the feverish movement of your blood. To this general stoviness the dwelling of my friend M—— presented an exception. It was a corner house, looking both into the grand canal and into one of those canaletti, or water-streets, with which the whole city is intersected; it had a back entrance through a court opening into one of the narrow paved streets, but the far pleasanter way, and the only way of approaching it in front, was by water. Those lofty and spacious chambers, marble-floored, and kept cool by having the windows closed and the blinds down from the morning, so that neither a straggling sunbeam, nor a breath of external air could enter, were like another climate when one passed into them from the hot out-of-doors atmosphere. It might be thought that keeping the windows shut all day would make the rooms feel close, but it had no such effect; it is a way of securing cool air within doors which M—— had learned under a sun still fiercer than that of Lombardy. However, it can be practised only where the apartments, as in an Italian palace, are both wide and high; and M——'s were wide enough and long enough to allow his crowds of company to saunter up and down, singly or in groups, without being in each other's way.

I sauntered, in general, singly—it is a habit I have contracted since Julietta's removal to a happier sphere—it seems to realise to me, more vividly, my being once more a single man.

Then, at night, the windows were opened, and you could step out of them upon stone balconies, and see the moon shining on those long canals, and on the domes and high bell-towers of stately Venetian churches; mysterious forms of gondolas, like black shadows, or ghosts of boats, gliding from time to time, with splash of oar, and, perhaps with tinkle of guitar, under the palace walls. You would scarcely distinguish the gondola, except while just passing; but, long before, and long after, you would see the moonlight glance over the wet oars, as they rose at measured intervals, out of the water.

One evening I had stepped out of one of the windows, and leaned over the stone balcony. It was a still night, and every sound from the canal below

came with perfect distinctness to my ear. A group of gondolas lay directly under where I stood—they were those which were to convey M——'s guests to their respective homes, and the gondoliers were holding a *reunion* of their own on the canal, as their masters were doing in the less roomy *salons* above. At the moment that I took my post within ear-shot of their conversation, it happened that one of the party was dilating, to the great edification of the rest, on a subject which had already occasioned me some lively twinges of curiosity, that, namely, of the *Estatica of Caldaro*, concerning whom, the speaker related to his admiring and unsceptical audience, wonders, beside which, all that has ever been reported of the miracles of *clairvoyance*, from Mesmer down to Miss Martineau, wanes into the merest common-place, almost too credible to be worth believing. The Signorina Mörl, according to this new hagiologist, knew all things, past, present, and to come; she read the thoughts of those who visited her, and the most secret passages of their lives stood revealed to her ken; she converted infidels with a look; she reclaimed unvirtuous or worldly livers by the sole influence of the atmosphere that surrounded her; while those who mocked were smitten, on the spot, with strange and terrible judgments, rooted to the ground, or lifted up in the air; or lashed, as by unseen furies, into a frantic dance, accompanied with unnatural howlings; or spun incessantly, like tee-totums, by an unwearied but invisible hand; or constrained to grovel on all fours, like dogs; or to indulge in a perpetual round of summersets, like squirrels in a cage; or to writhe and wriggle on their bellies, like serpents. As for the Signorina herself, she neither ate, nor drank, nor slept, nor did her body rest upon any thing of material kind, but hung suspended in the air, while her eyes, unclosed day and night, were lifted in perpetual adoration towards heaven. Her face shone with a clear, silvery lustre, not figuratively, but so that when the room was otherwise darkened, you could see what o'clock it was by it. Of other, still more awful appearances, he spoke—bleedings, agonies, &c., which I prefer to pass over in silence here.

I have a turn for pilgrimages. "I will go," said I, "to Caldaro: I will see this living wonder, whose life seems a chapter taken out of the 'Golden Legend,' and presented, in embodied reality, to the unsympathizing eyes of a legend-slighting nineteenth century." I did not exactly swallow *all* that the Hadgee-gondolier (for he had been himself to Caldaro,) drawing, perhaps, as much upon devout imagination as upon memory for his facts, reported; but I thought, there is no smoke without fire, and the nearer you get to the fire, the more you are out of the smoke. Yes, I would go to Caldaro. Tyrol was a good place, were it nothing more, to cool in, after the heats of Venice.

I am a person of sudden resolutions. I dream away my time at a place, as if I were never to leave it; until all at once comes an impulse, from some unexpected quarter, and I drift away elsewhere, still dreaming as I go; and so I drift and dream, and dream and drift, and contrive to get over a good deal of ground, both in the waking and sleeping worlds. On my way home from M——'s, I made my gondoliers row slowly as we passed the convent, (a Franciscan, I believe,) near the church of *Santa Maria della Salute*, for the friars were at their evening litanies, and their chaunt was audible to the passer-by—a sound to follow one for ever! It has mingled, since, with my dreamings, and no drifting has borne me beyond its spell. The song, to judge from the effect, was antiphonal: semi-choir responded to semi-choir. There was no accompaniment of instruments: the notes were few, but the deep, full harmony of those male voices is not to be described. Alternately it rose and fell; now loud, now of a dream-like faintness, as if choristers out of another world were answering to those of earth.

Pleasant it was, under Italian star-light, to hear the rich chords of that grave harmony, waning like a song of ascending spirits, as my boat drew more and more into the distance. And I had resolved on going to Caldaro, to see an *Estatica*—one who floated in the air—whose face shone with an electric effulgence—whose hands, whose feet, whose brow told of ineffable sympathies, that take a profound nineteenth

century quite of its depth. Of all such *estatiche*, who, but St. Francis, the seraphic, is the prototype and patron? And out of that Gregorian chaunt, whose spirit spoke to me, but his? I took it as an omen, as a benediction from the saint, as an approval of my purpose.

Timing their stroke to the sacred song, as it fell more and more faintly on our ears, my boatmen rowed past the *dogana*, past that historic *piazzetta*, with its not-to-be-forgotten columns, past the ducal palace, the Bridge of Sighs, the prison—a strange preternatural-looking phosphoric light (like that which was said to play over the features of Maria Mörli,) slipping, snake-like, along the gondola's side, and streaming away in her wake, and writhing about our oars as they rushed through the water, and flashing off from them in white quicksilver flashes when they rose. It was after hot days that the waters most teemed at night with this wandering lustre, which started into life also at the least breeze that rippled the surface of the canals, and set the little waves dancing and splashing about the thresholds of palace-gates, and against the sides of vessels lying along the quay.

But if the waters burned wondrously "as a witch's oils" at night, certainly no witch's oils ever stank more atrociously than they did by day, when the sun drew up a light gauzy steam from them, which indeed softened the outline and harmonized the hues of the distant Trentine Alps, but at the same time gave you the most singularly distinct impression of the immediate vicinity of a large body of bilge-water. I do not know that any circumstance, unconnected with my projected pilgrimage, helped more to shorten my stay at Venice than this. To which add, that the vanguard of the great summer army of mosquitoes was arrived; and that this very night, memorable on so many accounts, I perceived, and happily killed, at my very bed-side, a scorpion—a sign of the zodiac, my objections to which are of the gravest kind.

Virgo, thought I, is a more auspicious constellation than *Scorpio*—Tyrol is better for my health than Venice. I will be a lion in Daniel's den no longer (for I was a sort of lion

at M——'s, it having somehow got wind that I was a contributor to the D. U. M., as some people impertinently term this magazine, invidiously alluding herein to the "silent sister" whose name it bears. The good people—God love them!—little thought how small was the amount of my contributions: however, the *principle* is not affected by *plus* and *minus*.) Please the little fishes, I would set out on the morrow.

And on the morrow I set out.

Leaving Venice is like finishing a romance—like returning from the element of poetic fiction to that of the prose of real life. You step from your hall-door into a boat, and have an hour's row before you get your feet under you again, an hour of watery solitude before you see a human face, but those of the boatmen that row you. You land at Mestre, and feel as if you were come back from the moon, or from the other world. Around and beneath you you find, once more, earth and things earthly, and the first of these is a custom-house.

From Mestre a beautiful road leads to Ceneda, bordered with pleasant villas, and bespeaking, by many signs, the existence of a *gentry*, a thing of which there is no trace in any other part, that I have seen, of Italy—a land of extremes, where, whatever is not prince is pauper, and very often what is prince is pauper at the same time. From the setting in of dark, the hedges were radiant, flashing with myriads of fire-flies. The sight put me in mind of the canals of Venice, and they again of the Fraulein von Mörl. We live in a strange phosphorescent world, take what element of it you will; and we hang enraptured over the beautiful light, and think not that it tells of death, decomposition, foulness.

All day long, the huge mountain-wall that divides Italy from Germany had been before me, and at night, at Ceneda, I found myself almost at its foot. But there was no cool breath of mountain air; the night was, if any thing, more suffocating than in Venice. I was forced to sleep with my windows open; there were no mosquito-curtains, and—I leave the rest to the imagination of the reader. When I saw myself next morning in the glass, my first thought was, that I

had brought away some other gentleman's shadow from Venice, in mistake for my own.

The postillions in these parts wear cocked-hats, with black and yellow feathers; they also wear black and yellow jackets, and have black and yellow tassels to their bugles. In like manner the sentry-boxes and turnpikes are painted in black and yellow stripes, these being the armorial colours of Austria. In Ireland I used to hear that black and yellow was the livery of another potentate, who, however, is understood to harbour very opposite feelings to those entertained by the pious head of the house of Hapsburg, on the subject of holy water.

All such dull and unseemly joking apart, Tyrol is a beautiful country—

"Where nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful but not austere,
Is to the mellow earth as autumn to the year."

There is no lack of grandeur, but it is a serener and more benign grandeur than that of other mountain countries; there is no mixture of the horrid. The bottom of the valley teems with fruitfulness. A river dashes over a bed of rocks, from one bright, calm, round lake, blue as the skies above it, to another. The hills rise first in rich green slopes and swells; then comes the abundance of the pine forest, with broad lawns opening into its depth, broken with groups of larch, and here and there a *chalet*; other hills look in over these, loftier and more deeply buried in wood; and in all directions, as if walling in this more gentle region, are seen the high ridges and peaks of bare rock, with their clefts full of snow.

The Tyrolese paint the fronts of their houses in fresco, mostly with subjects out of the lives of the saints, sometimes with passages of Tyrolean history, battles, and processions, and pomps, and glories of this world and the next—all set forth in rude, vigorous design, and with a sort of reckless prodigality of colouring, as if red and yellow ochre cost nothing. A favourite decoration is that of a gigantic St. Florian, emptying a bucket of water upon a diminutive house on fire, which reaches about up to his knee. No house can be burnt which bears this talisman.

The Brenner, which I had to cross be-

fore arriving at Innsbruck, is the least considerable link in the great Alpine chain, being, at the highest point of the passage, only four thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea. The ascent is very gradual, and has not a recognizable feature of a passage of the Alps. Not a patch of snow could I discover in any direction, but, *en revanche*, there was plenty of dust. However, the descent made up, at least, for some of these deficiencies. Evening came on, and then night—the moon glorious. The way became steeper and steeper, cutting sharp zigzags down the flank of the mountain. Glens opened on the road side, going down, into an abyss of utter darkness, from the depths of which, the roar of torrents came up. On the other side a precipice rose like the wall of Tartarus, heaven-high. Between the road and the gorges that bordered it was a wooden rail, with stone posts at intervals,—a sorry defence, for had even a lighter vehicle than mine come with any force against it, there could not be a doubt of its giving way. At last a turn of the descent brought Innsbruck in sight, shining with an almost dazzling whiteness in the moonlight, the form of each building cut out sharply on the dark plain, in which it lay, far, far below the point from which I looked upon it. Another turn hid it; the next brought it again in view; and thus, alternately losing and regaining sight of it, the descent of the mountain was accomplished—the level valley reached—and, at length, the town itself entered; when, having passed under a triumphal arch, that spans the principal street, I stopped at the *Guldene Sonne*, and, in a good supper, and then an excellent bed, soon forgot the Brenner, with its dust, its jolting, and its frightful descent.

The next day I called on Professor F——, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and learned from him that Innsbruck itself contained an embryo Estatica, a person now in the earlier stages of the process through which the Fräulein von Mörl had passed, before reaching her present state of contemplative perfection. In compliance with my strongly urged wish, he expressed his readiness to take me to see her, and, it being about one o'clock, P. M., at once conducted me

to the house, situated in the out-skirts of the town, where she lived. It was the house of a benevolent peasant, who had received the sufferer into his family from motives of compassion. She was, I gathered, an orphan, unmarried, about thirty-three years of age; her name, Maria Fackschlinger.

On entering the house, we found some twelve or fifteen persons standing before the bed on which this poor young woman lay, all gazing upon her with evident wonder and pity. The majority of these were females, whose tears were flowing freely; and even among the men that stood by I observed more than one wet cheek. Making way for Professor F—— and me, those immediately before the bed retired a little; and a sight was presented to us for which, I confess, I was not prepared, and which was fitted to shake the nerves of the strongest. There lay the unhappy orphan in a state of convulsive agony; her eyes staring with an expression of the most intense suffering; her face turned towards the wall; her chest heaving with rapid laborious breathing, like an over-driven race-horse; while, from her forehead, along the temples, towards both ears, large drops of blood gathered slowly, and then trickled freely over her face, and fell on the pillow. I could see no wound from which this blood appeared to come; it rather seemed to ooze like sweat from the pores of the skin. Her face was pale, with the exception of a bright hectic spot on each cheek near the strained eyes; the nostrils were dilated, and the mouth open, panting for breath like one in the agonies of pulmonary inflammation. Her arms lay close to her side, the hands firmly clenched. She was dressed in the usual style of the poorer Tyrolese peasants, a plain coarse gown with a handkerchief covering the throat and shoulders, and had a sort of large pillow lying on her knees and feet, which was frequently displaced in her convulsive struggles. Pater G——, a Franciscan friar, who stood at the foot of the bed, held or replaced this covering when thrown off; and, during these struggles, which recurred at intervals of four or five minutes, sprinkled holy water upon her, and recited a form of exorcism or rebuke of the evil

spirit, which, he declared, was vexing the poor sufferer.

Retiring for a little from this dismal spectacle, and so making way in my turn for fresh spectators, who came and went in a continuous stream, I found, in the adjoining room, a priest and the woman of the house, with some others, from whom, as also from Professor F——, I learned some particulars relating to the phenomenon I had witnessed.

Maria F. has, for many years, been in a strange state of body and mind; often sick and always feeble, she is unable to earn her bread, her utmost capability being to knit a stocking, or do a little easy house-work. She has often fasted for a long period, and at no time eats much food; has been subject to fits, and "harassed by evil spirits," although of a devout cast of mind. She has often—the reader will be so good as to bear in mind, that I simply "tell the tale as 'twas told to me"—she has often vomited nails, pins, pieces of glass, and such like objects, extreme pain, of course, attending every such evacuation.

For the last few months these severe attacks of convulsion, blood-sweating, and vomiting of pieces of iron and glass, have become periodical, recurring every Friday. The access begins every Thursday evening, or at an early hour on Friday morning, and continues until three o'clock, P.M., of that day, when she undergoes a sort of death, and remains for a time as one actually dead, after which she awakes calmly and placidly as a child from sleep, recognizes those around her, and returns, for a another week, to her wonted state of feeble health, and to her customary occupations.

I found much contradiction in the suppositions of those present as to the true character, causes, and purpose of such an extraordinary visitation, some holding the phenomenon for natural, others for supernatural, and, among those of the latter opinion, some judging it a satanic obsession, others a miracle of divine grace. I presume I need scarcely assure any reader of this Magazine that my own view coincided with that of the naturalists, and that the case, altogether, interested me on physiological and psychological, not on theological grounds. For what I believe to be the natural explanation of all

such appearances, I would refer the reader to a paper on "the Nightmare," in the January number of this periodical, for the present year.

I was recalled from the outer room by a loud moan from the sufferer, whose expression of countenance had, since my withdrawing, undergone a marked change. She was evidently struggling to vomit something, and yet seemed more than once, when she had brought it up, to swallow it again, notwithstanding the most solemn adjurations of Pater G——, to give it out of her mouth into his hand.

At this moment I remarked a singular convulsive motion in the region of the stomach, accompanied with a sharp, crackling sound, as if small bladders were swelling and bursting within her. Pater G—— took a crucifix of black wood, such as friars usually carry, and placed it on her stomach, repeating at the same time his usual form of exorcism; but scarcely had the sacred object lain there for a moment, when it was violently jerked up, and thrown off, as if struck by some power from within the patient's body. The bystanders uttered a cry of horror. The Pater took it up, and laid it a second time on the same place, with a solemn command, in the highest of all names, that it should abide there. But again, with more violence than before, it was jerked up and thrown off. This, which was evidently the effect of some abnormal muscular action, visibly agitated and disconcerted the Pater, who was, one could see, under the impression that the devil was too many for him: drawing, however, from a pocket in his sleeve, a small silver medal, or something, as it seemed to me, like part of a silver watch-case (it was a reliquary) he said—"This is a relic of a great saint, and I command, in the name of God, and by virtue of the merits of the saint, that it lie still and work stillness, where I place it." Hereupon he laid it where he had previously placed the crucifix, and the agitation instantly ceased, and the noise inside died gradually away.

Now whether the relic was a conductor of magnetic virtue, such as writers on Mesmerism declare to be used with great effect, or whether it so happened that the convulsive paroxysm at that moment came to an

end, and so subsided spontaneously, I leave the reader to judge for himself. I, for my own part, incline to the magnetic view.

Being resolved to see the end of a phenomenon at once so fascinating and so repulsive, I remained in the house till three o'clock; occasionally going from the outer to the inner chamber, and returning when any fresh cry or new feature of the case called my attention to the sufferer. Once or twice in the violence of the paroxysms, she dealt the Pater a remarkably vigorous kick, and that without turning her eyes towards him. One of the by-standers, a priest, told me that in the course of that morning she had spoken violently and abusively of the whole clergy, which, however, he did not impute to her, but to the same evil spirit which, he doubted not, now brought her foot into such rude contact with the person of the good Franciscan.

It was now drawing near to three o'clock, (I should have mentioned that it was Friday) and the room became gradually fuller as the crisis approached. The substance she had in her throat or mouth had, it would appear, found its way into her nostril, for she put her hand repeatedly to her nose, and pressed her finger on the left side of it, as indicating the seat of a pain which caused an increase of her moaning. I called the attention of the Pater to this, and, after some labour, he succeeded in bringing down the nostril a piece of coloured bottle glass, about an inch long, and half an inch broad, the rugged edges of which had in its passage lacerated the inside of her nose, so that it now bled copiously. He exhibited this object to the by-standers, whose expressions of sympathy for the tortured creature were loud and affecting: he then laid it on the table, beside a number of substances, which had come from her on previous occasions.

At length the hour of three came: her breathing continued as hard drawn as ever, but became broken and fitful: she stretched herself out at full length as if pressing herself violently against the bloody pillow, and after a few gaspings, such as are only seen and heard from a death-bed, she uttered a cry, not loud, but so deep and dread-

ful, that every one around wept aloud, and some devoutly commended her soul to God, and then she sank together as one who had really expired, and lay without sign of life for some time. I will confess that I hoped she was really dead, and that her sufferings were over for ever—that the miserable tragedy I had witnessed was to be repeated no more. But, on approaching the bed-side again, I found her already come to herself, calmly looking up, with intelligence in her eye, into the face of Pater G——, who spoke encouragingly to her, and placed in her hands the very crucifix which had been twice thrown off her body, but which she now clasped with both hands, and looked upon it with an expression of religious love. Her breathing was now so calm that I could not hear it; and, but for a heavy sigh now and then, I could trace no symptom of the terrible agony through which, but a few minutes before, she had seemed to pass.

It was only after I had been some time in the open air, and had composed myself by a walk under the trees of the avenue leading to the city, that I was fully sensible how much my nerves had been tried by the extraordinary spectacle I had been contemplating.

The next day I set off for Caldaro. It did not prove so simple a thing to procure access to the Fräulein von Märk, as I had found it to get a sight of poor Maria Fackschlinger; for it was not until I had spent three days in the village, and had several conversations with the worthy Pater Capistran, the confessor of the Estatica, that I was admitted to the apartment of the Franciscan convent, to which she has been removed, and where she is treated with a care and skill to which some of the worst symptoms of her extraordinary disease have, already, in some measure, given way.

It was an impressive and singular spectacle that greeted me on entering the chamber which she inhabits, a neatly furnished apartment, with a small house altar on one side, and over against it the bed on which Maria was then kneeling, in that state of ecstasy of which I had heard so much. Pater Capistran, who had conducted

me to the convent, had retired to speak with some other candidates for admission, and I was thus left alone with her, and had ample time and opportunity for undisturbed observation of, certainly, the most astonishing spectacle I had up to that time seen. The room was partially darkened by a white window curtain, yet not so much as to obscure the sight of any object in it. The cooing of a pair of turtledoves, whose cage hung outside the open window, seemed rather to add to, than disturb the intense feeling of peaceful stillness that prevailed. But the one centre of interest in this silent, death-like chamber was the form that knelt on the bed. I stood within two paces of her: there was nothing to interrupt my view. I had, all to myself, the spectacle which, for the last eight years, thousands had come from far and near to see. That which many, who had made long pilgrimages for the purpose, had obtained but a momentary glimpse of, and that over the heads and shoulders of an excited crowd of wonder-seekers, who literally tore the clothes from each other's backs, and some of them the nails from their own fingers, in the struggle to get nearest to the object of curiosity, I could contemplate tranquilly and at my leisure, with nothing to mar, but, at the same time, with nothing to exaggerate the effect which the object before me was intrinsically calculated to produce. Dr. Wittman of Innsbruck, who visited Caldaro in 1838, as a sort of (self-appointed) *advocatus diaboli*, to elicit all such circumstances as might serve to bring the case within the category of the natural, told me that two thousand pilgrims would, at that time, enter the village in one day. He found the stairs so full of people that he reached the room where the phenomenon was, only by being hauled up, from the lower flight to the upper, over the bannisters; and he was fain to congratulate himself, after passing a few minutes at her bed-side, on reaching the foot of the stairs again with his ribs unbroken. Of those who fairly encountered the perils of the "getting up stairs," there were not a few who arrived in a state very near nudity at the goal of their efforts. At times the press upwards was so great, and,

so to speak, so blindly furious, that those already above had no way of making room for the others, but by being let down by means of ropes from the window. I felt somewhat ashamed of myself when I thought how much I had the advantage of these zealous pilgrims, and how little I deserved it, who had travelled from mere curiosity to the shrine to which devotion had attracted them.

The impression which the Estatica of Caldaro made upon me, was that of a *clairvoyante* in the highest degree of magnetic affection. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not believe that she had been "mesmerised." The strictest investigations have been set on foot, by qualified persons, as to this point; and no ground has been found to exist for suspecting any thing of the kind. Neither are the phenomena such as the subjects of mesmeric operations generally present. But there is such a thing as *spontaneous clairvoyance*, the manifestations of which are much more wonderful, and of a higher order, than those artificially produced. I have met with a good deal of self-developed mesmerism, and have no doubt that it furnishes the solution of many strange appearances which recent times have brought forth, under the names of "possessions," "inspirations," "visions," "gifts of tongues," and the like. It is a form of disease, the pre-disposition to which, lies in nervous and melancholic temperaments, and which claims kindred with hysteria, epilepsy, and some of the most appalling evils, that flesh is heir to." But my business here is rather to narrate than to theorize.

Living, yet scarcely breathing; motionless as if the directing spirit had already fled from the pale and emaciated frame; present in body, yet, to all appearance, absent in spirit, and unconscious of all around her; near me, yet so far, so inaccessible, unapproachably far from me; like one entranced, caught up to heaven, seeing and hearing things unutterable; Maria Mörli impressed me, I will confess, as I stood there, alone in her presence, with feelings which I have not words to convey. Her large full eye, so bright, yet so evidently fixed on something beyond the range of sensuous vision, directed upwards as in earnest

though submissive entreaty, her hands gently joined together before her breast; the small red spot or scar visible on the back of the hand next me; her head, thrown slightly back, and turned a little to the right; her hair, of a bright brown, falling in wavy masses over her shoulders, and descending almost to her knees, her white bedgown and petticoat, so clean, so becoming, so sculpturally simple, her position—in a word, her whole appearance, suggested the statue of a worshipping angel, or of a praying Samuel, chiselled by a master's hand in the marble of Carrara. But then came the thought—this is no statue; this is a living child of human parents, a creature of flesh and blood; there she is, as she has been these eight years, or more, unwearied by the frightful monotony of a life, to one's natural apprehension, so dismal; the glow of seraphic enjoyment lighting up her else corpse-like features, as if the invisible glories on which she seems to gaze had but this moment first opened on her view. And then you ask yourself, does she really see nothing?—and, if she sees something, what is it she sees? In short, I do not think an atheist could look with any attention upon her, without believing, for the time at least, in another world. There is, indeed, nothing that addresses itself to the understanding, but to the feelings the appeal is overpowering.

I had been, perhaps, ten minutes in the room, when Pater Capistran returned, bringing with him two ladies and a gentleman, who were on their way from some city of Rhenish Prussia to Rome, and had called, as almost all devout Roman Catholics do who pass through Tyrol, to see Maria. One of the ladies was so deeply touched by what she saw that she began to weep aloud. I looked at Maria, and then at Pater Capistran, in a way that sed my fear that such a burst of might disturb the sufferer who was the cause of it, but the Pater in return, through a significant smile, gave me to understand that there was no danger of her being disturbed by any thing of the kind. I then recollected what I had read and heard of her being, during her ecstasies, totally insensible, as well to sound as to feel-

ing; and, in particular, what had been related to me, from his own observation, by Professor S— of Munich (a staunch Lutheran, and my very good friend,) that the flies at such times crawl, not only over her whole face, but even across the open eyes, without occasioning the contraction of a muscle.

As we stood gazing, a sudden change in Maria's attitude arrested our attention, and, I own, startled me for the moment, as if I had seen a dead body move. She clasped her hands firmly together, and dropped her head forward with her eyes shut, her expression being that of one overwhelmed by some great sorrow; in the next moment she bent herself forward so much that I expected to see her fall on her face on the bed. She then raised her head, opened her eyes, and, extending her hands as wide as possible, resumed her look of beatific contemplation. Pater Capistran hereupon said that as her continuing long in that position had often terminated in violent convulsions on her returning to consciousness, or, as he expressed it, being "called back to herself," he would now bring her out of her ecstasy, and so give us an opportunity of speaking with her. Accordingly he went up to her and said in her ear, twice or three times, "Maria!" with increasing emphasis, as her abstraction seemed not to yield to his first low call: at length her hands dropped to her sides, and she turned her face towards him, with a beam of consciousness in her eye, and a sweetness of smile I certainly had not expected, sinking gradually back at the same time into a reclining posture. We were now, in succession, presented to her by the Pater; she welcomed each by a friendly nod, and, as I stood nearest to her, she gave me a little coloured print, of the kind so common in all Roman Catholic countries, a picture of some saint, I forget whom. While receiving this present, I had an opportunity of observing the marks on her hands, both inside and without. These were, as I was told, at first (in 1832) of considerable size, and bled freely at regular intervals; but of late they have closed up, diminished in size, and now present the appearance of a bright red spot on each palm,

and corresponding spots on the back of each hand, between the first and second metatarsal bones.*

While the others were in their turn called forward to receive each a picture from the hands of Maria, I took my leave of her, and of the Pater, and, with lively feelings of relief at finding myself once more in the healthy and gladsome presence of earth and sky, set forward on my journey down the valley of the Adige.

Before leaving the subject of the Fräulein von Mörl, I may mention what was told me by the Pater, that, in a former stage of her sufferings, detonations, such as I had observed in the case of Maria Fackschlinger, were also heard from within her body:—"Such reports," said the good friar, perhaps a little hyperbolically, "as if pistols were fired off in her belly;"—also, that she, too, like her fellow-sufferer, vomited pins, needles, splinters of glass, horse-hair, nails of all descriptions, as well as broken knitting-needles and *spicula* of bone. Nor did those objects come from her mouth only, but sometimes presented themselves at different parts of the head, and were with

difficulty drawn out by her confessor. What was strange was, that all these shocking objects left no wounds; the skin closed after them as if they had been mere drops of sweat. How these things came into her body she could not tell, but declared that she saw them, in her visions, presented to her by demons, who urged her to take them.

Further, I must say that, when I saw this Estatica, she neither showed any tendency to float in the air, nor was her skin luminous, though, as Doctor Ennemoser of Munich observes, the latter phenomenon is not at all unusual in ecstatic persons or spontaneous *clairvoyantes*, and is by no means to be attributed to causes of a preternatural character. This is a subject on which the reader may gather some valuable ideas from Sir Henry Marsh's most interesting paper "On the Evolution of Light from the Living Human Subject."†

On the morning after my departure from Caldaro, I started with a guide from Auer, one of the last German villages of Tyrol, to cross the Notter Joch to Capriana, one of the first exclusively Italian villages of that lovely

*That the so-called *Stigmata*—excoriations in the hands, feet, and side, which bleed periodically—are phenomena which take place according to natural laws, appears from the considerations, First, that they are not new; and, Secondly, that analogous phenomena occur in other forms, in which no supernatural agency can be suspected.

Rolewink relates (*Fasciculus tempor*, Frankfurt, 1584,) that a maid named Stina, at Ham, in Westphalia, had bleeding wounds, of spontaneous formation, in her hands, feet, and side. She was a newly-converted virgin, (in 1414,) and, after the lapse of fifteen weeks, on the feast of Corpus Christi, she showed these marks to twelve witnesses. A Beguine, Gertrudis of Delft, as Raynoldus testifies, attracted great attention by marks of a similar kind, whereupon, fearing lest she should be puffed up, she prayed that this distinction might be withdrawn. The Legend of the Saints tells of thirty-two that have had the *Stigmata*, among whom is Saint Catherine of Siena. Lillbopp, speaking of the nun Emmerich, adduces the similar case of Magdalena of Hadamar, not long deceased, whose wounds also bled on Friday. This case, he says, was strictly investigated and duly attested by the ecclesiastical authorities. Its explanation he (Lillbopp) finds in certain physiological grounds; sees consequently in it nothing of a miraculous character. Maria Hueber, a nun of Brixen, and Giovanna della Croce, of Roveredo, of whose anti-gravitative propensities mention is made in the article "Mare's Nests," in the February number of this Magazine, had also the *Stigmata*. Cases analogous are those of that "wife of a member of the parliament of Provence," mentioned by Claude de Tisserant—of "Madame V. of N.," related by Von Meyer—of the Moscovite citizen who was the unwilling witness of a deadly encounter between a French soldier and a Cossack—of the holy maid, Anna, who was cotemporary with St. Suso, and carried in her own body the marks of the stripes inflicted by the latter on himself, as recorded by Gorres—of the soldier's sister, whose back was excoriated by the lashes administered to her brother, as reported by Dr. Pabst—and of the noble Irish lady, who bore to her dying hour the impression left on her wrist by the fingers of her spectral lover. All which cases are known to the readers of the January number of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

† See Dublin, 1843.

and picturesque land. The way was one of the wildest I had ever traversed ; in many places it was nothing else than the steep, rocky bed of a winter torrent, which had but a short time run itself dry, and in some parts scarcely afforded footing for a mule. After some hours' fatiguing climb, the mountain top was at length reached, and I descended into the mighty Fleimsers-Thal, in which Capriana lies. Shortly before reaching the village, we met a party of about six or eight persons, who had just left it, and were beginning the ascent of the mountain by the path we were leaving behind us. One of these I found to be the priest of the village, and another a strange priest, returning from Italy, the only one of the party who could speak German. We stopped to converse for a moment. "I need not" said the last-mentioned ecclesiastic, "ask the object of your visit to this wild place ; for no one thinks of coming here except to see the *Addolorata*. You will behold a wonderful and an edifying sight ; the more so, as it is the day (Friday) on which the most interesting appearances present themselves. Only I fear," he added, "you will find no one in the place that can speak with you, for the Italian in use here is scarcely intelligible beyond the limits of the valley."

This piece of information rather disconcerted me, but, as there was no help for it, I wished him *felice viaggio*, and entered the village. The appearance of discomfort and of the extremest poverty was discernible even at a distance ; but no idea of the squalid misery and filth of the place can be formed by any one who has not been in an Italian village. I stood an instant, doubting whether the path that led to the village afforded also a passage through the dirt and abomination of all kinds that met my eye,—and was not a little relieved when my guide, pointing to a low hovel, the second or third on the left, as one enters from the north, said, "There is the house where the Lazzari lives." I could not conceal my amazement, that one who for many years had occupied so much of the public attention as she had done, and been visited by so many strangers from all parts of Christendom, should be allowed to lie in a building which, any where else, would scarcely be considered good enough for decent hogs.

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Yet so it was. I stepped round with my guide, and knocked at two doors, not knowing which might lead to the inhabited part of the building. No one, however, answered from within, and I expressed some doubt as to the accuracy of my guide's information, who smiled at my incredulity, and replied that he had conducted too many strangers to it, not to know the house well, but confessed he had forgotten which was the door. A woman from a neighbouring house at length came to us, talked a while with the guide in the dialect of the valley, and went away again. The guide told me what she had said—namely, that the sister of Lazzari was gone out and had locked the door ; that she was now at work in the field, but, as she had in all probability seen us descending the mountain, and well knew for what purpose strangers came this way, she would, it was likely, soon arrive to let us in. In effect, it was not many minutes before the sister came—a dirty-looking peasant, with a child of about a year old on her arm, equally dirty with herself, both in skin and raiment. She seemed to have been singing to the child, and, with a coolness and indifference which surprised me, after what I had seen of solemn seriousness in everything connected with the other two cases, she opened the door, went in, as if no one had been inside, and beckoned me to follow.

The interior of the house was strictly in keeping with the outside, the walls blackened with the smoke and dirt of many years, and the whole *ensemble* bespeaking the profoundest poverty and habitual neglect. I followed her across a sort of passage into an inner room, where a low bedstead with the head towards the door, and an arm-chair at the foot of the bed, constituted the whole of the furniture. On going to the side of the room on which the chair stood, and turning to look on the bed, I was at once startled and horrified to behold, lying there, the object of my search. Yes, there, alone, locked in, and left without a soul within sight or hearing, until we came—left, as no humane person would leave a sick beast, whose life was counted of any value—lay Domenica Lazzari, whose history has for eight years been one of the modern wonders of the Roman Catholic world. A strange contrast to the tender and so-

licitous care, the reverential watchfulness, with which the beds of her fellow-sufferers, in the neighbouring German district, are surrounded.

I sat down in the arm-chair, and composed myself to survey leisurely the horrid and revolting appearance now before me. There lay a poor girl, apparently from eighteen to twenty years of age (but in reality near thirty), wasted by disease to a skeleton, her face covered with a crust or coating of old blood which had not been washed for years!! Her clasped hands seemed to have ulcerated and grown together, and were likewise in a similar filthy state from the frequent discharge of blood which had issued from a large wound on each hand, as if a sword, a nail, or other sharp instrument, had been long ago driven through them both. Her eyes were sunken; but their glance was not without meaning—to me her look seemed to reveal a depth of suffering and sorrow, inexpressible, hopeless. There was a sort of convulsive movement of the throat, as if she was trying to swallow her saliva, but the mouth seemed so dry that there was nothing at all to swallow. Her knees were drawn a little upwards, so that the feet, which, as well as the hands, bear the “stigmata,” were covered by the bed-clothes. Her only clothing seemed to be a coarse shift, the bed-clothes were close up to her clasped hands, and her whole frame trembled as with a continual convulsion. Never have I seen a spectacle more full of disgust and horror. A disagreeable smell was also discernible in the apartment, but in the state of all things, within and without the house, it would, perhaps, be incorrect to say that it proceeded alone from the miserable creature on the bed; however, I could not help thinking that the evaporation of the blood from her head, hands, and feet, was the chief cause of it. A question was suggested to me by the seeming attempt to swallow which I have already noticed. Did no one give her at any time a little water; or at least wet her lips? The sister replied, “Oh no, never!” Did she always suffer so much as just then? “Often a great deal more.” Why is the blood not washed off when it has ceased to flow for a time? “She says she would die if she were

washed.” And why not have her removed to a more comfortable house? “She says she would die if removed from the bed where she lies.” Why is she left alone? “No one can help her—she needs nothing—she desires nothing.”

I learned, further, that, when the dried blood falls from her face or hands in crust or scaly-like pieces, it is then removed, but that the only part of her body that can be touched without producing convulsions, is her breast, which her sister sometimes sponges with cold water. Except in the intervals of acute agony, when she cries aloud, so as to be heard afar off, “*O Iddio! ajutatemi!*” she never speaks a word, save to her confessor; however, she is in no ecstasy, like Maria Mühl, but hears and understands all that is said in her presence.

After a few more queries I took my leave, intimating that I would probably return with the barber-surgeon of the place, to whom I had an introduction from a professor at Munich. I found him, however, so occupied with his own wife, who was ill, and whom he had just bled, that I could not get any additional information from him. I left him, therefore, and after obtaining some refreshment at a miserable hovel, which was the only hostelry in the village, I returned to the house of Lazzari, which I found, as at first, locked up, and the sister away in the fields with the key. While standing at the door awaiting her coming, I could hear a sort of chirping or chattering noise inside, and on the sister's return with the key, found that a fresh feature of horror had been added to the dreadful scene which the bed of this poor sufferer afforded; she was struggling in a terrible convulsion, her eyes shut, her head thrown rapidly from side to side, and her teeth crunching against each other with a sound that grated on the very heart-strings of the hearer. This was what I had heard outside. I could not but ask myself, how would a demoniac look, if not so?

The sister, who had manifested some surprise at my returning so soon, became now impatient of my longer stay, and called to me repeatedly, “*Basta signor!*” Therefore, after once more narrowly looking at the unhappy sufferer, and, in particular, at her hands,

to see if any fresh blood was oozing from the wounds, (which, however, I could not observe to be the case), and finding all further information on the spot quite inaccessible, I left the house with a sad and sickened heart, and renewed my journey down the valley to Nevis and Trient. But for many a mile of the savage way did the form of the miserable sufferer of Capriana, pursue me like a hideous spectre, and the sound of that horrid grinding of the teeth still rang in my ears.

It is much to be lamented that these extraordinary, but by no means unprecedented cases, did not, from their commencement, come under the observation and conduct of some physician of sagacity and experience; in particular, of one possessing competent physiological knowledge, and capable of eliciting the rich and important results which they offer for medical philosophy. Dr. Ennemoser of Munich, to whom we are indebted for a valuable "History of Magnetism," visited Maria Mörl, and collected all accessible information relative, as well to her case as to that of Lazzari, and the results of his investigations, as published in his "Magnetism, in Relation to Religion and to Nature," only make one regret that both cases were not placed under his permanent superintendence. I do not doubt that great advantages, as well to the poor sufferers themselves as to the cause of science, would have been the consequence. The Italian doctor, under whose hands Lazzari, at the commencement of her illness, came—the symptoms then being a total incapability of taking any food or drink whatever, together with an irritability of every sense, agonizing as that so terribly pictured by Eugene Sue, in the case of Jacques Ferrand—after long and mature consideration of all the circumstances, arrived at the learned and satisfactory conclusion, that "the disease had its seat in the anatomico-physiological sphere of the nervo-muscular system." This medical sage seems to have soon got tired of endeavouring to reach a disease so cunningly seated; and the unfortunate patient passed from the hands of the physician into those of the priest. Indeed there was no use in prescribing for her, as she could as little swallow medicine as food, without consequent

agonies too formidable to be provoked a second time; and, when the author of the above felicitous diagnosis visited her for the first time after she had taken some of the pills (asafoetida) ordered by him, her irritability was such, that she could bear neither light, sound, nor smell, without falling into convulsions, accompanied with wailings and cries, appalling to hear. The doctor, in his report of her case, observes, but briefly, and as if the circumstances were of little account, that on the 6th of April, 1836, she brought up, at six different times, and with but short intervals, to the number of a hundred worms. Singular to say, this seems to have suggested to him nothing whatever, as to the real nature of her disease, or the way to deal with it. If, instead of worms, she had brought up the same number of tenpenny nails, it could not have more astonished, nor less enlightened him.

Dr. Ennemoser (a Roman Catholic, and a religious man) sees neither in this case, nor in that of Maria Mörl—nor, in short, in any of the instances of stigmatization, inedia, and ecstasy, which the history of his communion presents—any thing miraculous. Far from being supernatural, it is, he maintains, "in every case a purely physiological process, grounded in a psychic cause." The imagination, brooding too exclusively, unremittingly, over the pictures of sacred agony, which the Christian religion discloses, gives birth at length to that form of mental disease which is called fixed idea. The body, passionately labouring, by dint of mortification, and pitiless austerities, to realise in itself some faint reflex of those mysterious sorrows, and predisposed, by constitutional disease, to all kinds of irregularities of function, becomes by degrees the "involuntary mirror of the soul, yea, her photogenic plate, giving local permanence to the images which she fixly contemplates." The same process which stamps, on the child in the womb, impressions too violently made upon the senses of the mother, here transfers to the passive flesh of the enthusiast, as it were electro-magnetically, the characters inwardly shaped by her own phantasy. Healthy and necessary actings of the system, suppressed in their legitimate quarter, are, by a kind of *metastasis* not unfamiliar, in other

forms, to the pathological observer, carried out, or rather a hideous mimicry of them set on foot, in another direction; and disease, in one of its most deplorable, though, happily, rarest forms, becomes, to the sceptical, the object of cruel and diabolical accusations of imposture—to the superstitious, the index of superhuman piety, and of the agency of divine power.

Perhaps no one has come nearer to the mark, in all that has been said *pro* or *contra*, on this curious subject, and such cases generally—by noble Catholic, or by ignoble Anti-catholic, letter-writers and concoctors of paragraphs,—than the excellent Bishop of Brixen in his *dictum* respecting Maria Mörl:—"Her evident bodily disease is no holiness: her no less certain piety of heart is no disease."

SERGEANT TALFOURD'S VACATION RAMBLES.†

THESE are exceedingly pleasant travels. The two most beautiful conceptions in modern literature are De La Motte Fouqué's Undine, and Serjeant Talfourd's Ion—and of these we greatly prefer Ion. The caprices of the imaginative faculty are less interesting to us than the exercise of the higher controlling power that limits its range and regulates its movements. Our own human world is more kindred with man's heart than the regions in which the Spirits of Fire or Water may be supposed to move, and when the one prevailing thought (exceedingly beautiful it is) of love giving a soul to the volatile being that gives name to the German story is fully felt, there is little more in the book. This one thought is the spell to which it owes its fascination. The Ion of Euripides has sug-

gested Talfourd's, but the English poet deals, in a more happily imagined story, with a higher and purer state of feeling than Euripides, and we think his success has been altogether more perfect. The highest success a dramatic poet can have he has had, in the continuing triumph upon the stage, which his work has won,—for a dramatic poem which shrinks from such test may be described as a failure, whatever be its beauties of detail. Who, that has seen Ion represented by Miss Ellen Tree,‡ can ever forget the statuesque beauty of every attitude—the poetry never once interrupted or disturbed by one breath from the lower world of the passions, the elevation of purpose sustaining and hallowing every thought—every expression—every movement? Ion is the only great poem which we

* Johann Von Muller, in his History of the Helvetic Confederation, says, in reference to Nicolaus Von der Flue, "It was proved by examination during his life, related far and wide, handed down by his contemporaries to posterity, and even after the Reformation believed as an authentic historical fact, that Brother Klaus in his solitude lived twenty years without meat or drink, except that once a month he received the sacrament of the altar. It was, however, no "fasting" in the proper sense of the word, not being a fruit of his own will; but may be considered as an immediate consequence of those convulsions of the stomach, of which finally he died, in torments that lasted without intermission for eight days." And Fortunius Licetus, in his book, "*De his qui diu vivunt sine alimento*," informs us that Nicolaus himself set little or no account by his abstinence—"that it was no miracle but a natural thing." Let me here add that the Roman Catholic Church has never held either stigmatization, *inedia*, or what we may call "specific levity," for miraculous appearances.

† Vacation Rambles and Thoughts, comprising the recollections of Three Continental Tours in the Vacation of 1841, 1842, and 1843. By J. N. Talfourd, D. C. L. Serjeant-at-Law. 2 Vols. Moxon, London. 1845.

‡ Now Mrs. Charles Kean.

have ever read which does not force distinct attention to particular beauties—which is a great poem in spite of its very beauties of detail. It is *one* in the most emphatic sense of the word; every where a serene simplicity—every where tranquil elevation. It is the only poem in which religion is the animating principle, and in which religion is not disease. Could we transfer ourselves to the future of a century hence, we have little doubt that Ion will be one of the few poems of our day destined to survive temporary admiration; for it is but justice to the public of its own day to say, that the poem has been received with a true appreciation of its great and peculiar beauty.

Why, however, now speak of Ion? For this one plain reason, that had we not read and seen Ion with the delight which it has given us, we should have been but little likely to have read Sergeant Talfourd's travels. To repeat in words the particulars of scenery is, we believe, wholly impossible. What is called Descriptive Poetry is, from first to last, failure, and Prose, which can scarcely dare to use the magic words which re-produce the sensations, with which scenery is beheld, is still more inadequate to do any thing in the matter which it were not better to leave undone. One ray of sunlight, thrown over a landscape by Turner or Petrie does what no words can ever do.

Having thus entered our protest, and acquitted our consciences as Reviewers, we proceed to enjoy what may be enjoyed. Our author has not achieved the impossible, but he does what is well worth doing—he has written a very pleasant book which carries one on almost like a novel.

A lawyer *lives* in his vacations. The triumphs and the excitements of his daily work are not life, or any thing like it, save when there is the fun of an Irish state trial, or some stately comedy of that kind. But ordinary professions employment occupies any thing but the best talents of a genuine man. Whatever is best in man's nature is for other than the slavery and task work of the courts or the desk. A man having attained the bad eminence, to which your forensic combatant aspires, can do nothing which has the slightest value, except as far as it is acknowledged by other minds; no-

thing of him is properly his own. Think of Mackintosh, in his brazen armour of words, and poor Peltier, the client thinking his chance of success endangered by every brilliant sentence of his advocate, and the court probably with all its admiration of a clever speech, not altogether indisposed to think that there was something in what the angry victim of rhetoric, too good to serve any useful purpose, so bitterly felt. There is no true enjoyment except in the vacation hours of life, and it is plain enough there is no man who enjoys a vacation more than Sergeant Talfourd.

The history of his book is natural enough—it is the history of many a genuine book. He wishes to preserve for his friends some record of the pleasant rambles of his summer vacations for two or three years. The only easy way of doing this is by printing some account of them; printing for private circulation is an expensive business—and in addition to this we take it for granted, that Sergeant Talfourd, like others who have made the attempt, has found it impossible to define the circulation with the kind of distinctness, which would quite gratify the wish, to indulge which the attempt is made; so he boldly prints for the general public.

Vacation is as pleasant a thing to an Eton schoolboy as to his father; and in August, 1841, "Royal Events," adding to the Eton holidays, gave father and son about a month of "contemporary vacation."

"On Saturday, 14th of August," writes our traveller; "*we*—i. e., my wife, our eldest son, our niece—M. E. and myself, started from home on a tour, of which Switzerland and the Alps were the great and final objects."

They had a glimpse of Switzerland in the preceding autumn, but were obliged to return leaving the Alps unseen, or seen but as clouds.

They pass rapidly to Southampton, and from thence to Havre. The next morning they go by steam to Rouen—a comparison is instituted between the Seine and the Rhine, and it augurs well for the future enjoyments of our voyager, that we find him determined to dwell on some points of advantage which the Seine possesses. The Seine, we are told, has the epic

incidents of a beginning, a middle, and an end. The Rhine lamentably fails in the last. Instead of meeting the ocean with pomp, suitable to its own former greatness, it is actually swamped and almost loses its very name. "The Seine," we are joyously told, "mingles with the sea, attended by its two great ports, and has an end worthy of its course. The left bank, generally open, is delicately fringed by bushes, and often purple with tall flowers, refreshing, without obstructing the eye—the right bank almost always walled by mountain, is not merely wooded, but sometimes broken by large red rocks, pierced by strange caverns, and sometimes moulded into large grassy buttresses, one following the other with strange resemblance, as if nature took a freak of uniformity in compliment to the French classical drama."

They pass rapidly to Paris—see what every one has seen—and hurry on, on their route to Geneva. We are not quite sure that there is anything more worth remarking in our author's progress than his remarks on French childhood. After a ramble through the book-shops of the Palais Royal, crowded with their miserably printed editions of all manner of English books, he strolls into the gardens of the Tuilleries:—

"From this repository of wholesale and retail theft I turned into the gardens of the Tuilleries for the last time. A few drops of rain fell, but only enough to accord with a soft melancholy—and I took a charming stroll through these "trim gardens," over which the fading flowers, refreshed by the moisture, shed a faint, sickly, delicious perfume. I observed some French children—the very small ones fantastically dressed up as playthings, seemed petted, caressed, and spoiled; but the elder ones, from ten to sixteen, looking careworn, conceited, independent, and miserable. Every thing is gay in Paris but childhood. Old age is gay—pleasantly so, even when fantastically so—and death itself is tricked out in garlands, and 'turned to favour and to prettiness.' Why, then, are the children so joyless? It cannot be that they are too harshly restrained or ruled by fear; for a cruel discipline is no part of the French character, or the French educational practice; on the contrary, a French boy soon becomes his own master, and studies or lounges as he
Is it not that there are no

fireside—no homes? It seems a fine independent thing for a Parisian shop-keeper to dispense with the plague of domestic servants—to take every day with his wife, the freedom of the restaurant and the café—and, when he shuts up his shop, leave it to take care of itself, while he lounges, or dances, or smokes, or reads a journal, or does all these in some public garden, or better than all, goes to the play. But the pleasures and comforts of children are of homo growth, and require a home shelter. They are here only sad, wearied, wandering spectators of the gaieties of their parents, which are all associated with coquetry, gallantry, and feelings akin to these, in which they do not participate; and though some amends is made by an early initiation into their essences, and an earlier emulation of their symbols, still children, as children, have no food for their affections, in the whirling kaleidoscope which dazzles them. In Prussia, children are happier, because they are under a stricter discipline; but England, with all its imputed sins of fagging and flogging, and excess of Latin versification, is the place where childhood is most happy as childhood—happy in restraint—happy in indulgence—happy in the habits of obedience, and respect, and filial love. You would not find such a set of careworn, pale, unhappy faces in any charity-school in England, as you may mark in a throng of wandering dissipated boys in the gardens of the Tuilleries."—*Vol. i. pp. 63, 65.*

The party proceed rapidly to Geneva—and from thence to Chamouni. We have them, soon after, admiring and describing the Gemmi pass—a drive to Interlachen is partially described, for we are saved some pages of "apples of all hues," "dark and purple plums," "rounded hills," and "blue waters," by an accident more pleasant to the sergeant in the retrospect than at the time. The driver of his carriage raised to a partnership on his throne a stout strapping Swiss lady, in a scarlet dingy jacket, and thus the travellers had a back view of her Bernese costume instead of woods and lakes—something, however, is seen around and beside her—an occasional jog exposes glimpses of the Aar, "broken by dams and mill-works, with exquisite varieties of white forms, and blue crystal eddies, glancing like fairy visions." At last the hotel of Interlachen is seen—and an eight o'clock dinner exhilarates the

party. Stewed pigeons, roast fowls, salad and light wines, are enjoyed and recorded.

We must pass over Staubbach and the avalanches, and Mr. William Howitt, and the German students—all these are mighty pleasant things in their way, and of some of them the serjeant thinks better than we do, but of which it is fortunately not necessary that we should enter into particulars. Then comes Baden Baden, and Cologne, and Rotterdam, and Murray's guide-book, and London. The enchantment, is at an end. It is the 12th of September. Alas! for the young Etonian—the holidays are over.

Let us imagine another winter of exertion at the bar for the happy father, another spring and summer circuit, and again comes vacation. Let us follow, in imagination, the Eton boy, till his holidays come round again, and another harvest moon begins to shine on another year's travelling delights.

The autumn of 1842, saw our author again on his vacation rambles; his son, was, this year, his only companion. They arrive at Antwerp—their first visit is to the cathedral—a full band was performing in the organ-gallery. The figures of fiddlers playing, as if for their lives, seemed but ill suited to the solemn grandeur of the church. Mass was performed simultaneously at four chapels or shrines; groups of worshippers were scattered over the vast area, engrossed by unaffected devotion. The Belgian soldiers, standing or kneeling, as each dropped in, formed a favourable contrast with the discipline of an English regiment, drilled to church. From church, after drinking lemonade, "which went down like nectar," they drove to the citadel. They were not admitted beyond the outer court, having neglected to provide themselves with an order from the proper authorities, and on their return they find an early dinner. The party was enlarged by some English friends, and they seem to have had a joyous day. Passports and hotel bills were, at last, arranged, and they move on by railway to Liege. They do not loiter, and we have them at Cologne, and Coblenz. The scenery at Drachenfels, Talfourd regards as beaten out and out by that of the Malvern hills. We are afraid that the magic of poeti-

cal association is too strong for a fair case to be made in behalf of Waters. It is not easy to forget Byron, or to remember Cottle. A better thing than either of them, the serjeant seems to regard a steamboat dinner, and eminently genial is his nature, and disposed to relish and record all manner of wine and viands. We are tired of the perpetual detail of these things.

The serjeant does not travel without his books. He, it is true, does not disport himself with any moot points of law; but still he is not without some hard and heavy matter to try him. Carlyle on Hero Worship, travels with him. The serjeant finds that there is more novelty in the forms of expression, than in the doctrines taught in Carlyle's very remarkable books. This, it is true, was his discovery, on a second perusal of the Hero Worship. We confess that, so far from thinking worse of Carlyle from such a discovery, we ourselves think the best and most well-weighed passages of his works, are those in which he writes most like other people. The minds of the persons to whom any communication is to be made, are to be considered by the person making the communication; and of all vicious styles, the hierophantic and oracular is the worst. In short, Carlyle is a much cleverer fellow than most of his readers think. But our way is onward, and we have not time to discuss Mr. Carlyle or Mr. Tennyson, whose poems our author read for the first time, in a steamer on the lake of Zurich.

In his enjoyment of his book, the traveller loses sight of the bridge of Rapperschwyll, said to be the longest in the world. At the extremity of the lake, the party are jolted through the valley of the Linth, over Alpine roads, in an omnibus—the most cruel and miserable of all man's inventions in this world of locomotion. Glimpses of the country met their eyes through the opposite loopholes; but, alas! alas! for the gentlemen in search of the picturesque of ever-living nature, enter two friars, as fat as the fattest of their tribe. They shut out all light; but the good-natured poor fellows never suspected what mischief they were doing; and a page of description reconciles us to the intrusion of the troublesome specimens of their

strange fraternity. "They were clad in brown serge, unstockinged, with real cords for girdles, the ends of which, hanging down to their feet, suggested the notion of the tremendous penance either might inflict, by applying it, with his Vulcanian arm, to a crouching penitent; but they looked too good-natured to make any such application of their superfluous rope, either to the backs of others or themselves."

Of all mortal inconveniences, however, if one waits long enough, an end at last comes, and the fat friars go, and the landscape returns. A few days more, and we are in actual Italy. A sunset scene at Lecco, where they were compelled to sleep for a night, is well described. The picture is not unlike one of Goethe's.

'Lecco is a dirty town, with dark, narrow streets; but how free and easy life seemed to be in them! At sunset, all its population was abroad—not in the meadows, but in the streets—all disporting themselves after their own whim (you cannot call it *will*)—the young, as if the world contained no schoolmaster; the old, as if it owned no empire of opinion—were lounging on benches, drinking lemonade or light wine, some playing cards on low tables placed across the gutters, with hands and cards equally dark; but no drunkenness, no riot, no ill-humour was seen amidst that dirty, careless race. But the most marvellous thing to me was the extreme vivacity and variety of colour, which flashed, and glistened, and deepened, and harmonized in the motley scene. If the vagabonds had all engaged to contribute some bit of colour to the picture, they could not have produced more vivid effects than those which the instincts of their nature shed on their apparel and grouping. No matter whether young or old, shapely or deformed, in decent attire or in rags, all tended to the picturesque: a light blue cap, a crimson jacket, a scarlet cloak, a green handkerchief, a bunch of ribbons, whose bright streaks flashed gladness on the scene, wherever you glanced, independent of the clear olive-complexion, and merry black eyes, which beamed out among the vagrant crowds. In-doors this love of colours was more elaborately exerted; our inrooms were all painted in compartments—walls, ceilings, floor; we had fallen on a coloured world, where motley is your only wear. And surely, here, the poet's advice,

'*Ne crede colori,*' will be given in vain. Colour, in truth, is the most trustworthy of all appearances; it cannot deceive you; for all that it seems, it is; and unless we have 'the inky cloak' on our spirits, we need know nothing but 'seems,' while we enjoy it."—*Vol. ii. pp. 5, 6.*

Their journey of the 27th August, was from one foot of the lake, at Lecco, to the other, at Como. We wish we could transcribe the description given of this most lovely scenery; but to make room for the entire would be impossible—to abridge, nonsense. They proceed from Como to Lugano and Bellinzona, and their glimpse of Italy is at an end. The vacation is approaching its close. They return to Switzerland by the pass of St. Gothard, and thence to London. We have room but for the graceful sentence with which this, the second of the three vacation rambles comprised in these volumes, closes.

"As far as a rapid excursion, ungraced by female society, can be delightful, ours was crowned with decided success—full of great memories, lasting as life. Its want—that of mountains of snow and ice—was a disappointment at the time; for we seemed to have passed the Alps without seeing them; and our only splendid view of the snowy wonders of the world was the distant panorama of Berne. How far this is really a subject of regret, is one on which I may hazard a few considerations, at the close of my continental rambles. Of all the passages of the Alps, I think that of St. Gothard the finest; for the supremacy of the *Via Mala* over the most terrible part of the descent of of the Reuss is to me doubtful; while the superiority of the course of the Ticino above the descent from Spiribissi to Chavenna is beyond all question. Indeed, I doubt, (without prejudice to the claims of our own Wye) whether the Ticino, in substance and form—that is, in its water and its channel—is not the loveliest river in the Old World; and I am ready to depose to my belief, that it is worth all the ocean streams of the New. There is also this remarkable beauty of the St. Gothard Pass—more remarkable in recollection than in enjoyment—that it consists simply of the courses of two rivers: the Reuss leads you to Switzerland, the Ticino to Italy; and every picture of grandeur or beauty by the way, has its view for its 'secret remembrance.' Who,

amidst such aspiring labour, or such headlong pleasure, could wish for a happier artificial memory than is supplied by the courses of these rivers."—*Vol. ii. pp. 53, 54.*

TIME ROLLS HIS CEASELESS COURSE, and the revolution of the heavens brought round again, to father and son, the August and September holidays; and, in August, 1843, they again started for the continent; on this occasion accompanied by the ladies who were of the party of 1841. Chamouni had, of all the places he had seen abroad, most interested our author. In 1842, however, he had seen it but imperfectly; in 1842, it was omitted altogether from his scheme. This led him, on the present occasion, to regard it as the chief object of his tour, and to pass some days in making acquaintance with it. As on the former occasion, the travellers had approached Geneva by the route of Paris, they now chose the longer route by the Rhine. No incident of greater moment than the tricks of voituriers imposing on the party, by giving seats with themselves to vagrants of one kind or another, and occasionally blotting out the landscape by some unlooked-for interposition of the kind, disturbed our travellers, till they reached Chamouni.

We must refer our readers to the volumes of Mr. Talfourd, for the very best description of the valley of Chamouni, which we have ever read. Not alone is the scenery described admirably, but the moral interest of the scene is given with great power. There is something of the poet's, or, perhaps, rather, the orator's art, in the way in which he impresses us with a sense of the deep and delicious tranquillity, before he tells us how it was broken. A secret was in the poet's heart, which it scarce dared to utter aloud, but which, at last, assumed definite scope and purpose. He would ascend Mont Blanc. "For years," says he, "I had been fascinated, almost haunted by the idea of the enterprise; and had read every printed narrative I could procure, from that of Saussure, down to those of Jackson, Shervill, and Auldjo's, with an avidity I can scarcely explain." Every thing tended to cherish the ambitious hope, and the adventure was resolved on.

The glory of success would be enhanced, and the shame of failure diminished, or wholly removed, by the consideration that the attempt was made by a man of no muscular strength, over-wearied with other labours, and whose habits were altogether those of a town-life.

The season was singularly favourable. The weather had been fine for many days, and seemed settled for many more. The mountain was reported as more than usually accessible, in consequence of a quantity of snow having fallen in the early part of the year, and being hardened before the summer heat. Petards were, at the very moment while our hero was meditating his project, awakening the echoes, in honour of Mr. Nicholson, who had just returned from accomplishing the ascent; and it would be too bad if the pride of the Common Pleas quailed before Doctors' Commons. Nicholson, who had started on the morning before, not only returned safe and sound, but actually arrived in time for the five o'clock *table d'hôte*—an advantage not to be despised. Mr. Nicholson excited the serjeant's imagination, by his account of the most stirring incidents of his progress. Among other things which he recorded, was his being joined in his excursion by the abbé of the prieuré, who was tempted to ascend by the peculiarly favourable state of the weather, and who, on his return, was welcomed by volleys from all the hotels. Mr. Nicholson told how the good man had performed the evening service of his church before the party composed themselves to rest on the *grands mulets*. It was not easy to resist the suggestions in this way streaming in from a hundred sides, to confirm a purpose formed, we almost suspect, before leaving home; but an accident finally determined the hero's wavering resolution. The day after Nicholson's successful ascent was passed by Talfourd's party, in visiting the Montanvert, and on their return, a sudden shower, indicating a change of weather, overtook them. "That shower," says our author, "fixed my purpose. When I thought the scheme blasted, I felt the strong hold it had taken of me; and in my regrets for the opportunity lost, found irresistible reasons—reasons for embracing it

when the possibility was renewed." The shower passed away. More heavenly sunlight, than ever, gleamed from the enchanted summit. He, of Eton, was there to claim his share of the adventure; and the landlord of the hotel, hoping that all Eton would follow in the footsteps of the daring boy, loudly encouraged the effort.

It was determined on. Then came arrangements for the purpose. No part of their dress was fitted for the business. However, between buying and borrowing, within two days all in this way is got ready. Shoes, rough with hob-nails; wide out-spreading straw hats, green veils, enormous worsted stockings, and green spectacles. They had four principal attendants a-piece, each of whom was to receive a hundred francs, if his client reached the summit; seventy-five, if he only reached the grand Plateau; and fifty, if he only reached the grand Mulets, the resting-place of the first day's journey. Provisions for travellers and guides were supplied at the discretion of the master of the hotel. The party was joined by Mr. Bosworth, who had made an attempt to ascend the year previous, and by two others. The general superintendence of the ascent was given to Coutet, a guide who had attended Dr. Hamel, and whose father had accompanied Saussure on his first ascent.

Our author passed the night, before the attempt, in broken and disturbed sleep—he fell down precipices, and was buried under avalanches. At eight o'clock in the morning the procession started—guides, porters, men, women, and children crowded the space before the inn, and the windows were filled with heads of guests enquiring the cause of all the bustle.

They pursue their way on mules, cheered by the cottagers as they pass—for an ascent is an important incident. Mr. Talfourd found the Glacier strangely unlike all the descriptions he had read. The walls and turrets of ice described by former travellers had no existence—all were probably reduced to nearly an uniform level by the early snow of the year—at all events, from whatever cause, the ascent presented no very formidable difficulties.

"Whatever it may have been, or

become hereafter, its surface presented to me nothing more formidable than a huge waste of the purest frozen snow, spread amidst enormous rocks, tending upwards, at a steep, but not dangerous, elevation; and riven in parts by irregular crevices, which alone remained to qualify the terrific descriptions of former aspirants; and those were rarely broad enough to be terrible. The first aspect was that of an immense white sheet, which might be let down from heaven, puckered up and fastened at irregular heights to the rocks which bounded each side of the prospect, and floating down gracefully from its fastenings. Towards the edges, indeed, when it came in contact with the rocks in which it is thus imbedded, there appeared, on a near approach, vast walls and tables and columns of ice, which sometimes looked as if they grew out of the rock; these were pierced by caverns of the finest white, sometimes draped with icicles and embossed with fantastic shapes; little chapels of exquisite tracery, in which altars were not wanting; recesses as beautiful in their dazzling fragility as the cave of Fingal, at Staffa, in the sculptured beauty of its roof, and the noble majesty of its imperishing columns. But the field of the glacier—except where split by crevices—presented no obstacle to ordinary up-hill walking, beyond the annoyance of being shoe-deep in the loosened snow, and the slipperiness betrayed by a brighter glistening which the nailed-shoes and spiked-pole would have enabled me to encounter, even if the arm of the guide had not been always ready to anticipate the least need of assistance.

The first and most formidable—indeed, the only formidable crevice of the glacier, a jagged slit of about seven or eight yards in width at the opening, narrowing as it slanted downwards, and deepening in colour from the loveliest pale green into darkness; while, from a hundred fathoms below, the sound of rushing waters was heard, as if a subterraneous river was forcing a way through the foundations of the glacier. Across this gulph stretched a narrow wall of ice, connecting one side with that beyond, and over this we were to pass, unless we would make an experimental circuit, of unknown extent, to find a termination of the crevice. When I arrived I found every thing prepared for the passage. Some of the guides stood on the opposite brink, one of whom held a rope, while another guide held it on one side, and so formed a rail,

holding by which, we, one by one, crossed in safety.

I was astonished then, I am puzzled now, at the real composure with which I performed my own part; for though generally affected with distressing dizziness on any height, though assured of perfect safety, I felt, here, no apprehension—no sinking of the heart; no qualm. I can account for this only by the extreme beauty of the colours of the chasm itself, which absorbed the sense of danger; so that its beauty did not make me effeminate, but, for the moment, brave."—*Vol., ii., pp. 170, 173.*

Our adventurous hero soon found himself left behind by his younger and more active friends. Two guides were with him, but neither he nor they spoke, as it was soon found that they did not understand his English, nor he their French. The silence was made more fearful by the sound of subterraneous waters. The guides did all they could by kind looks and seasonable help, but his strength was failing. He thought to relieve the sensation of parching thirst by swallowing the crisped snow which presented itself at every step: this the guides successfully interfered to prevent; but at the verge of the glacier, Coutet, the experienced guide, leaped into a cavern which opened at one side, and returning, with a merry laugh, presented him with a tumbler of clear spring water; a second glass was allowed him, but his wish to quaff a third to the honour of Father Mathew, Mahomet, and the false prophets who forswear wine, or ask us to do so, was not permitted. Brief vigour was given by the refreshment, and with one side supported by the guide, and the other leaning on his pole, he toiled up the steep snow, till at last the *grands mulets* were reached. A bumper of claret, administered by his son, who had been in advance, welcomed and rewarded his toil; and in a few minutes he was sufficiently revived to enjoy the scene.

The rocks are soon all bustle with preparations for dinner, and a pleasant picnic it seems to have been. After this joyous scene the voyageurs are dressed for the night. To save trouble, the same dress was intended to answer for the short repose of the night and the ascent. Their sleep was in the

open air. Mr. Bosworth made an attempt, which was abandoned, to set up a tent. The effort is recorded for the sake of a quotation from Shakespeare:—

"Here pitch our tent: even here in Bosworth field—
Up with my tent; here will I lie to-night;
But where to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that;
Up with the tent!"

The experiment of the tent failed; it is not told why, and they bivouacked on the rocks in the open air. The sergeant seems to have lain down early, not however to sleep, for he witnessed from his lair, a sunset of almost miraculous beauty, the enjoyment of which was cheaply purchased by the day's toil. While the pageantry of the heavens was passing away he fell into a dreamless sleep. At twelve he was awakened by his guides from a deep slumber; and by lantern-light, and the glimmer of the stars, they pursued their way over the white snows. After a descent from the rocks, on which the few hours of repose had been passed, they had slowly to pace the plain of snow, which intervenes between the rocks and the first upland slope. When they began to ascend, the guides had to cut steps in the frozen snow with hatchets. The rarity of the atmosphere soon began to affect them. This cause equally affected all; and Mr. Bosworth, described as the most muscular and active of the party, felt violent nausea and headache. Talfourd found the taste of blood, as if it were about to burst from his nostrils. They thus reached the Grand Plateau—a long field of level snow in the bosom of the pinnacles of the mountain, and here the strength, though not the spirit, of the young Etonian sank. The guides thought it necessary that he should return—he was anxious to proceed; a few minutes' sleep, he said, would restore him: but the guides were peremptory. To sleep on the snow was not to be thought of—and the father truly felt that he had no right to gainsay the decision of the guides. It was, no doubt, severe disappointment; but the father, in relating the incident, seems to think that even had they not been compelled to return at this point, his own muscular pliancy would have failed at the steep of La Côte, where the guides are obliged to cut a long staircase in the snow.

"While the guides were re-arranging matters for the descent, I took one lingering, lingering glance at the upward scenery, and perceived sublime indications of those heights I was never to climb. The other parties were ascending the enormous curve beyond our platform, their line exhibited only by the lantern, which seemed self-moving along the snow amidst darkness, but marking luminously a portion of the dome—regular it seemed as that of St. Paul's Cathedral—and more beautiful because springing at once into a globular form, and of a size compared to which all cupolas fashioned by hands are as those of a baby-house—recalling to my mind the sphere throne of the spirit in the Halls of Eblis."—*Vol.*, ii., p. 193.

Another of the party soon joined them in their inglorious retreat; but Mr. Bosworth, and one or two others,

whose names are not found in the Chronicle which records the heroes of the day, succeeded in reaching the summit. Neither the serjeant nor his son suffered any more serious inconvenience from the expedition than that of contradicting a hundred reports of their death. They were, it seems, precipitated from falls a thousand fathoms deep—they were buried under enormous weights of mountain snow—and those who had believed and were busy in circulating the story were scarcely pleased at being contradicted.

The vacation, however, is approaching a close, and the party return home.

We regret that we have not room for extracts from many parts of these volumes, as the book is the pleasantest we have lately read.

A.

SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Lang syne the flow'rets bloomed aye fair,
And a' that met the view;
The glens and bonnie woodlands wild
Seemed clad in beauty too!
And blithe was ilka birdie's sang,
Whatever strain was sung—
Oh! a' on earth was loveliness
In the days when we were young!

Nought then did bode o' grief or care,
Nor sorrow e'er was dreamed;
But a' things shone wi' purest joy,
Ilk' face wi' pleasure beamed!
On ilka tree, like Eden's bower,
The fairest fruit was hung—
Oh! sic' a world o' happiness
In the days when we were young!

The maidens walked in virgin pride,
A' lovely fair to see—
The gathered treasures o' their heart
Seemed glancing in their e'e!
And we, their willing slaves, around
Their budding beauties clung—
Oh! then sic' joys and tender ties
In the days when we were young!

But age, life's winter, hastens on,
And with relentless sway—
The hopes, the joys o' sunny youth—
Takes all our dreams away!
Fond loves all lost, and friendships dead,
And hearts wi' sorrow wrung—
These now we hold for what we mourn
In the days when we were young!

THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY.

SUCH of our readers—and we believe they are very many—who from time to time have with ourselves welcomed Mrs. James Gray's contributions to our pages, will be concerned to hear that she is no longer with us. She died at Sunday's Well, Cork, on the morning of Tuesday, January 28th ult. She had scarcely entered on her thirty-third year, and with every hope of a maturity of powers, to which she was evidently fast attaining—it has been the mysterious will of God to remove her hence. Her death was, like her life, tranquil and happy, and full of peace; it was to a certain extent sudden, but by one, who lived as our friend lived, could hardly have been unexpected.

MARY ANNE BROWN was born at The Elms, near Maidenhead, Berkshire, on the 24th of September, 1812. The genius for poetry which in after years distinguished her, she exhibited from her cradle; and we have heard her say she could not recollect when she was not clothing her thoughts in verse. Even when of such tender years that her parents thought it too early to have her instructed in writing, she invented a sort of alphabet of her own, of which the letters were grotesque imitations of the characters of print, united with such abbreviations, as necessity compelled her to resort to. This she did for the purpose of noting down her thoughts; which, with many other individuals of similar gifts, she felt a kind of burden until recorded.

One of these early poems we have chanced on, and we shall print it, not so much that it may be contrasted with later productions, as rather for the purpose of showing her quickness in mental development. Cowley wrote verses, we believe, at fifteen; and Pope and Chatterton even earlier. The lines following, composed at thirteen, and bearing their deficiencies on their head and front, may be listened to, even after theirs whom we have instanced. Sorrowful sentences they are to issue from a mere child's lips;

and the words in the concluding stanza—

"My Sun too early risen, must set
Ere noon,"—

would now seem almost tinged with a prescient spirit. It *did* go down, "while it was yet day," yet not in clouds, but in majestic brightness:—

"MYSELF—1845.

"There was a time—a happy time,
And 'tis not many years ago,
When grief I knew not, sin, nor crime,
Had never felt the touch of wo;
I was as other children then,
I ne'er shall be like them again.

"I am a child as yet in years,
But not like other children. Strange
That woman's hopes and woman's tears
Should come on me, and work such
change
So soon. But gone is childhood's chain,
My heart shall ne'er be young again.

"I still enjoy some sportive hours,
But not with such an ardent breast;
I still can weave me fairy flowers,
But not with Childhood's playful zest.
There is a something in my brain
That will not let it rest again,

"It is for Youth to weep at woe,
For Age to hoard it in the heart;
But not a tear of mine will flow,
Though I have had of grief my part.
Mine is a hidden secret pain,
Tears I shall never know again.

"I cannot look without regret
Upon the April morn of life;
My Sun, too early risen, must set
Ere noon, amidst dark clouds and
strife;
Who Youth's sweet dream would not
retain?
Who would not be a child again?"

With Miss Browne the power of verse was not only an "accomplishment," as our great Wordsworth terms it; it was an inherent possession. It was born with her, and it lingered with her even through the gloom of a dying chamber. A child of such

early promise, it is not surprising her parents, with much pride, sought to second her inclinations; and a selection of these juvenile efforts appeared in 1837, under the title of *Mont Blanc, and other Poems*. Next year was published *Ada*, and in the year after but one, *Repentance*; which were followed, in 1834, by the *Coronal*; and in 1836 by the *Birthday Gift*.

About this time Mr. Browne's family removed from their secluded residence in Berkshire to the town of Liverpool, for the purpose of giving the only son of the house * a mercantile education, to which he had destined himself. Higher feelings, however, after a little while swayed him; and his hours of recreation were devoted to studying for our own University, where having received his education with considerable credit, he was afterwards ordained for a field of duty in England. The extended literary opportunities which Liverpool afforded, exercised a very beneficial influence on Miss Browne's mind; and the knowledge of foreign literature, and more especially of German, which she now acquired, opened out to her new domains in the world of thought. Her name, which had now spread itself, brought an easy introduction to the Chorley family, to Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, and other *litterateurs*; and by Dr. Mackenzie's advice she was recommended to try her chances in our own magazine. Our number for June, 1839, opened with a *Midsummer Anthology*, the first flowers of which were twelve Sketches from the *Antique*, followed by "a Merchant's Musings," and a Sonnet to the late Adam Clarke"—and all by Miss Browne. In the same year, *Ignatia* was published by Hamilton, Adams, and Co. of London; and in the year 1840 a tiny volume of *Sacred Poetry*, containing many exquisite pieces, was issued by the same publishers.

Nor, while thus engaged in the bright realms of fancy, was Miss Browne forgetful of the real duties of life. Her desires to do good were all

of a practical nature. The poor were ever in her regard; but she deemed it insufficient to bestow on them mere feeling or sympathy. Acts were wanting, and she gave them these tangible evidences. Few thought on reading her poetry at this time, that much of it was penned in the intervals of the distressing duties of a District-visitor; or that the Miss Browne, whom many would have set down as a mere sentimental young lady, was day after day visiting the sick and infirm—strengthening the weak—cheering, with hopes of immortality, the dying.

In 1842 she was married to one in every respect capable of making her happy, a Scotch gentleman—Mr. James Gray. Himself the nephew and constant companion of the Ettrick Shepherd; his father before him had been the dear friend of Scotland's great poet, Burns—rarely have father and son enjoyed such honor! The Rev. James Gray was among the first and ablest vindicators of Burns' memory,† and he is yet gratefully remembered by his countrymen for such service. He was also one of the earliest to acknowledge the claims of his kinsman, Hogg, and to aid him with literary counsel and encouragement. As one of the founders of Blackwood's Magazine, and among its earliest contributors, his name must be also honorably mentioned; and when the project of establishing *Maga* was first bruited, he was among those proposed for the office of editor. Mr. James Gray, the younger, spent much of his early life at Mount Benger—diversified by occasional visits to Edinburgh in Hogg's company, where he found himself at home with Wilson and Lockhart, and the other knights of St. Ambrose. "It was curious," our poor friend one day remarked to us, "that while my scribbling habits brought me in contact with much of the literary genius of England; my husband should have mixed so much, in his youthful years, with the great spirits of Scotland."

On Miss Browne's marriage, she

* The Reverend Thomas Briarly Browne.

† "Mr. Gray," says Christopher North, "was the first who, independently of every other argument, proved the impossibility of such charges [drunkenness] by pointing to the almost daily effusions of Burns' clear and unclouded genius. For this, and for his otherwise triumphant vindication of the character of Burns from the worst obloquy it so long lay under, Scotland ought to be grateful to James Gray."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, May, 1828.

came to reside in one of the picturesque outlets of the city of Cork, Sunday's Well; and here all her later poems were written. Her little home here was a truly happy one, and though comparatively humble, few roofs in the adjoining city had so little repining, and so much of tranquil joy beneath them. Here she collected the materials for her last volume, *Sketches from the Antique, and other Poems*, which our own publishers brought out last year, and which our readers will find reviewed in our number of June last. We shall not now add to the more obvious characteristics of her poetry, which we then took occasion to point out. There is an exquisite grave in her verse, and a rich melody flowing in sweetness like the music of the winding brook. There is no dash nor storm in her descriptions; but, on the other hand, neither have we to complain of what is tame and prosaic, and if we are not surprised, we are not at any time left disappointed. She did not essay high themes, in which failure is almost necessarily encountered; but she loved to delineate human griefs, and joys, and to paint all those finer feelings which dwell more especially in the female breast. In all these respects she closely resembled Mrs. Hemans; and the good public, not satisfied with this sisterhood in genius, sought to establish a similar family connection, which did not subsist. They were alike in art, but had no other connection, and had never met. If Mrs. Gray did not possess that proud joy in chivalry, which brought to Mrs. Hemans so many heroes from the paladins and troubadours of the middle ages, it was because she had exchanged it for a reverential acquaintance with the old legends of Greece—its romantic history, and poetic religion. Her poems are the old *mythi*, finely told us by the pure lips of a woman. The concluding series, given in our number for January, is, perhaps, the best; and with a sad fitness, the last of the *Sketches* was a "Hymn to Mors." How little deemed we, in the review of these poems to which we have referred, when speaking of the progress the volume sufficiently indicated, and pointing to future triumphs for its author, that it was the last book which should appear from her hands, or that with the incoming year, that head

should be pillowed in the silent grave!

The eight volumes, the names of which we have given, comprise the whole of Mrs. Gray's writings, which she gathered together; but scattered in various periodicals, and in the annuals, is to be found the *materiel*, both in prose and verse, of probably two or three more. As a prose writer, she was hardly known; because, until only very recently, in all such contributions, she sought the anonymous. Our own pages, however, contain many graceful specimens of her power in this respect; and we believe we violate no confidence in instancing the "Recollections of a Portrait Painter." They were from Mrs. Gray's pen; and with only the disguise of an assumed profession, for the writer, were simple facts—things which had come under her own personal observation.

Of the many members of the *corps* of literature whom it has been our fortune—good or ill—to have mixed with, we knew none who realized to us so entirely the Italian gift of "improvisation." She wrote, she has told us, as though from another's dictation; or as if transcribing from an open volume. Her thoughts, in their overflowing richness, yielded abundant supply, and she was never at a loss for expression. The poem of "Leoline," for example, which contains a hundred and twenty stanzas of four lines each, was the work of a single evening, yet it abounds in felicitous words and thoughts, and is distinguished by the same sweep of melody which characterizes all her compositions. So *facile* was she in versifying, and so almost necessarily were her words linked to numbers, that when not over-wearied by the drudgery of pen-work, she would write her letters home in verse; and we believe the last thing she laid hand to, was the "Christmas Carol," addressed to her venerable parents, in which she sent them her filial congratulations and prayers for their good during the new year. "How my father's old eyes," she wrote, in enclosing us a copy, "will fill with tears, on seeing that though far away from him on that day, he is ever present to my thoughts!" And those aged eyes now can only rain down their weak torrents, that the daughter of such hopes is so soon laid low—"Gieb diesen,"

Schiller makes *Don Carlos* say, "Gieb diesen Todten mir heraus!"

Mrs. Gray's published writings we have enumerated; among her unpublished works, and which she herself destroyed, were some tragedies, also translations of many of Theodore Körner's finest lyrics, and of some of the impressive scenes in the *Faust* of Göethe. Twice she destroyed much of her literary labour—at her "two great burnings," as she termed them—lest in any way what she had done but for her private amusement, should be set forth in the glaring light of publicity. Once, a little while since, when her German translations, and studies in the language of the *Eichenland*, perished; and the former case was in earlier life, when the journals and jottings of youth, and the miscellaneous gatherings of "idle hours not idly spent," were all consigned to the flames. She no doubt exercised sound discretion with the latter; but we had wished her German studies had come down to us.

In furnishing our readers with this brief sketch of our gifted friend, we have purposely kept out of view allusion to that "inner life," into which the public may be excused penetrating. It is so difficult, besides, to observe the true limit in speaking of the Departed, that we have spared ourselves in doing so. We regard with revolting shudder the "friend," who is not contented till the sacredness of domestic privacy be intruded on, and every half-spoken wish or word be stereotyped for the cold eye of the stranger. Suffice it, then, that Mrs. Gray's daily life was eminently beautiful. Her tastes were simple, pure, and womanly. The love of nature, which she acquired in the scenes of childhood, in

riper years grew into a passion; and flowers, and trees, and the wild birds of heaven were companions of whose converse she could never weary. Her faith was true and unshrinking; and her piety was neither imaginary nor austere. She seemed ever happy, not because she had no cares, but because she felt anxiety to be at once useless and sinful. There was in her disposition much to admire, much to sympathise in; little that one could wish to be altered, and still less that one could desire taken away. The child of impulses very often; her impulses, notwithstanding, were controlled by gentleness and truth; while, in all things, her unselfishness was such as to be regarded by her friends as very characteristic.

We have outlined no *perfect* character, nor was it our desire to do so; for we know nothing could, were it possible, pain the Dead more. She knew well the awful distance which divides the creature from the Creator, and she would have shrunk from appropriating, even in idea, what is the attribute of the Infinite alone. The feverish dreams of youth, with all their idle and passionate regrets, had given way to clearer light; and had Mrs. Gray lived, we might have looked for proud successes for her. But it has pleased God to allot it otherwise, and we can only weave this tribute of our regret for her early departure:—

"These birds of Paradise long to flee
Back to their native mansion."

And here is *Epidæcium* more worthy of regard than any thing we have ourselves penned; bearing no unfamiliar name, but one sufficient of itself to commend it to our readers' kind attention:—

"TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. JAMES GRAY.

"The spring hath woke her woodland choirs,
Of bird, and stream, and breeze,
And touched the sweet but veiwless lyres,
That sound from quivering reeds and moss-grown trees;
Deep in the old untrodden woods,
When early sunbeams greet
Their green forsaken solitudes,
Waking the first young leaves and violets sweet.

"But who shall wake for yearning love,
The voice whose echoes rise
From memory's haunted depths, above
All other pleasant sounds of earth and skies:

And who shall wake for us the chord,
That caught from classic strings,
The old world's dreamy music poured
In laurel groves, beside the Grecian springs?

"How hath the hush of silence come
Upon the lip of song!
Why is there sorrow in the home,
Where household love and gladness dwelt so long?
Woe for the grave that closed so soon
On life's unshadowed light,
The glory of a summer's noon
That saw no sunset fading into night!

"Thou art not of the common Dead,
Lost Sleeper! and we mourn
Thee not as they. No dews are shed
From the dark fount of Lethe on thine urn;
But, far along the wastes of time,
Each loving heart and ear
Will catch the song, as from that clime,
Where sounds the harp, hushed, but unbroken, here.

FRANCES BROWN.

Stranorlar, February, 1846.

THREE YEARS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.*

THE East has become to us what France and Germany were to our grandfathers. The same zeal for travel—the same field for the idler—the speculative or the literary traveller. Every city is explored, every spot associated with history visited; manners investigated; customs connoed over, and all the circumstances, which comparison with home institutions suggest, as eagerly set forth now, respecting Constantinople, as once they were about Paris and Vienna.

Men travel through Egypt with the same ease and unconcern that they journeyed through the sandy plains of Hanover, or the dreary wastes of the "Landen" some fifty years back, and all the common places of English life are dovetailed into Turkish existence, with the same share of propriety and suitability they once found their place among French or German habits.—

What is to become of our idle population, our race of "Flaneurs," when they have no more worlds to wander over?—is now a grave question. Already the field is growing dangerously narrow. A Scotch Baronet betakes himself to the Rocky Mountains, for the shooting season; his countryman visits New South Wales, and comes home by "the Overland," to pay a visit to his son. We shall soon hear of little tea-parties of elderly spinners on the wall of China, and that indefatigable angler, Gregory Greendrake, will, doubtless, desert lake and tarn to visit Behring's straits, imitating the giant's story—

"Who halted his back with a Japanese's tail—
Sat down on a rock and 'batted' for a while."

But, to interrupt our flight—let us return to the volume whose title heads the present notice. The author there

* *Three Years in Constantinople; or, the Domestic Manners of the Turks*, 1844. By Charles White, Esq. 3 Vols. 8vo. London: Colburn, 1845.
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new name in literature—he was the writer of a very able history of the Belgian revolution; where, however, we may question the correctness of the political views; in knowledge of the country itself—its resources, and the causes of separation from Holland, his testimony is above question. “Almack’s revisited,” and the “Cashmere Shawl,” two novels were also by the same pen, neither of them, however, evincing the capability for fiction so strongly, as the writer’s power of careful analysis, and the skill with which he investigates any knotted or difficult point of political intrigue.

The present volumes are the fruit of a three years’ residence in Constantinople, and contain, as may be inferred from the opportunities of the writer, his ability and intelligence, a greater amount of information on the domestic manners of this remarkable people, than any other work we are aware of.

The work opens with a description of the interior of the city, and the reader finds himself at once amid the hurry and tumult of a strange capital, where Turks, Albanians, Greeks, Franks, and Egyptians are passing and repassing, bent on all the business of life, and mingling the ceremonies of their respective lands, as gravely as though they were the conventional usages of a single people; and here our author’s picture is admirable, nor have we a fault to find with him, save a fondness for introducing into his English text Oriental phrases, which, however serviceable to the traveller, who should use the volumes as a handbook, are still stumbling blocks in the reader’s way—the more if, like ourselves, he stop short at each, and consume time and temper in vain endeavours to hit off the pronunciation.

The same habit, if we mistake not, pervaded the “Cashmere Shawl,” and reduced the enjoyment of reading a pleasant story, at last, to the labour of wading through a dictionary. The fate of our day, however, inclines somewhat this wise—we are never to be amused without being instructed—our nursery rhymes are to convey high lessons in metaphysics—the burthen of a story is never complete, if the characters do not exemplify some truth in political philosophy, or inculcate some wonderful lessons in natural theology or mathematics—we must not quarrel

with Mr. White for complying with what he, perhaps, regarded as rather a requirement of the age, than a matter of his own taste and judgment.

Having conducted the reader rapidly through the principal bazaars, our author enters the suburb, beside the old Galata ditch—this is the favorite resort of that strange race of astrologers and magicians, who still hold the place in eastern superstition, as they did in the days of Nouredin and El Moulouook; nor is the belief in these mysteries confined to the uneducated and the humble, but men of rank and station place reliance in their auguries—and the grave events of life—even the important measures of a Government—depend on the words of the “Moonequin Bashe,” as implicitly as though they were the very arbiters of their destiny.

That strange want of counsel and support out of ourselves, would seem an attribute of humanity every where—the demand for aid and direction at every momentous step through life—which form the guiding impulse of a high devotional feeling, is also, in less cultivated and enlightened individuals, the active principle of superstitious credulity. The following scene well illustrates one of these characters:—

“I chanced one day to witness the ceremonies performed by the magnetizer in the bezestan, which were accompanied by some gesticulations similar to those employed by our more civilized but perhaps less honest charlatans. Being occupied in cheapening some article from the varied assortment of old weapons and antique curiosities displayed at Ibrahim Effendi’s shop, I was interrupted by the approach of an Arab, ill-favoured and one-eyed, attired in a red benish and broad white turban, followed by a sickly negress. After the customary salutations of peace and welcome, the Arab observed that the fame of Ibrahim’s skill was the theme of general wonder at the khan where he lodged, and that he had come to consult him. To this the other replied with a compliment and renewed welcome, and the Arab then stated that the slave at his heels was certainly possessed of a devil, or under the influence of witchcraft; that from a lively intelligent lass she had become sullen, indolent, and refractory, and that neither kindness nor correction produced any effect upon her. After detailing sundry other symptoms, all tending to prove that the master of evil had taken up his abode in the girl’s

bosom, the Arab ended by enquiring if the Effendi could work a cure.

"This was to question the existence of the very science itself, therefore Ibrahim set aside the article with which he was tempting our poor purse, slipped several beads of his tesbih (rosary) through his fingers, and with a gentle affirmative motion of his head replied, 'Inshallah!' To this the Arab responded with a similar exclamation; and the negress was then thrust forward by her proprietor. Being seated upon his shopboard, elevated about three feet above the pavement, Ibrahim was enabled to operate without the trouble of displacing himself. The neighbours and passing crowds, either through decorum or familiarity with these performances, averted their heads, or paid no attention, so that I and my Armenian companion were the only observers.

"The operation commenced by Ibrahim Effendi looking steadfastly during some seconds at the negress's downcast eyes, as she stood silent and motionless before him. Then slowly waving his hands in circles across her forehead, chest, and abdomen, in order to dispel malignant vapours, he placed them upon her shoulders, and uttered the teshehhd (profession of faith). He then spat to the right and left, to ward off any evil eye that might be peering upon his patient, and, bending forward, whispered in her ear one of the last chapters of the Kooran, specially directed against demons and witches. After this, he blew twice over each shoulder to drive away the foul spirit, in case it might have issued from her ears.

"A pause then ensued, during which the negress trembled, and became as pallid as it was possible for one of her colour. This was natural. The weather was intensely cold, the poor girl was thinly clad, evidently ill-fed, and suffering from illness and harsh treatment.—Presently, the operator again slowly raised and waved his hands to and fro, both horizontally and vertically, and then extended them before him, as if they represented an open book, in the same manner as it is customary during certain portions of daily prayer. Having rapidly muttered a few invocations, he drew a small agate-handled knife from his girdle, and, applying the point successively to the girl's eyebrows and chest with his left hand, he gently tapped the other extremity with the fore-finger of the right, in order to transfix the demon. He then drew the edge repeatedly across her bosom, forehead, cheeks, back, and sides, for the purpose of dissecting him. This being terminated, he carefully wiped the blade, and returned it to the sheath.

"During the latter process the negress became much agitated. She gasped for breath. Her chest was disturbed by nervous cramps and rumbling sounds. Tears streamed from her eyes, and she at last opened her mouth with a loud hysteric sob. At this moment the demon deemed it prudent to escape. Such at least was the apparent belief of all three, as there was a simultaneous exclamation of 'Mashallah!' (God's will be done!) from master and slave, and of 'Schuker Allah!' (thanks to God!) from the operator; who added, in a half whisper, 'She is cured! It has departed, and probably entered the mouth of this unbeliever.'

"Ibrahim Effendi terminated his operations by drawing from his bosom a small piece of bezoar stone. From this he scraped a little powder, wrapped it in a piece of paper, on which he wrote half a dozen words, and gave it to the negress with instructions for its employment. The Arab then put down two piastres, and a fine head of canflower, as the fee; and having invoked constant health and increase upon the magnetiser's head, he and his slave departed."

It is not to be wondered, if, in a social condition such as modern Turkey owns, the ability and talent which raise men to power should be of a very different kind, and of a very inferior amount, to those qualities which confer eminence in more highly civilized states—subserviency to the great—a taste for intrigue and plotting—a mind, fertile in petty schemes and subterfuges—such are the chief gifts which win their way upwards in the Ottoman Empire, and consequently the career is frequently crowded with those of the very lowest walks in life, and least reputable in character and morals. Our author gives a brief account of one of these in the person of Achmet Fevay, the Captain Pacha, who betrayed the Sultan Mahmoud in 1839, by delivering the Ottoman fleet into the hands of Mehemet Ali of Egypt:—

"According to received opinion, the father of this archtraitor held some menial office in the seraglio. His mother was a Christian slave, carried off during the wars between the Turks and Russians upon the northern banks of the Danube. They resided at Tohengelly Kouy (anchor-duke village), upon the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, where the boy was born. The first years of Achmet's life were passed in idleness. His parents were too poor or too negli-

gent to attend to his education, and he too idle to take advantage of that given gratuitously at the mektebs (elementary schools). At a more advanced age, he was too much occupied by his avocation as a kayikjee to employ his hands with pens or books. Thus he attained manhood, and continued through life unable to write correctly or to read with facility.

"Being bold, active, and intelligent, though not remarkable for personal strength or beauty, he first aided the boatmen of his native village in cleansing and hauling up their kayiks, and in fishing and other occupations. His noviciate being completed, he received a waterman's licence, and plied during some years upon the Bosphorus. Having attracted the notice of an officer of rank in the Sultan's household, for whom he worked as kayikjee, the place of kaftanjee, or sofrali (valet or table-waiter), was offered him. He had not long occupied this post, when his natural good manners, supple disposition, and ready wit brought him into general notice, and he found favour in the eyes of Sultan Mahmoud. His discretion, submission, and fidelity having been put to the test by the latter, he was transferred from the service of the attendant to that of the imperial master, who conferred upon him the hazardous but confidential office of tebdil khasseky (disguised confidential), or secret seraglio familiar. The duty of these men is to carry confidential messages between the Sultan and different high functionaries—to follow the royal person in disguise—to watch and report all that passes at home and abroad—to keep a lynx's eye upon men's faces and actions, a mole's ear upon their very breath, and never to use their own tongues out of their employers' presence, unless it be to exclaim 'bilmem (I know nothing),' or 'Allah bilir (God alone knows),' when questioned by strangers. Woe to the man whose plastic countenance disclosed the feelings of his heart in presence of this double-faced and adroit spy! Woe to him whose tongue, even in a whisper, confirmed the expression of his features; that is, if the expression or the words tended to disapprove or thwart the monarch's purpose or the agent's plans. A poisoned report, forerunner of disgrace or death, was the inevitable consequence.

"A more honourable career opened itself, however, to the wily favourite. The Janissaries were extirpated, and the imperial guards enrolled. The former having still many partisans among the ranks of the new organization, Achmet was appointed bin bashy (bat-sa Non commander), with orders to look

listen, and be silent as before, but to report minutely. Conspicuous for his severe discipline, indefatigable activity, and the ardour with which he devoted himself to the new system of drill and tactics, as well as for the seal with which he fulfilled diverse confidential missions entrusted to him by his imperial patron, the ex-kayikjee speedily rose from step to step, until he at length attained the rank of ferik (lieutenant-general), and, ere long, that of mushir (field-marshal) of the guards; promotions, for which he was partly indebted to his dauntless bravery and tact, and partly to the protection of Khosreff Pacha, then seraskier (general-in-chief).

"In the spring of 1833, Achmet Fevzy was appointed ambassador-extraordinary to St. Petersburg, where he is said to have laid the foundation for the celebrated treaty of Unkiar Skelessy. The gold he received upon this occasion from the ruler of the north whetted his appetite for that of the rebel Pacha of Egypt. The first act was passing base, the second surpassing infamous.

"A curious anecdote, showing the ignorance of this soldier diplomatist, in connexion with his mission, is narrated by M. Cadalvene, whose description of Achmet Fevzy agrees, in all material points, with the details narrated by others. Russia, as it is well known, consented, after the peace of Adrianople, to deduct a million sterling from the war indemnity to be paid by the Porte, on condition that the latter should cede the mountainous province of Akhaltzik, to the north of Erzeroum. This district was of a paramount military importance to Russia, since its gorges and defiles, impracticable if tolerably defended, secured the northern frontier of Turkey, between Imeritzia and Georgia. Ignorant of its geographical position and of its strategical value to the Sultan, Achmet Fevzy was requested to examine a small explanatory map, placed before him by the Russian minister. After remarking the limited space apparently occupied by this district, containing, in reality, more than three hundred square miles, he exclaimed, 'Bir shei de 'il!' (it is a mere trifle); 'what does the Sultan want with such mole-hills?'—and thereupon Akhaltzik was ceded.

"In a note to M. Cadalvene's work, it is said that Achmet Fevzy was assisted by Nicholas Aristarki, grand logothete and dragoman to the Porte; and that the latter, having contrived to purloin the ambassador's signet ring, during an orgie given purposely by the Russians, affixed it to the treaty. The logothete denied this, and declared that Achmet himself applied the seal whilst in a state

of inebriety. It is impossible to ascertain the truth. All that can be proved is, that the cession was made, and that the Sultan thereby lost a most important portion of his dominions. It is well known, however, that the Russians, unlike the Persians of olden times, filled the cup with something more substantial than 'melted rubies.'

"Upon returning to Constantinople, Achmet Fevzy found that his credit, or rather the paramount personal favour which he had previously enjoyed, had much abated. Halil, the slave of Khosref, and afterwards married to the Sultan's daughter, Saliba; Mustafa Noory, recently seraskier; Riza, now grand marshal; and other younger favourites, had obtained possession of Mahmoud's ear. But this did not prevent his securing one of the most eminent posts in the empire—a post that had often rendered the Ottoman name terrible to foreign nations—which had sometimes fallen into ignorant and nerveless hands, but had never been entrusted to a wholesale and unblushing traitor.

"Political dissensions between the brave and skillful grand admiral, Tahir Pacha, and his colleague, having caused the dismissal of the former, a successor was required. Through the recommendation of the accomplished and, unfortunately Pertef Pacha, then minister of the interior, and through the support of Khosref, the door of treachery was thrown open to Achmet, and he received the nishan of captain pacha.

"Though ignorant of all the practical details of the naval service, Achmet Fevzy's activity and intuitive talent appear to have stood him in lieu of experience. He is said to have conducted the administration of his department with skill and advantage, and to have placed the fleet in an efficient state for sea, thereby rendering it more worthy of being offered as a holocaust to the Sultan's bitterest foe. It was upon the 8th of June, 1839, that the first division of this noble fleet quitted the Bosphorus, for the purpose of combating, if necessary, that of Egypt. On the 9th, the second division made sail, making altogether thirty-six vessels of different rates, of which twelve were of the line. Upon that forenoon, Sultan Mahmoud, on whom the angel of death had already set his seal, bade adieu to the individual whom he had raised from the dust to fill the illustrious station once occupied by the great Barbarossa, and the scarcely less distinguished Killitch Ali Pacha.—Upon this day, and at the moment when the last vessels of the fleet disappeared before the eyes of the dying Sultan, the foul traitor Achmet knelt down to re-

ceive his master's benedictions, and with tearful eyes and solemn oaths bent over his benefactor's hands, and renewed his assurances of fidelity and devotion. He then embarked in a fast-sailing tender, and hastened to join the flag-ship, the colossal Mahmoudya.

"In less than a month from that day, Achmet Fevzy consummated the basest act of treachery that ever disgraced the annals of a nation. Upon the 6th of July, following, the Turkish fleet was seen in full sail for Alexandria; and upon the 13th, Achmet Fevzy, his cheeks still wet with the feigned tears that he had shed upon the Sultan's hands cast himself at the feet of the Egyptian ruler. In lieu of rewarding desertion with the doom that desertion always merits, Mehemet Ali raised the traitor from the ground, and treated him with distinctions that would perhaps have been denied to his own admiral, had that officer returned triumphant from a naval combat.

"The Sultan was spared the anguish of this man's ingratitude. Before this fatal intelligence reached Stambol, the monarch was no more. Upon the 1st of July, thirteen days prior to the accomplishment of his favourite's treason, the most enlightened sovereign that ever swayed the sword of Osman terminated his mortal career, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and thirty-first of his reign.

"Achmet Fevzy, degraded and neglected, continued to reside during four years in Egypt, a pensioner of the man to whom his treachery brought no other results than subsequent disaster, and the destruction of his dreams of conquest—fit recompense for him who prompted the treachery, but insufficient chastisement for him by whom it was consummated. Attempts were made by Mehemet Ali to obtain his pensioner's pardon, but the Sultan firmly resisted; and, upon the 3rd of January, 1843, a fit of apoplexy, or, as many believed, a cup of poisoned coffee, put an end to Achmet Fevzy's existence, and to the necessity felt by Mehemet Ali to support him in exile."

Mr. White very ably, and with much political foresight, comments on the boasted reforms introduced into the Ottoman administrative government by Reschid Pacha. These, it is well known, were all borrowed from France—that country being, in Turkish eyes, the very perfection of a well administered state.

Whatever be the merits or demerits of France in this respect, one thing is unquestionable; no country ever pre-

sented less of analogy whereupon to construct a fitting code of jurisprudence, than that nation to the Turkish. Liberty in France has one signification, and one only—it means equality. This is the god of a Frenchman's worship; he asks for no extended privileges—he seeks for no social rights—he never thinks of asserting his claim to personal freedom of a higher order, than his fathers before him enjoyed—all he insists upon is, that whatever the prizes, the race shall be open to all alike—no preference nor favour anywhere. Our great revolution was based upon a great political problem, involving the rights of Englishmen in their various ranks and gradations of society. The French revolution was neither more nor less than an attack on the aristocracy, of whose immunities and privileges they had grown heart sick and weary. "Egalité" was the war-cry of the struggle; and "égalité" comprehends all they seek to know of freedom. Hence the ignorant allusion so frequent in French writers on England, to the bondage of our middle and lower classes, based upon the fact that we possess a highly-privileged and wealthy aristocracy; forgetting that the amount of personal liberty with us is greater in every separate scale, than is to be found with themselves. While we in turn continue to express surprise that, after so many efforts to attain freedom, a great nation like France should still be so backward in the race, and have acquired so little real knowledge wherein true liberty consists.

That a land like this should ever have been a model for Turkish imitation, is, indeed, strange. If any principle be perfectly inapplicable to the habits and prejudices of the Ottoman, it is that of equality. It is counter to all their notions, their tastes, and their traditions. Rank, with them, is the essence of every thing. Its gradations are the stepping-stones to exalted station, and the filters which distil rewards and punishments; besides that, equality, however practicable among a people of one race, with one common origin, and one language, would be an impossible experiment among that motley mass of Turks, Arabs, Egyptians, Maronites, Jews, Danes, Albanians, Greeks, &c., which make up the Turkish empire—

men whose whole study and effort through life is to avoid intermixture—who will not eat nor drink together—whose religious prejudices suggest distrust and dislike, instead of fraternization and fellowship. How apply the boasted "égalité" here, when the very constitution of each tribe implies superiority somewhere? The application of an absolute monarchy to the existing institutions of the United States, would be scarcely more palpable in absurdity, than to adopt the working of equality to a population like this.

With the following brief, but not uninteresting anecdote, we must close our notice of these volumes:—

"Being upon a visit to Colonel Williams and Lieutenant Dickson, of the Royal Artillery, who resided at Ortakouy, a village immediately north of the noble palace of Tchiraghan, we strolled one evening to the burying-ground which crowns the summit of the hill, the usual place of rendezvous and night kief of the Armenian families, whose forefathers repose within this elevated cemetery.

"At the distance of some four hundred yards stands a newly-erected green kioshk of the Sultan, occupying the highest point within the imperial pleasure-grounds. It was a soft and balmy night in June. Coffee was furnished by the Armenian sexton—guardian of the tombs near which we sat. We had our own pipes, and nature supplied us with a gorgeous illumination of stars and constellations, reflected in rippling coruscations upon the bosom of the slumbering Bosphorus. Nothing was wanting to make our kief complete, save the presence of beloved persons far away, and music. No genii of the lamp appeared disposed to gratify the first desire, but some djin, overhearing our words, forthwith satisfied the second.

"Of a sudden we heard the sounds of instruments in the direction of the green kioshk. Soft and soothing music, which betrayed the instruction of Donizetti—the imperial music director—floated lightly on the southern breeze. It was an air from Norma well executed. Presently also lights appeared, one by one, in the windows of the building, and in a short time the whole edifice was a blaze of illumination, reminding us of the scene of the prince and fair slave in the kaliph's palace at Bagdad.

"In this instance it was evident that the kaliph was himself the giver of the feast. The music lasted at intervals during half an hour, when the illumina-

tion died away as rapidly as it had appeared, to make way for another illumination. In a few seconds, a body of attendants furnished with paper lanterns issued from the building, and the Sultan, escorted by two or three confidential officers, made his appearance; and proceeded slowly on foot to his palace at the foot of the hill: where, before many minutes, every window became a blaze of light. I have seen many splendid and interesting spectacles in 'Constantinople the well guarded,' but none more curious than this passing glance of the Sultan's domestic habits.

It would be unjust to part with our author, without recording our testimony to the ability with which he has executed his task. Mr. White's powers would easily have enabled him to

paint this remarkable nation in colours more attractively interesting to the mere light reader. Both his talents and his opportunities would have rendered this a work of little difficulty; but he has—fortunately for all who desire unalloyed truth—taken the less showy, but more serviceable path, and represented this people as they really are. The work has, therefore, all the good qualities of a guide-book, with the additional advantages of containing the views of a very cultivated and gifted observer on the present state and future prospects of the East.

The illustrations are numerous, and well-executed; and the lithographic frontispiece of each volume worthy of our first artists in that walk.

A SNOWDROP.

Hark! soft love-bells are ringing
Above the frozen clod;
With thee, its blooming litany,
The year begins to God.

With head devoutly bending,
Like some pale holy nun,
Nature hath risen up, and thus
Her orison begun,

The oak sleeps in the forest,
The heather-bells on the hill,
No brook to bubble, and no dew,
Thy little lips to fill.

The stiffened boughs above thee,
Are icy, stark, and still;
And thou art but a paler shade
Of that pale icicle.

No bud to bid thee welcome,
Arison from the dead;
Thy stem imprisoned in the ice—
The snow upon thy head.

The fate of love for ever!
The dear love and the true;
And God hath writ its story here
Since first a blossom blew.

In vain the iron ploughshare
Would try to pierce the lea,
Where, like a star above the hill,
It rose up silently.

How rose that bell so tender
The frozen sod above?
Let me kneel down, and kiss, and hear,
O everlasting love!

From thee, unwithered childhood
Around my heart is shed;
Welcome again my little spade—
My little garden bed!

Dear mother, rock my cradle,
And strew them round my head—
Thy unforgett'n smiles return,
Thy loving words are said.

Still, with the year returning,
Down from the heaven I see
Thy hand, with many a kiss and tear,
Is reaching them to me.

To me that hand in heaven
First made the Snowdrop dear,
And for one hand alone on earth
I pluck thy blossom here.

To me of love unfailing
Thou speakest from the sky:
So truly speak for me to whom
I give thee silently.

But through the icy silence,
As through the frozen snow,
Be thou the minister of love,
And on her bosom blow.

Were I, like thee, beside her,
To say the thought I would,
When thou art withered it would bloom
Upon her solitude.

If I could smile like the blossom,
Or whisper like the tree,
Fifty my lips would breathe to her
What now they breathe on thee!

MEMOIR OF SAMUEL FORDE—A CORK ARTIST.

"—— Lycidas is dead—dead ere his prime
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer."

MILTON.

IN presenting the unostentatious name of Forde to our readers, we shall consider ourselves addressing that portion of the public, better acquainted with the course of life generally pursued by students in the fine arts, rather than that busy portion of the world, too much estranged by its habits, to bestow more than a hasty or indifferent glance at the efforts of genius; and who must take less interest in their pursuits and lives.

There is so much of thought and meditation in the life of such a man as Forde, and so little of action, that it promises no entertainment to the general reader. But there are some by whom the engrossing abstractions of a highly imaginative and sensitive mind, will be understood and felt; whose attention we would anxiously engage. It was to such his fine talents addressed themselves; for them he laboured—for them his, over-wrought faculties were strained—and in the effort to awaken their sympathies, his delicate and exhausted frame at last sunk. It is, therefore, with an earnest sincerity, and an affectionate reverence for the memory of the man, that we offer a sketch of his life and mind.

That record would be as painful as it would be superfluous, which only described the short and luminous career of one whose premature death supplied nothing better than the sad materials for a biographical epitaph. But it may be found entitled to more than ordinary respect, and be read with patience and advantage, when it exhibits the life of one whose "clear spirit" and bright example must serve to animate and instruct.

Samuel Forde was born in the city of Cork, April 5, 1805, and after a life of three-and-twenty years, the greater part of which was spent in study, died, July 29, 1828. He was the second son of Samuel Forde, an eminent tradesman in his time, who

became unfortunate in business—that is, his negligence lost him friends; with them he sacrificed himself and his family, and ultimately quitted the country for America. Perhaps he still lives to make reparation for countless injuries. The mother of Samuel Forde was a religious woman, whose forbearance counteracted, in some measure, the afflictions she had to bear. Perhaps, her meek spirit, without effort on her part, infused itself into the gentle disposition of her son. Nothing could be greater than the contrast between her sentiments and those of her husband. He was phlegmatic, arbitrary, and reserved. She was quiet and unresisting. Freemasonry and Jacobinism, which so often have sapped the foundation of that social order they affect to improve, we are informed, destroyed the charms of domestic tranquillity. While the children were yet young, his presence was felt to oppress with its *sullenness* every individual. If he joined the family after business, he usually sat reading a newspaper, or a political pamphlet, setting a cheerless and uninviting example to the younger members of his circle. This was the signal for each, according to their several tastes, to betake themselves to their quiet occupations. We mention these particulars, as they assist in explaining a settled, abstracted manner peculiar to the brothers, which fitted them better, it was said, for a cloister than the world.

Whether a childhood passed under such a roof be favourable, or otherwise, to the cultivation of early predilections, or could serve to induce a severer application to peculiar studies or not, it is one not to be recommended for parents to adopt, whatever advantages it may possess. Both the brothers manifested genius at an early age; one a talent for music, the other for painting. These talents, as they ripened without much care or atten-

tion, grew up, as if the fruits of silence; and in the picture presented to our mind's eye, we readily conceive the one brother busy in exploring the profound score of some German master—for he was deeply versed in the science of music—while the other brother, Samuel, was preparing his mind for those draughts of classic imagery and refinement which, if a man is born to relish, he never relinquishes.

The evils which had been long pending over the family fell at last. The father abandoned his home. The effect of this desertion was to drive the elder brother back on his resources, and, by the exercise of his talents as a musician, to endeavour to support his family, and soften the severity of the misfortune. It is pleasant to record the generous spirit of this brother, who did more than repair the mischief caused by the parent; for, in the midst of the distresses of the family, he found means to keep his brother at school; and thus, by his discernment, providence and foresight, laid the foundation of that lofty and pure taste which distinguished the artist in after years.

Thus it was that Samuel Forde acquired a knowledge of Latin and French. A Mr. Aungier gratuitously taught him Italian. By his own exertions, the use of books, and very little other assistance, he studied Greek: obtaining, by his perseverance, before he was fifteen, a tolerable acquaintance with four other languages besides his own.

There was another education going on in the mind of Forde, the elements of which are not so obvious, as they lie not on the surface; the progress too is imperceptible, and seldom strongly marked. Causes, it may be, perhaps, feeble and unsuspected, combining with power in maturing and unfolding its intellectual nature; strengthening those fine perceptions and instincts which take their rise and tendencies from the depth of the mind and heart of genius—ordained to awaken emotions that slumber in other breasts. We have not heard of any accidental bias given to the young artist's mind—fostered, or vainly opposed, as in others. Any early indication of talent he displayed did not, however, escape the brother's notice. He supplied the means of

improvement. He was never regarded as a youthful prodigy. Perhaps many vapouring mannerists have given greater proofs of early genius. It is not foreshown in the noisy, crowing, inarticulate attempts of every infant, what language it is to speak, or how eloquently until the dawn of intelligence breaks upon the mind that reveals another birth.

During that indecisive age, when observation is quickened and heated by enthusiasm—when early predilections are taking such a fast hold of the mind—when the inexperienced boy intimates the glorious man—when ideas are gathering thick and fast, and organising into powerful bands—when so much is done by the busy subtle spirit, without rule or system, it is inexplicable and astonishing from what mean sources at first, not only gratification—wealth—even strength, are collected by the purveying adolescent faculties.

What nauseous things the young appetite can feed upon—what matters unwholesome to more refined tastes, afford it nourishment—any child's feast, or tyro's study, will sufficiently illustrate. We have not the means of knowing from what quarter Samuel Forde drew his early knowledge of art. There were, at that period, when he was between eight and ten years of age, only two portrait painters in Cork, of very limited practice—no very eminent teacher. Amateurs, there were several, but to these he does not appear to have had access. There was but one print-shop where the eternal, but not immortal Warmalsy landscapes, and Bartalozzi's red round, Angelica Kauffman's prints, stood waiting in the window to be framed and glazed, and captivate the eye and sense of the young, warm and greedy beholder. We have proofs lying before us that Forde, at this period, carefully copied from prints, transcribed much from Reynolds' discourses, Le Brun's passions, and Bell's anatomy of expression. At that time annuals had not begun to run their course, or grimy Lithographies to overrun theirs. Sometimes a roving auctioneer would bring a "rattling print or two," that astounded him; and, at other times, the booksellers displayed some beautiful wonder to amaze him.

He has himself recorded, that his great ambition then, was to eclipse the reputation of a young artist of the name of Crosbie, who, some years before, achieved the vision, or conversion of St Augustine, that adorned the altar of the Brunswick-street Friary, and may possibly exist there still. This was more than a school-boy's emulation to win at a game of marbles, or the craving for a toy. The picture must stand twelve feet high. But the wonder is, how this picture could have struck him, or any one, but with astonishment, to see such a subject so treated and honoured, in so distinguished a place; but it struck Forde, perhaps, at that time, as it strikes the multitude. We know not if there be a mortified taste, which appropriately belongs to the cloister, and abstains, whatever be the natural relish, from all works of art, that can fascinate the eye, or touch the feelings—if there be—this work possesses sufficient merit for its sacred place. However, it is piously smothered by the fumes and censers; rendered invisible by the red glare of altar candles, while the religious dimness of the place, unfavourable to the talents of the painter, overshadows alike his genius, and the miracle it would display. If we remember right its birth-place was an unhallowed cockpit—the artist then himself very young. He was the pupil of Corbit, a portrait painter of talent, who commenced his career with spirit and success; but was far too social to persevere, labour and suffer for the fair but limited renown of a provincial city. He was an excellent companion, sang well, and found he could charm a wider circle of admirers by his voice than by his pictures; but "charm he never so wisely," that voice is mute, that defrauded the cunning hand, and rendered him unjust to his talents.

Samuel Forde was then of that age when boys usually are employed blowing bubbles—full of spirits—sporting away time at the risk of life or limb, or if quiet when the fit comes on, pausing to look forward to the latter end of life as a prospect of summer weather and no school—a half holiday and all play. But he has related of that joyous season a circumstance which we shall give, as it describes the tone of his mind then; partaking much of its subsequent

character and disposition, when it possessed that soft poetic ardour, that enthusiasm without vehemence, that lively sensibility for lofty subjects and images, that caught and reflected them back from his own mind. It breathes something of those "holy musings," that serene indulgence of thought that became at length habitual—forming one of the highest pleasures of the imagination—a state of mind 'tis true, which if prolonged and carried out as it has unfortunately been by some, becomes mere indolent reverie, that terminates often in morbid excess, extravagance, or melancholy. At that early age he has frequently stolen into the chapel of Carey's-lane, in the evenings at twilight. A fine old Italian copy of Guido's crucifixion adorns its altar; and there he has said he could indulge those calm, subduing sensations which it is well calculated to call forth; for as he gazed upon the picture of that solemn event at such an hour, the idea filled his mind full of the supernatural gloom that fell upon the divine sufferer, and invested heaven and earth with that terrible darkness, in the midst of which He yielded up the ghost.

Unimportant and childish as the trivial ambition and incident of a mere boy, as we have described them, may appear to many, we attach some importance to them, as indicating superior sensibility at his age—a rarer quality amongst artists than is generally supposed; for its affectation and its absence always appearing together, it is presumed to be present where it does not exist. Therefore we set a value upon whatever foreshows this quality. In a mind of such subtle organization as that of Forde's, this sensibility became invaluable when education began to tell upon his ripening faculties; and during that period of life when the passions are an uncontaminated breath, and the bosom is undisturbed and unruffled, but by joy; external objects and emotions only served to feed it: so that in after life, we find this delicate and beautiful thing becoming strong in him, and forming a leading characteristic of his mind and his excellence. We need not dwell upon this point further in this place, as we shall be enabled to illustrate the case by his works in the sequel; and touch on it here only to dismiss the

subject, and offer our own convictions, that all the pathos and spirit of epic art, at least, must very much depend upon the presence of this exquisite feeling, without which artists toil and study but in vain. They may group and arrange figures and colours with a self-satisfied reliance upon their conformity with the practice of their predecessors, yet such works may be so treated as to be deplorably barren of all feeling, and destitute of a spark of imagination. They are far from revolting, yet we turn from their sterile insipidity, their vapid grandeur, their insupportable pretence. The mock historic, the depressing lofty, the high, but lamentably low style of art, which brings about that repulsive alliance of poverty of mind with celerity of hand, and creates so many presumptuous failures.

The scanty materials of a school-boy's life and occupations might induce us hastily to pass over that portion of Forde's; but it would not be uninteresting could we distinctly see what is passing in the mind at that period. The acquisitions are numerous, and rapidly, though unconsciously made, unknown even to the man of genius himself, these are obscurely refined; nor are they seen until knowledge and power so signally display themselves in his works. Then the hints and almost forgotten suggestions and impelling bias, in which they may have originated, rise remembered, and the magnificent design may be traced to the most frivolous circumstances that have undergone some beautiful expanding process in the mind. Bearing in recollection Forde's entire ignorance at that period of Greek forms and Italian pictures, let us imagine how he really did pass his time, and offer a sketch from nature or memory.

Observe a youth seated at the window of a dingy back-parlour, looking into an unwholesome yard, from whence it beflows its light. He is either drawing or reading. Beside him, on the window seat, are some of the Italian, Latin, and English poets—his masters—just growing into familiar friends—and what friends? Yes, books were his best, his unflinching friends; they stood by him in his greatest need; they solaced him; they comforted him; they could not bestow wealth, but he could rely on them,

and they supplied him with all else he required; they were satisfactory honest friends, who told him the truth, a thing he was in search of; and much more besides. They were generous friends, they gave all he had, and he was grateful, for he made a suitable return. There, on the window-stool, are seen Spenser, Milton, Virgil, Ariosto to Tasso, and some of their descendants; but Shakespear was not there, he was up stairs beside his bed, and held sacred company with his Greek Testament. Deaf and insensible to the bustle of the maid and the gentle housewife preparing the frugal meal; there he sits, irrecoverably lost where there is no track, and only the constellations of genius to guide; he is in the unbounded realms of imagination, where nature herself becomes supernatural; gods interchange characters with men, and men talk with angels. What is not the soul of that youth imbibing just then? What—someone may ask—such a small library to make such a great man? Yes! for it was read thoroughly—well read—the books were used—what can scarcely be said of larger libraries, and the reason why, they fail to make wise and good men. But he must be roused—the family are at dinner—and though books are generous, not so much for what they can bestow, as for what they can enable us to dispense with—they could not allay hunger—he sits down to a poor repast with a more grateful heart than a strong appetite, rising from it thankful and ready to apply himself again to his studies. A stranger seeing the meal taken in silence, would be led to suppose, some deep sorrow lay heavy on that house and afflicted all the inmates with sadness, did he not shortly hear a most melodious flute, or some wild modulations on the piano-forte; these sounds come from the adjoining room, where the brother is, perhaps, lulling his senses, and lost in abstruse labyrinths of harmony.

Thus did Forde pass his time at this period, withdrawn from society amidst scenes the most likely to confirm studious habits, and undergoing a preparation the fittest he could adopt as a course of mental discipline, for the reception, hereafter, of that pure classical taste in his art, which was to complete his education as a painter.

The acquaintance with history which

Forde has evinced in notes, and sketches, and pictures we are disposed to attribute to the fortunate taste for that branch of literature that prevailed in his family. Both his brother and sister had retentive memories, and with peculiar accuracy could exactly give the date and name connected with any remarkable event. Owing to this circumstance, we presume, history was much read about this early period of Forde's life; but to judge from the manner he employed it, his views of history were broad and general; he scarcely treated any single historical subject, but a succession of them as a whole—and he looked upon it rather with a poet's eye, for a painter's purpose. We find Rollin and Robertson quoted as we do Milton and Spencer, for some of his subsequent labours. From the circumstance we have mentioned, we are inclined to think he associated this with his other studies about the same time, attaching less importance to it.

Secluded from all low-minded pursuits in early life, his mind influenced and fortified by the purest and noblest tastes of principles, to the exclusion of all vulgar modes of thinking and acting; we seem to have brought before us, in Forde, a being such as Andrea del Sarto is described to have been when called the "faultless," "modest, elegant, and endued with sensibility of character, a charm he appears to have impressed on all his works."

To attest what we have said of his employments, there are quires of extracts and memorandums which show what a fresh current of other men's ideas was passing through his mind to enrich it. Numerous copies from prints, also, whereby he improved his hand and eye—and thus Poussin is said to have made himself a painter. His sketch-books of that period, may exhibit, like others, no better burlesques upon nature—unmitigated blue and green, glaring in trees and skies—striking resemblances of the human face divine to the grave physiognomies of cats and lions, indicating nothing of the genius then, but "that was to be hereafter."

While he was young, Forde yet seemed bent on great designs, meditating, and intent upon large noble performances, when he could not put

a small one together. What great things will not boys intend, and forget to do! Not so Forde, he was never frivolous; they occupied his mind when he had to attend to trifles; they never quitted it; and he never abandoned them until they were achieved. We can trace to hints, about this early period, in his sketches, some of his later works, proving how long he had meditated upon his subjects. And his imagination teemed with subjects, while his prolific hands threw off portions of them in sparks and fragments of beauty, all imbued with taste and feeling; relics of his genius—these are abundantly scattered on the backs of letters and accounts, on old waste music copy books, soiled wrappers, whited-brown paper in profusion; not a horde amassed and accumulated by the grubbing avarice of mere study, but arising from a feeble inventive bounty, he inherited from nature, augmenting his stores, even while he lavished them.

As the character and disposition of an artist, both exercise, more or less, a direct influence on his works, we cannot omit alluding to the natural tendency of that pupilage of affection and affliction to which Forde was early subjected, as they seem happily and unhappily to have blended in bestowing, in a great degree, the softness and gentleness of his. Not that he was deficient in spirit, quite the contrary; but acting as he did always upon principle, he only set a restraint upon it; for he bore about with him at all times a subdued readiness of talent—for use, not display—which never showed itself but upon proper occasions, in a manly wit, prompt in conversation and argument; and we do not deceive ourselves when we say, that we see this combination of tenderness with spirit in his works.

It may be thought we have dwelt at too much length upon immaterial circumstances in the formation of Forde's character as a boy. Nothing can be thought inconsiderable that in process of time assumes and possesses weight and influence in their operation. Ordinary circumstances beneath the notice, or that escape all notice, are not, because common, the most unlikely to become the means of producing the most powerful effects. We cannot demonstrate this; we only ask for time to wait for results. It would have

required little study beyond penetrating the modesty of his demeanour to have observed that Forde's mind, even as a boy, was not constructed of the slight materials of a modern-built mind; it was more solid; and we find at a later period of life, when superior advantages were presented, how he availed himself of them, profiting beyond others, because better prepared to derive due advantage from them. On a remarkable and unexpected occasion he illustrates more fully the operation of external circumstances on a mind like his, the extent of his improvement at the time being sufficient to put to silence those cavillers who decry academies, and by their sophistry always appear to be inculcating ignorance; for he exhibits a fine example in himself of what must be true of all, that education ever shows "mightiest in the mightiest"—a truth established by universal experience, and only to be contradicted upon paper.

We shall now pass over a period of three years, until the close of 1817, allowing our readers to imagine Forde persevering in his favourite studies, and continuing his unimpeded progress onwards and upwards without deviation or pause, like that fabled bird that as it speeds in its flight without rest, even sleeps upon the wing; for we have to record an important event of more than ordinary consequence in his history.

In order to understand this, we must observe, that from 1813 to 1817 various attempts had been made by the amateurs of Cork to establish exhibitions, and provide schools for the education of artists, when a fortunate occurrence placed at their disposal the means of securing both. We shall relate the circumstances which led to this exactly as they took place.

In the early part of the year 1818, a student of the Royal Academy of London was standing in the hall of Somerset House, when he overheard one of the attendants stating that the council were compelled to decline the offer made by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, of the casts presented to him by his holiness the Pope of Rome, merely from want of room, adding that "they were to be had for asking." The porter was requested by that gentleman to say no more upon the subject, and was silenced.

The following morning Lord Listowel was waited upon, and informed of the circumstance. His lordship's influence was only to be surpassed by his zeal, and his admiration of the arts by his perseverance on this occasion. The casts were obtained, and with incredible activity in a few weeks were on the high seas, in one of his Royal Highness's transports, proceeding to their destination, Cork.

Those casts, so noble in themselves, are associated in the mind with the most remarkable period in our history. They surrounded the interior base of that prodigious tent-room, erected in the gardens of what was once Carleton palace. There, as if beneath an ample awning, were assembled, amidst the blaze of chandeliers and regal stars, at one period, the allied sovereigns, princes, and chiefs from the Steppes of Tartary, warriors, statesmen, "fair women, and brave men," to celebrate the conclusion of that heroic period which had just terminated in the battle of Waterloo. And here was all that sublimity and beauty in ancient art, like the approving representatives of the gods of other times. Dare we ask where are they now?

Whatever of dullness had hitherto subsisted, or was chargeable upon the citizens of Cork, vanished at the memorable approach of these casts. Their announcement had an obviously miraculous effect, a miracle which had been complete if not transitory. The jarring discords in taste, politics, and religion were suspended. All ranks and parties united themselves in one common resolution to do justice to the arts, and the munificent donation of their prince. This king's touch seemingly and sovereignly cured every evil. Citizens vied not only in outdoing one another, but themselves, in a generous strife to provide a suitable place for so magnificent a gift. The prince himself might have found, *for once*, no rival in some dialoyal breasts. A zeal for the arts, with the expulsive power of a new principle, drove all before it. For here was the most palatable *l'aux* holy alliance of Pope and Prince, of Church and State—what could withstand it?

A theatre was fitted up for the reception of these divinities, as in a temple; a master was provided; an academy founded. Lectures were de-

livered; the schools filled with students; the public crowded the rooms. All was perturbation—vigour—impulse—extravagance.

Time rolled on, and brought forward in its courses men grounded in the elementary principles of their profession. To reward this enthusiasm, amazing proofs of what high views, warm feelings, fine models, good instructions, and persevering industry can effect.

Alas! the days were at hand when differences of opinion, lukewarmness, and jealousies (not peculiar to artists, but sometimes found in committees) were to cause disunion. These were accompanied with blighting poverty. The chill of indifference fell on the once warm-hearted, and palsied every nerve. As the inordinate zeal of the first passionate promoters of the arts cooled, the exhaustion of fever left them in low spiritless worldly calculations. When too late, they began to observe what their chivalrous espousal of the arts was likely to cost them—they saw heavy liabilities impending. Whether capricious or unfortunate, these Mecænases and Medici "of the hour," fled to their villas and their counting-houses. The recreant society, forgetful of the ardours of a first attachment, fell away; turning coldly from the divinities of their former devotion, and the divinities, no doubt, insulted by their defection, in turn deserted them. "Duns, monsters hateful to God and men," dispersed the apostates and their idols, putting them asunder for ever.

It was at this crisis, that government interposed, and saved Olympus from the Titan hammer of the auctioneer. The helpless and forsaken gods, once so powerful, were rescued by the secretary for the home department, who transmitted them to the custody of the Cork institution, whose property they became. Their sublimest continued in security, beyond the reach of molestation, in majestic repose, until another removal, under favour of the government, placed them in a region of perpetual ice, not on Mount Olympus, but in an attic of the old custom-house, where they are effectually preserved from intruders or admirers, as if surrounded by a *cordon sanitaire*. There the shivering student may now ply his "shabby trade," in that inclement and

ungenial abode, at the hazard of rheumatism, or worse; for there he can improve neither his health nor hand.

As these high standards of art were originally the source of much benefit, when brought most before the public eye, and that of the student, so they became proportionately inefficient as they were withdrawn; and we unhesitatingly ascribe the present declension of the arts in Cork to the circumstance of their neglect; for it was observable, at each remove, somewhat was lost of their influence until the last, when the very lingerings of talent became extinguished.

Young Forde drew in the academy, from its first establishment to its close; he, as well as some others, manifested, in their clear, firm outline, the excellent mode of teaching adopted there. A nicety of outline was exacted by the teacher, of trivial importance, if inculcating the precept did not imply an attention to the greater importance of form in a higher degree. But enforcing strictly this purity of outline, insured an unaffected elegance and strength in Forde's, rarely seen, resembling those drawings said to be executed with the style on Greek vases.

The master selected by the society, was a Mr. Chalmers, who, united to a varied knowledge of his art, the practice of a scene-painter. From him Forde not only acquired his elementary knowledge, but in the course of time, acquired also a facility in distemper painting. Forde was fortunate in having a master who taught him with great simplicity, and in having the best models before his eyes at his early age; a mind admirably adapted to confide in, and accept the antique as a standard of pure form, besides men of extraordinary talent as fellow-students. If he was a slower man than some of his companions, he surpassed them in attainments, as he did at length in his progress and knowledge, outstripping them with little apparent toil. The power that teachers can exercise over young minds, bears but a small proportion to the strength of that involuntary appropriating habit which goes so much farther in some than lessons. Careful imitation once mastered, becomes habitual; but the mere presence of fine works acts insensibly, imparting much more than

labour. This faculty, or perception, was ever actively at work in Forde. It caught the attention, and seemed to win upon the regard of his master—he became his favourite pupil. He employed him upon the scenery and decorations of the theatre, and recommended him, some time after, when leaving the city, as a teacher.

In painting at the theatre, Forde gained considerable power over very intractable materials with speed and decision of execution, which led to considerable employment in distemper painting; and some of his finest works are attributable to his proficiency in that art. It also indirectly led to the attainment of a complete knowledge of architecture, afterwards of most essential service to him in a public situation which he held. And much about the same time he applied himself to that indispensable science akin to architecture—perspective. He carefully went through the Jesuits' and Malton's perspective, which he thoroughly understood, copying and preserving all the diagrams. His familiar acquaintance with anatomy subsequently enabled him to teach pupils who deserved it, to begin their drawing of the figure with the bones. And so well acquainted was he with astrology, that we have met with a highly-finished whimsical exercise of his, representing a captive, who is supposed to have wasted away to a skeleton, in the dungeon of a castle, making his stealthy escape over the battlements; and another of a famished prisoner, with an emptied water-pitcher beside him.

Thus, without the assistance of premiums to excite the lassitude of idleness, do we find Forde, with his naturally placid vigour and love of his pursuits, attaining an incomparable style of drawing, and those sciences connected with it. He strove not less laboriously, because the reward was out of view. 'Exercise increased his strength. He never undertook merely agreeable and slight views of any thing, assumed with ease and carried out at leisure. He saw far, and laboured long, to satisfy his mind. When he fell short of his object, he tried again, with more resolution and deliberate aim; for he possessed the most singular sustaining power, making five, six, and seven sketches of a single

figure, until he succeeded, by repetition, at length in satisfying himself. He would then resort to all the mechanical processes of squaring, and tracing, in making his finished copies, without losing the spirit of his work. Such studied efforts would be considered only proofs of dulness, if unsuccessful. He early united the rare power of acquiring knowledge, and immediately employing it, so that he appeared to pass from a preparatory state, about this time, at once into the refined and accomplished artist.

These attainments were made when he might have been about sixteen or seventeen years of age. His education, as an artist, had reached that point when it is required to be applied to some useful purpose. His family, far from being in affluent circumstances, required his aid. His brother was married, had a family, and could not well assist them; and he himself wished, for his sake as well as theirs, to turn his talents to some profitable account.

It was in the broad day light, and in the every-day duties of life, he desired, however distasteful, to find the path to fame. His ambition yielded to his sense of duty, when required to take the indirect and least agreeable road, as it required him to stoop to the ordinary necessities—the drudgeries that press into and retain many, perhaps, as aspiring minds, in the slavish service of the world. He yielded to a proposition suggested by his friends, of becoming a mezzotinto engraver. A subscription was set on foot, for the purpose of binding him to Mr. C. Turner, A.R.A., London, and maintaining him for the term of three years. It was at that time a lucrative profession, and the most expeditious method of making a livelihood, without impairing his ulterior views of becoming an artist. Some distinguished men had raised themselves to eminence from that line of art. Mr. C. Turner was applied to, but while the negotiations were pending, it was discovered that Samuel Forde was one year older than the age stipulated. The conditions, therefore, could not be complied with—the monies collected were returned, and the project laid aside. Forde was not disappointed, nor, indeed, his friends; for he secretly felt a contempt for an art which he

believed he could learn without the sacrifice of time and money it required. He was encouraged in this well-founded confidence by the example of Martin, who succeeded so splendidly in his prints; and, on a small scale, he made satisfactory trial, without one single implement used by engravers, and with no other knowledge of the process than what he found in the *Encyclopædia*; his attempts nearly resembling the essays of the early mezzotinto engravers. A saddler's knife, hacked on the edge, formed the tool with which he made the ground on an ill prepared piece of copper he obtained from a brazier. By working the knife across the plate in different directions, he prepared it; an old knife blade formed the scraper. With boiled oil and lampblack he compounded his ink, and a kitchen rolling-pin and blanket constituted his printing-press. "Good workmen do not quarrel with their tools." And some heads, done in this experimental way by him, still exist, to attest the truth of the persuasion on his own mind, that he had narrowly escaped imprisonment, and his friends a useless expenditure. He congratulated himself that he had not so heavily and needlessly taxed their generosity.

The idea of becoming an engraver being relinquished, he turned his attention to teaching, and obtained several pupils. His taste was essentially not picturesque, nor did his talents lie in making captivating drawings, that attract only boyish and girlish eyes, unless they be of the anti-modern Greek order. He could not easily relax into landscape, nor torment Black Rock and Blarney Castle, with all the sweet vexatious variations of Rodes air, *rub-up* trees, *scrape-out* lights, *drag* water, and draw nothing. His scholars were those only who had a higher sense of beauty; a relish for fine forms and refinement derived from the East. His knowledge of architecture, however, was put in requisition sometimes, after the failure of the project of making him an engraver, when he became master in the Mechnisio's Institute. The small returns from these laborious occupations, sufficed for his frugal expenditure. If large incomes multiply cares, his contented mind magnified his fortune.

With his daily labours we have

Forde now alternating his evening studies; fatigue brought to him no other rest than what change of labour afforded: even that to him was rest, and possessed for him a charm as agreeable as play. He never understood the enjoyments of the idle, nor the recreations invented for them. One of his pastimes was copying the major part of books, his limited means did not allow him to purchase, and he was compelled to borrow. By this self-imposed task-work, we find he had compressed into a small compass, the lives of the painters as far down as Parmegiano, and the important parts of Reynold's discourses. He was still furnishing his mind by various reading, quickening his sensibility with poetry, and adding to his correct knowledge of men, with biography and history. As, without a power of generalising, knowledge is waste, he showed how well he could methodize his materials, and discipline his imagination, at least for the purposes of his art, in small tabular forms, with notes and slight observations. What is generally considered a philosophical operation of the mind, seemed, in him, performed by an involuntary effort, or its place supplied by an innate propriety of taste, that required little cultivation—a faculty of slow growth in others. Thus we early trace in his compositions how well he could select, arrange, simplify, and vary them. It is only upon such minds as Forde's, that we can comprehend that paramount influence of a subject "to be (as Charles Lamb expresses himself,) so tyrannically impressed, it cannot be treated otherwise than imaginatively, without falsifying a revelation." For Forde, it may be observed, was not one of those sedulous students of the antique, who quit the cast room to think, in plaster of Paris, all the rest of their days—paint gods and nature alike in gypseum—living on, magnanimously transferring an obsolete mythology, in most correct forms—bodies without souls—to canvas.

About the time when Samuel Forde had relinquished the project of becoming an engraver, and the refunded subscriptions had reverted to their donors, a visitor to Cork very opportunely made his appearance, who, by his exertions and energy, greatly promoted the views, and forwarded the efforts

made by his fellow-student, Mr. John Hogan, to go abroad. Had the two subscriptions gone on together, they must have clashed, however liberally the friends and admirers of both might have behaved: owing to this trifling circumstance, that gentleman's laudable efforts succeeded.

That gentleman's name was Carey. He travelled with a large collection of prints, and a few select pictures. Dilettanti or dealer, we know not which he was, yet a zealous lover and judge of the art, and an appreciator of its highest aims. He was, moreover, a considerate critic, and an animated writer. He surprised the artists by showing up their merits, and startled the public by announcing an untold treasure they were not aware of possessing. He thus directed public attention towards Hogan, extolled his merits as they deserved, and in his travels through England and Ireland, afterwards, interested many gentlemen and noblemen in his favour, and amongst others, the late Sir John Lyster, the distinguished patron of modern artists, who all came forward on the occasion, and many live yet who had the satisfaction and reward of seeing a bright example in sculpture, of the beneficial effects of well-directed studies and kindly patronage.

When Samuel Forde may have been nineteen years of age, we perceive the dawn of that high earnestness which belonged to the artists of former times—full of these lofty aspirations and grand intensity of purpose the masters of Italy display, as they stand beside the altar and the throne—grave, sedate men, who undertook solemn commissions to execute for kings and popes, and transmitted them to posterity. In the creations of Forde's mind, we discern touches of that fine, old, reverend spirit, which has passed away with them; the religious wisdom and imagining, with all its impressiveness, that belong not to our hard, unbelieving days. The source of this we dare scarcely touch upon. He was naturally devout, but divine truth was a sentiment that glowed in his breast, not smouldering away in respect and reverence for what was sacred, but uniting consistently with his imaginative being, burned with an angelic ardour, gently and lovely. This sanctity disposed him to dwell much

on sacred subjects; and he found, in sacred poetry, themes, which, exalting his soul above the world, while they rendered him happy so long as he remained in it, made him aim at what he hoped would give a grand moral purpose to his art.

Whether it proceeds from his religious sense or not, certain it is, there exists in the generality of Forde's works, that dignified pathos—that saddening grace—that drowsy tenderness, inducing "*a most sweet pain*," which we perceive, or feel, on surveying the finest Greek statues, or the reposeful benignity of Raphael's Madonnas. We must vainly inquire whence is this, if it do not in part arise, from that turn of thought, or feeling, that induces him in transcribing from his favourite authors, the most melancholy passages? Amongst his papers we twice meet with that monitory hymn of Moore's,

"All on earth must fade;
The brightest, still the fleetest," &c. &c.

and it strikes like a dirge note, or passing bell, ringing painfully in our ear, as it were his own. But from whatever source Samuel Forde's touching excellence proceeded—sentiment or sadness—the evidence lies before us in his sketches of subjects; sufficient to show the yearning of a devout religious temperament, longing to embody its vast meanings in lofty works. And who will deny that some such sacred energy influenced all great painters, poets, and sculptors, of former and later times, that have shown that unextinguished spark of the divinity within, animating their breasts, whether living under a Pagan or Christian dispensation, from the days of Phidias to Flaxman; or denying that it was that which filled the Sistine Chapel with the terrors of the final judgment, or resounds through the awfully melodious numbers of *Paradise Lost*. As an instance in Forde's case, it is with deep regret we can point to his little diary and sketches, only as plans, for proofs on this particular point. We find this bold, yet modest entry, in his journal, "*The General Resurrection*, one of the grandest, most pathetic themes, may, perhaps, do one, if not pleased with its treatment by others." This, as will be seen hereafter—for the same subject is again alluded to in another place—when many of the parts,

perhaps, had been collected, but looked upon with despondency a few months before his death, seeing no prospect of painting it.

Of this subject we find disjointed portions remaining—all tending to its elucidation. The construction of the whole, bore some resemblance to the contrivance of Michael Angelo's great composition of the Last Judgment—of various designs, converging, as it were, to that, as a central point. Scholars and painters are at some loss to find out this bearing exactly and consistently in many of the subjects—Michael Angelo, perhaps, did not fully explain his meaning, nor has Samuel Forde. What we possess of Forde's illustrations are only pen-and-ink drawings, and notes appended to many of them, with labels attached to others, and a small sheet of paper in which the detached texts of Scripture are collected together that are found in the margin of the drawings, without regard to order, the names being printed in capitals, of the books from which they are taken. These are all from the prophets, and the five figures which remain represent them, as it were, denouncing, or announcing threats or promises. The subject itself, as it were, opens with the apocalyptic vision, which embraces the sum-total of the parts which it was to comprehend, including the prophets, as the upper and lower parts of the last judgment are supposed to do. Thus: "And I saw the dead, small and great; and the books were opened; and the sea gave up its dead," &c. &c.

Amongst the prophets we find Daniel made to say: "Messiah shall be cut off, not for himself." Hosea: "He will redeem them from death." Joel: "And the Lord will be the hope of his people," and so on, below seven finely conceived figures. Besides these sacred figures, others of a more incongruous description—perhaps in his complete design he would have reconciled them—dwarfs and sybils are no disfigurement in Michael Angelo's works; nor would Forde's portentous *Fate*, with skinny arm resting upon its knee, one hand clutching the keys of the infernal regions, the other uncertainly drawn; we are told how it was to be employed in a line in the margin.

"And Fate
Tumbled o'er the iron leaves of his dark book."

The other figure was a Cupid at the blood-streaming whetstone, and these lines:

'Ferrus et Cupido
Semper ardentem acens agilitas
Cote cruenta.'

It would be tedious to enumerate other scattered parts of this imperfect design, offered only to elucidate the nature and depth of thought and labour he employed upon his conceptions when they occupied his mind, and the solemnity with which he could invest them—but to what purpose, "born in an age too late" to pursue a branch of art requiring wealth and leisure to prosper, and in a country proverbially poor, and *not permitted* to enjoy leisure.

In the midst of numerous distracting engagements, when Forde was twenty years of age, we find him occupied upon his first commissions, "*his own invention*." His previous works had been chiefly compilations which he treated in his own way, in various places, as decorations. They were executed in distemper; and were mostly improvements upon indifferent prints; and although they showed neither the compass nor readiness of his invention; they showed abundantly enough his taste while they improved his style and his composition. Those appeared at the theatre, in shops, on ceilings, and on one which occupied the circumference of a medical hall surrounded by the freize—procession to Apollo and Esculapius, like that of the Parthenon to Minerva. We find the tedious work, dismissed in his journal, thus—April 8, 1826—"End of Reliefs—a great relief to me." His time and his attention too divided between tuitions, making drawings for the Mechanics' Institute, and still more trifling jobs; yet, we find in the midst of all this, he could contrive to make four small, highly-finished drawings, in pencil, from the little story of Cinderella, as specimens for publication, which were unfortunately lost. In one of his sketch-books still exists the first thought of one neatly put out of hand, and full of characteristic expression. The astonished footmen on their transformation from lizards, by the fairy grandmother.

Samuel Forde enjoyed, about this period, the society of one companion,

of such superior abilities, as to emulate his own. Daniel M'Clise, *z. a.*, was his comrade in study—we hear nothing of the rivalry. They were companions and friends. M'Clise was of a livelier genius, always of a fertile imagination, therefore they were kindred spirits; both born to excel. It was where points of comparison fail, their respective merits began. It was when the one entered a world of distinction, the other bade it eternal farewell! Perhaps they were not more intimately associated then, than their names are now associated in the minds of those who knew both—for ourselves we feel compelled to say thus much, as patriots equally proud of their genius!

We trust our readers can pardon a short digression from our narrative to introduce, incidentally, a slight notice of some other contemporaries of these two men during the golden age of art, in their native city.

A few young men of steady and unbending purpose continued to study the casts after their removal to the Cork Institution. They never relaxed in their efforts; their eye was fixed on the great object and end of art; their hearts were touched by exalted sentiments; there was much of that devout earnestness in their neglected devotion, the best proof that could be offered of their sincerity. Notwithstanding the memorials of this self-instructed little band, would furnish some illustration of the disadvantages of irregular study, originating in impulse alone. As it stops short of those strenuous exertions that overcome technical difficulties—men of naturally vigorous powers, who have not undergone regular training, must possess rude skill only, united with a defective style—promising excellencies, a provoking cleverness, ending in an abrupt clownish manner. Their progress is limited, and they seldom attain to an intellectual eminence. These young men had still the antique before them, and were unremitting in their studies, though unaided by masters, lectures, books, or patrons. The successful labours of other students, their predecessors, were beginning to tell on the public, and though unnoticed as yet themselves, they saw there was encouragement to be found somewhere. Forde, too, was occasionally seen for

a moment amongst them, and they looked up to him with respect, knowing what he could do, and whispering what he was about to do. There were, mixed with these, loungers and talkers, wits, musicians, half crazy wags, and mimics. Farce, and song, and repartees; study and ease and recreation, making the scene, where they wrought, resemble more the levity of French at dice than the phlegmatic studio of our coldest academies; duets, and choruses, discourses on the arts, pasquinades, and the *last good things*, deaths, marriages, and scandal, in burlesque rivalry, relieved, unchecked, the tedium of the day, and Macadamized—

“The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar.”

Of those young artists, one alone survives, since their dispersion, whose eminent talents lie in the branch of the arts more fascinating and popular than that of the race of students that preceded him? The rest, within a few years, have been scattered—some may be alive in Australia—others died at home—a few died abroad. Peace to the ashes of one now reposing in the quiet grave-yard in a convent in America; whose brief and romantic career we may well be pardoned introducing here. Although it includes a period stretching beyond the life-time of Forde, and a short early period when they might have been fellow-students; but Falvey properly belongs to this period and race of students.

The works of John Falvey, were those of a man of promising genius, but from their unfinished and coarse strength, calculated to offend the fastidious. With very little of that quality called taste, he pursued a branch of art in which it is most required. He possessed a more vigorous eye for effect than for colour, and his early pictures were seldom more than light and dark, tinged with some local hues. He drew negligently, yet his pictures had that dashing execution with which more pains-taking men have closed their career. Notwithstanding this want of refinement and polish, there was, in his unhesitating power, an air of promise to redeem his faults of style.

At one time he had the advantage

of a visit to London, and the sight of Rembrandt's works confirmed him in his sketchy execution. Adhering to an unfinished, rough, and slight manner on his return, perhaps the most unpopular a portrait painter could adopt, it gained for him few admirers but many severe critics—nor was his hand or his pocket served by it. Despising the blandishments of his art, he was thrown immeasurably behind men of inferior talents. As he laboured under a *misconception* of his art, a judicious adviser might have corrected his error; or he might have done it himself, had he the advantage of copying some of the old masters. Unluckily, he was to be shown his deficiencies by one of those mortifying lessons, bitter, ungentle, and humiliating, that have sometimes crushed less hardy minds. The act is to be condemned as an exercise of arbitrary power, on the part of a society then existing in Cork, which did nothing to foster the talents, or improve the studies of the young artist. It proved a casualty, however, which drove Falvey to seek his fortune and improvement elsewhere.

A picture of boys bathing, alarmed at the approach of a thunder storm, painted in his hasty manner, was rejected by the committee, as unfit for the public eye, not because of its flimsy execution, but as *indecorous*. Think, reader, of the indelicacy of the Cartoon of Pisa, and of this!! We declare there was nothing coarse in it, but the execution, to render it inadmissible to any gallery. It was no bad parody on Michael Angelo's great work. It was an amusing hit, not an immodest *exposé*. The principal figure was a wet boy, struggling into his shirt; but the judges were the same who removed Barry's picture of Venus rising from the sea, for wanting some such integument.

Falvey was so much horrified with a society for the promotion of the fine arts, of such *nice principles*, that he collected whatever money he could, which amounted at the time to no more than forty pounds, with which he quitted Cork.

The annals of painters, or any narratives of travellers, do not present us with an instance of greater zeal, or courage, in overcoming the difficulties attendant on their journeys, than did

Falvey's. He visited France, Switzerland, Venice, Rome, Naples—remained two years away—studied wherever he had opportunities—received but two small commissions during his absence—yet he brought back a portion of the money with which he started!! The poor fellow was ashamed to tell of the long journeys and long fasts, to which his poverty subjected him—the privations that harassed—the humiliations that bowed him to the earth, at every resting-place. It is told of painters of yore leading blind pilgrims to Rome, for the love of improvement; and of Goldsmith paying for the hospitalities he received, on his vagrant route, by amusing his hosts with his flute; but Falvey had few accomplishments, and had to pay his way by stooping, and submitting to menial offices of every sort, in order to husband his slender means.

By copying Titian, Geórgéne, Guido, and Raphael, he corrected his style; and in a picture he painted on his return, for the Rev. Theobald Mathew—"The Institution of the order of St. Francis"—manifested a change that ought to have entitled him to greater employment. But, beyond that picture, he found no other encouragement.

He returned, an improved artist, after unheard-of trials, to be unnoticed—the severest trial of all. He had encountered much, but he was not to be dismayed by inattention. He despised the proud penury of that patronage, which withheld assistance where it was required, and bestowed it where it was not needed. He had improved himself, and maintained his independence, and showed how little beyond resolution is necessary to make a man great. His presence was too like a reproach to be readily forgiven; and he soon enabled his quondam friends to forget him, by escaping their neglect. With the same indomitable spirit that he had formerly displayed, he sought to better his fortunes by seeking for new friends in America.

It is much to be feared, the sufferings he underwent, and the privations to which he had accustomed himself, undermined his constitution; for, after a short residence there, and when he had realised something considerable, he sunk under an attack of illness, at

the moment his prospects began to brighten, amongst strangers, in a convent, the inmates of which had seldom submitted to severer austerities than his.

The first works Forde executed on commission, "his *own invention*," were for Mr. Fanning's shop; but the designs were afterwards enlarged and improved upon, and transferred to a more appropriate situation—a ceiling at Tivoli, the seat of Mr. James Morgan, whose taste and kindness were always at hand when Forde required them. These were destroyed by fire some years after.

We now resume the journal in which he himself describes them. "In the four angles were shepherds, vine-gatherers, respers, mariners; at one end an old man reading—at the other, a man in an attitude of reflection, and finished by three figures in adoration." The paragraph proceeds (for we quote from his journal) with admirable *naïveté*. "The comprehensiveness of the thought was great, and would form a beautiful series of types, as an idea of human life—first, the active occupations of man's prime; then the cooler thinking of elder days, and the object of his existence would be shadowed forth by the closing scene of the worshippers."

Thus we find, at this period, the beginnings of those magnificent projects of his poetical mind, noted in his journal—grand schemes which he had genius to conceive, and skill to execute—not the crude fancies of a man at twenty; but the well defined ideas of riper years.

He may have unconsciously adopted the idea of following out a consecutive series of subjects, from the circumstance of having early had Barry's engravings, illustrating human culture, always before his eyes in the Academy. In his journal he freely avows all his plagiarisms; but he was not aware how much the mind contracts habits involuntarily, until he felt himself embarrassed from contemplating Raphael in his series of Esther, and Jephthah, both of which he relinquished, complaining that that master fettered his mind, and he declined an offer of a friend to lend him his works. Thus we find in his journal this confession—after enumerating the series of Esther, he writes—"undetermined"—and a

little later, after making only one drawing, we find, "Tried designs from the story of Jephthah—no power in them—mere draughts on Raphael, and the old school—a subject I think even from that—not suited to my disposition—no feeling in them." We next find, January 26, "Crusader's Return—a stark subject surely—his mother dead, and his young sister watching her"—this was a commission.

He has annexed dates to his sketches, from what motive is not known; it enables us, however, to see his progress. Milton and Politian made this a practice, and we learn from it that *Paradise Lost* was first a drama, and had various personages in it—it serves to gratify the curious, who wish to see the abortive and successful efforts rejected and admitted, from the embryo beginnings to the close of a great work; and thus we can trace the cartoon of the tragic muse from the first slender sketch for the George's-street Theatre to the noble design possessed by Doctor Willes.

To judge from the dates on some preparatory sketches that remain of the *Vision of Tragedy*—the subject was thought of long before the 18th of June, 1826, where we find the following notice in his journal:—"The idea of the *Vision of Tragedy*, was caught from Milton—"

" ' Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy,
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes', or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine.' "

"The first thought was—Tragedy, sweeping on, while the bards are raised to view the wonders of her power, and the distance was to be the arena of some tremendous catastrophe, drawn from the far times of the earth. It, by degrees, altered to the form in which I painted it in the cartoon."

The original preparatory sketch of the Muses is altogether different from that which was adopted. The latter is less melo-dramatic, and more staid in order to comport with the calm, passionless, dignified, Greek manner of treating a purely classical and severe style of subject. Exceptions have been taken to the principal figure, but the adoption of the first in its place, although a superior individual figure, would destroy the harmonious repose that pervades the composition.

The conception of this picture is most original. So much is superadded to the poet's hint, that it is lost in the crowd of ideas pressed into the subject by the painter. We have not even the catastrophe "drawn from the far times," but one drawn from the rich stores of his own imagination, nor a glimpse of "Thebes' or Pelops' line," nor "Tale of Troy," but an awful train of spectres, warriors, captives, shrieking widows, with their orphans, and murdered kings, emerging from some cavernous abyss, sweeping upwards, to where, poised in air, are seen the brood of Hecate magicians, witches, and assassins; rising still higher above these, and riding in bluer mists are seated the more ancient attributes of the attic muses, harpies, and fairies, and presiding awfully above all, the dreadful destinies and judges of hell. Sailing on in clouds are borne the poets of ancient and modern times—*Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Shakespeare*, *Milton*, and *Byron*—while the centre is occupied by the tragic muse herself waving her powerful wand, which evokes the vision, while on either hand beside her are love and pity, terror and despair.

Such was Forde's first picture. It was painted in distemper, merely in grey and white, and measured about eight feet long.

Here we have nothing of the false sublime, all is plain and artless; no superfluity of energy, every figure is consistent, and necessary. The conception is original—it is poetry divested of its rhetoric—it embodies the spirit of classic story—it awakens ordinary emotions, while it calls up the most refined and grandest associations with the terrible and the pathetic; the stately models of antiquity rise before us in suggestive silence, as if we stood upon the sacred threshold of *Eleusis*, and beheld some mystery. Here is not the materiality to disenchant and humanize the celestial—here, nothing of gross earth impairs the vision or clogs the flight of the imagination—we look upon some broad field, and view, as if in an antique magician's mirror, some immediate inspiration, and recognize a consciousness of some pre-existing ideal world, in which we have beheld these types of beauty, terror, and sublimity brought before us, and we ask ourselves, where? And turning

our eyes to the left—behold the eager soldier poet—the placid tender *Sophocles*—the pondering *Euripides*—the master and child of nature—the extatic minstrel of *Paradise*, "dark in light"—and *Byron*.

There was no aching desire, on this occasion, after grand tones or effects which may annihilate the meaning of a subject—*Raphael* could move the heart without them, and *Michael Angelo* used them as sparingly, and the Greeks never. Forde was not insensible to the powerful aids of colour and effect in the hands of *Titian*, *Tintoretto*, and *Rembrandt*, for we find strong expressive terms used to describe splendid colours, written upon several of his sketches, but here he felt his strength lay in his subject, and he used the best, because the simplest means to work it out.

He was industrious this year, and we find numerous subjects laid down, and many made out. Some men's talents lie inert by their mere weight, and are only roused to activity upon great occasions; his seemed to require no stimulus—a mind so fruitful could never lie inactive—it was not to be exhausted, and never remained fallow to recover its fertility. Numerous sketches of subjects were made, and some painted for the late Mr. Paine—an eminent and enlightened architect who, full of talent himself, early appreciated that of Forde; he employed him in a variety of ways. Painting four distemper pictures for that gentleman; we perceive him also engaged, for the first time, making models in chalk for a monument. There is this modest allusion to the work in his journal—"Did the best I could—have no feeling for the subject—I think." Notwithstanding, we consider that work ranks next to his *Vision of Tragedy* in originality—the monument was never executed. It was of the drawings made for it, that *Sir David Wilkie*, nine years after, expressed himself so well pleased, saying, "he would have thought they were made by some of the old masters."

This design for a monument affords another instance of those concerted compositions, which comprise and unite several distinct subjects, consecutively, into a complete whole. One of the leading peculiarities of Forde's mind—a sacred pathos reigns throughout the

composition, appropriately rising in each piece of the series, until it reaches a grand climax, resembling more the force of eloquence than statuary. This, like his *Vision*, improved under his hand until he became better pleased with it at last. Of some of the *Tablets* we have seen five different sketches. We give the following description of it from a catalogue published in 1835, when the basso relievo sketches, and sketches in outline, were exhibited by Mr. Paine :—

“The subject in the artist's mind was the victory and the final triumph over Death accomplished by the sacrifice on the cross. The cross, as the emblem of man's redemption, was to have surmounted the whole, and four figures kneeling at the angles, in adoration, pointed this out as its consummation. Four tablets in basso relievo were to have represented the mortal conflict. The first represents the interment of a youth. This is Death, ‘the last enemy to be destroyed.’ The second is the Archangel sounding the trump of doom, the change to immortality. The resurrection is the third—the victory achieved and angels bearing the youth through the air to his everlasting rest—the face is yet covered with the shroud. But in the fourth tablet, when that youth is presented before the throne, while his angelic bearers shrink back, veiling their faces from the insufferable brightness of the Almighty's glory, the youth enjoys the far higher privilege, promised to man alone hereafter, and views that presence ‘face to face.’”

Such was this sublime conception, worthy, if not equal to any thing of Flaxman's. The relievos we fear are lost, but the finished drawings are in the hands of Mr. Paine of Limerick.

August, 1826.—We find him projecting a series of pictures more detached, some of which exist as sketches. Thought of an exhibition of six pictures—“The Prophecy of Balaam—Macbeth consulting the Witches—Ædipus—Romeo and Juliet in the Tomb—Tempest—Retreat of Charles V.” We have never seen more than three sketches for this project completed.

In 1827, we find another extensive series, for which he might have found the incentives of imagination and courage to undertake, but few to admire in a provincial city. We can do no

more than allude to it. We fear the subject better suited the pen than the pencil, and exhibits what passes in the mind of an artist to be as wild and as unworldly as the speculations of philosophy, or a book of dreams. We find him also this year engaged upon what is better felt and understood—portraiture; but with very little profit, and a great waste of time. Very few wealthy patrons afforded him the light of their countenance. He did not execute many beyond the narrow circle of his friends and acquaintances.

There was at this time a singular character, an excellent architectural designer, and a miniature painter, an incomparable mimic, ventriloquist, and Irish droll, who sang good songs, and told stories that kept the table in a roar—to be found in his erratic life every where. These qualifications obtained for him an extensive patronage. A gentleman of such universal powers was considered equal to any undertaking; and he was too much a man of the world to deceive his hospitable friends, or disturb their faith in his abilities. As he always succeeded in amusing, it secured for him an equal reputation for talent in the arts, where there were so few judges. As Roman Catholic Clergymen are not the worst companions in the world, and are never backward in estimating whatever contributes in any degree to enliven their social boards, being likewise proud of a church that did so much honour, by fostering the arts when its saints made so many painters, they were the friends of this artist; and now when several green, saline, naked walls were to be covered, alive to all the proprieties of religion and though poor, full of pious ostentation, they would make every new chapel “*nate*” with the “*decencies*” of the art, they called upon the distinguished Mr. B——, for a performance for the Chapel of Skibbereen. He who very indifferently covered a few inches of ivory with stippling, was required to cover ten feet of canvas. He willingly undertook the commission, and was not to be daunted; for he invited Forde to Cove, laid the matter before him, and we find the work noticed in the following way in the Journal :—

“Painted the Crucifixion for Skibbereen, from two o'clock, Nov. 8,

to half-past two o'clock, Nov. 10. Painted in light and shadow—glazed with sienna and lake. The head had a kingly look from the form, being aided by the thorny crown." This was rapid work for any artist.

In the October of this year, Forde was first attacked by that malady which proved fatal the ensuing year. He vomited blood from his lungs; but the symptoms yielded for a time to medical treatment and care. On his recovery he resumed his labours, and made numerous designs and sketches. Throughout the remainder of his journal, we perceive a change in the spirit of his notices; the remarks are less cheerful. We find no more "first adventures in modelling," "nothing good for any thing," "ploughing on;" but such as this—"I imagine, perhaps I am wrong, that the time since I began at the Mechanics' Institute to this, Feb. 1828, was a great loss to me. Had I then been enabled to go on from the Vine Gatherers, and such things, I might have done, what, perhaps, I shall not have the proper touch for doing hereafter—nevertheless, not my will but thine be done, Lord of Eternity." And again—"How much there is that can be done—how little I can do. The circumstances of the present time will, in some respects, exert an unfavourable influence over the future—if otherwise they might not—certainly all the product of God's care, unworthy though I be. I do not know that I have once in all my life, said thank God, where the plans of my own formation were obstructed." Then follows—"February 10, And the sea gave up the dead that were in it. The general resurrection; one of the grandest, most pathetic themes. Shall I ever be enabled to give it all the wildness and beauty that I imagine of it." To this we have alluded already.

Shadows are not more obedient to the light that creates them, than the mind is when affected by the subduing intimations of a terrific complaint such as Forde's at this period threatened to be. It was a sudden warning to prepare, and he received it with composure; for he was never splenetic or querulous; and though he stood in awe of an event that alarms the stoutest, he had accustomed himself to view it without dread. He never abated in his activity at the time; but

continued to labour with his usual industry, but not with his usual strength. He grew more feeble every day, yet his fervour is displayed as brightly, and his imagination as glowing and inventive as ever.

"Bacchus in India might be made the foundation of some wildly gorgeous romantic scenes. How I should wish to be able to give ideas of the imaginary spectacles, that are dimly presented to my mind. Scenes on the shore among the rocks, such as Bacchus might have sat on, when the pirates took him on board the fellucca—the quiet fresh loneliness of a smiling world, rarely seen by mortal eye a dreamy kind of half spiritual place.

"Melo-dramatic pictures—show and gorgeous ornament, added to true pathos, would be delightful.

"A theme occurred to me: a figure in crimson drapery, rushing through a stormy sky, on a white horse; blue clouds underneath; behind the horse a dash of lightning, merging into murky purple overhead."

These picturings are tempered by the succeeding remarks—"I think it better not to attempt subjects except when called for; because I am led away from them before the mind has had time to mature any one idea connected with them. Even in the first instance, the mind cannot take sufficient interest in them, at least only for a short time, no properly substantial end being in view. The mind, I think, by this vagrant mode of action, will lose its strength. Irritation is the common result of these trials, for they are trials, made under the very greatest disadvantages. I am in doubt whether it would not be better to avoid making even the slightest sketches of a subject, choosing rather to give the mind a habit of looking abroad at the proprieties of things, and leaving it thus to gain strength, which can be effectually used when the proper time comes."

He made, about this time, his fine drawing of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, in the possession of Dr. Porter. The disposition of the drapery produces a powerful effect of light and shade, grand and mysterious. The attention is at once arrested by the awful attitude of the prophet, as he lifts the appalling veil to disclose his terrific features. The arms are widely

extended, and seem gradually rising as he pronounces,

"Hear-Judge, if hell, with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am."

A stranger to the subject might readily find one in his mind, suggested by this supernatural figure.

He likewise made this year, a small series of drawings for the history of Moses, full of spirit and beautiful composition.

There is the following remarkable quotation and comment in the journal, February 28 :—

"If in the course of such a life as was
At once adventurous and contemplative,
Men, who partake all passions as they pass,
Acquire the (deep and bitter) pow'r to give
Their images again as in a glass;
And in such colours that they seem to live.
You may do right forbidding them to show 'em;
But spoil, I think, a very pretty poem."

"The power, I should rather imagine, might be acquired without its being so bitter. A bitter worshipper of self would surely shed the blight of his own gall over the working of his own spirit; but others live—and in time may show it."

If this allusion be meant to himself, he was not permitted to display the deep power without the *bitter*, beyond what he had already shown. In his estimate of human interests, he was opposed to the noble bard, and would not render life insupportable, by deepening its defects with his repulsive colouring.

February 23, 1828, he had for some time laboured upon the large picture of the fall of the rebel angels with various intermissions :—

"From this day I began to think no more of it as to the exhibition. I was ill, and occupied with other things, till Mr. Deane (Sir Thomas) promised to supply me with thirty shillings a-week while I should be engaged in the execution of that picture. Brought it home that evening, and began a sketch of the front figures, in light and shade—carried on the figures in umber."

It was somewhat advanced when he described his having been called upon to make a drawing, by one of those gentlemen who, misapplying their intellects, have acquired the name of philosophers. The drawing was a plan for regenerating society, upon utilitarian and parallelogram principles—a copy of the Lanark New Jerusalem of the Owen revelation—whereby mankind were to be made virtuous and happy, as bluebottle flies are taught to make honey by merely putting them in hives. Sure heaven had never created two more opposite beings than the painter and the philosopher! Mr. — had read *Paradise Lost* as a problem, got as a poem, and found that it proved nothing. He saw the picture in which the rebel angels were overthrown, for aspiring to "*universal suffrage*," and he took part with their leader. He looked for a moment at the picture, then, removing the glass from his eye, said—"Milton fails in his poem, by making his Satan the prominent personage instead of the Deity; he might have done better, and reversed the thing." This sneer sounded irreverently in the artist's ears. His opinions were never unsettled by any species of criticism. He knew little of the meaning of scepticism, and how it indurates the heart; an infidel to him was a wonder—a man of mere cold sense and reason, who never felt that rooted pain in the human mind which awakens sympathy to all that can assuage it. One stood before him, who would not confess or deplore the infirmity; he might deny it, for he had no heart. He was too proud to smile or shed a tear. Neither love, beauty, sublimity, nor work of man, could yield him joy—nor of heaven either—they passed insensibly before him. The artist perceived the philosopher's error lay in his misconception of the Divine character, and modestly replied—

"Satan was, indeed, the greatest poetical conception we possessed, judging of its superior merit, by comparing its grand traits of daring and magnanimity with *human efforts*. But how were we to judge of *infinite perfection*, which admitted neither of examination nor comparison, and was in its nature incomprehensible?"

The gentleman turned in disdain from pictures and poems, to superior

and less questionable creations—the advantages of his new harmony.

The overthrow of the rebel angels, how shall we describe it? A mighty host, hurled from the battlements of heaven. Conceive a multitude—an avalanche—a torrent, thundering down and broken in its fall, sweeping like a flood, foaming through the picture. Such is the composition at first sight. Satan rises in the centre, vainly striving to rally his discomfited legions. He is surrounded with all the pomp and circumstance of infernal war, in picturesque groupings, gorgeous standards, shields, pinions, and mingling helmets and spears. Cavalry are riding each other down, and hurried over broken chariots. In the foreground were to have been two noble charioteers, clad in splendid armour, endeavouring to restrain their wild and affrighted steeds, that trample a crowd of wounded fugitives. As a secondary supporting group—like a diverging current from this astounding cataract—is seen in the middle distance—another host in retreat—and a fiery horse and chariot springing from off a projecting promontory into a whirlpool of mists, which envelopes myriads of shattered forms, dashing into an abyss. Terror and dismay rule over the routed and precipitated spirits of hell. The imagination seems to follow its ranks, as they sink in confusion and darkness, and crushing disorder. In contrast: the golden pinnacles of heaven repose in serene sunshine above all.

The treatment is grand and novel—the costumes rich, varied, and, in some sort, original—the drawing and attitudes are bold—the character and expression of the principal figures spirited, and full of fierce defiance—yet, those who view that picture now, see but the imperfect and unfinished transcript of what was intended, as it filled the artist's mind. Yet, who would imagine this the work of a hand, with the sleep of death benumbing its vital power. Surely! surely! that undying energy of genius that lingers thus, is of the soul of the man, and departed not from its companion until the last gleam of his inanimate eyes closed on this earth, to open upon the unknown—yet, to him well-known—world of spirits.

He was encouraged by the sale of

this picture to Mr. Penrose, to work the harder, in order to finish it for an exhibition about to be opened at that time. So unequal to the labour was he, that it is deeply affecting to read his notices at that period, and to observe the rising and sinking of his spirits, as he made efforts beyond his strength, as life itself seemed ebbing away.

Enumerating what parts of the picture he had been engaged upon for several days past, he thus proceeds:—

“At home, doing nothing—the chain of events seems as if it was unwinding itself, and by the mercy of Eternal Deity, each unfolded link is endued with the power of shedding a greater degree of repose over me, and of throwing a quieting influence over me while in the contemplation of the distance.”

For the benefit of country air, his picture had been taken to Mr. Morgan's of Tivoli, where he was to have finished it, but he could scarcely avail himself of this act of kindness.

“Since last Monday (May 5) I have been to Tivoli but a few days; foul weather, and langour, and medicine, kept me loitering; and when I did get there, weakness prevented me from doing scarcely anything. This day I was enabled just to give an appearance of finish to the upper part—lower part untouched—it would require more nerve than I possess even to begin to touch on it. (May 12.) Since last Monday I have lain in bed. The love of the Eternal was surely displayed in choosing this time for this dispensation—a time when I could lie calmly, and bless him for the fulness of the store he had laid by me.”

The last entry on his slight journal, was made in May 17th. He had sent the picture, incomplete as it was, to the exhibition, without drawing even the foreground figures.

“In the course of the week (always in bed until past the middle of the day) I was enabled to finish the heads of Milton and Shakspear, and sent the Cartoon to the exhibition-room—(very weak).”

His debility and langour continued to increase, and he was soon after confined altogether to his bed, when his case became hopeless, he remained in a perfectly tranquil state of mind;

if he endured pain he did not express it; his thoughts seemed to be absorbed in devout contemplations; and on July the 29th he expired.

It is not our place to pourtray death-bed scenes, or treat them as a summary test of a well-spent life. To dwell upon his would serve to touch the feelings, perhaps, but must be a poor tribute to the memory or the example of a man like Forde, whose life, and not whose death, should be felt as instructive, by its blameless course, its exalted aims, and its resigned close. We cannot dwell upon the subject profitably; we abruptly quit such scenes. Had his patronage been as ample as the largeness of his views, his reputation might have borne some proportion to his deserts. And in the short space of time allotted to him here, done as much honour to the age, as he has conferred upon his native city.

There are a few critical remarks scattered through his journal, that place his judgment and feeling in a good measure before us, and we shall bring them before the reader:—

"January 29. Saw an engraving of Howard's Hylas—a beautiful, enchanting thing. The luxurious scene, the descending flood, and the angelic figure of Hylas among the nymphs, are at first, at least, quite enrapturing. Martin's Sedack at the waters of oblivion—not what I thought it might, and ought to be. One or two things in that way are enough; but I should not judge from the engraving. The colouring, it seems, makes it quite another thing.

"April 6. Saw Salvator Rosa's etching of his own fall of the giants—nasty, scattered. April 7. Saw Michael Angelo's Charon's Boat in 'the Last Judg-

ment; great, indeed, when compared with poor Salvo's attempt, (perhaps to rival it) power and fullness are over it.

"Yesterday saw Michael Angelo's Fates shadowed for the first time. Saw a small outline of them nine or ten years ago. Remember I did not think them Fates at all then; thought there was not majesty and terror enough about them, and the conception certainly is not adequate to the dignity of the subject, yet there is enough of power in it to proclaim its author possessed of great requisites in his art—requisites most lamentably wanting now-a-days. Compared with this work, all that I have done, almost without exception, appears weak and insufficient, vapouring and unreal; poetical perhaps, but unsubstantial and insipid. That would never do for me.'

The following observation will show how he looked at nature, and with what a classical eye he viewed it under the most ordinary circumstances:—

"Saw the fine woman from the lower road. She is, indeed, a magnificent creature; her very cloak folds round her in the grand style. At the distance of the breadth of Patrick-street, when the features were all indistinct, there was yet quite legible the energy or the intensity of feeling dwelling in them, and arresting the mind to the momentary study of them. How wretched the generality of heads in comparison with that of this fine woman!"

Our part is now done. Forde lies buried at the south side of St. Finn Barr's, a few feet from the church, under a flat stone, inscribed with the name of Henry Murrough. There he "sleeps like a child too blest to wake," and here we must suspend our task, "to bid his gentle spirit rest."

THE BRITON'S ROUSING SONG.

Adapted to the old Irish air, "The Hornless Cow."

Brave Britons all awake,
 There is work for ye to do !
 There are rebel thrones to shake,
 There are galling chains to break,
 There are traitors to subdue ! Hurrah !
 Let us not sheath the sword,
 While one foe remains to wound us,
 For at home and abroad
 There is danger gathering round us !

Did not our fathers fight
 For the blessed soil that bore them,
 For their freedom and their right,
 For the pure and Gospel light,
 Which shed its radiance o'er them ?
 Ours be their battle-word,
 Ours let their spirit be—
 And at home, as abroad,
 Let us, like them, be free !

By their faith and fame unstained,
 By their word and honour true,
 By the glory which they gained,
 By the death which they disdained,
 By the traitors whom they slew—hurrah !
 By the freedom of our sod,
 By the memory of their might—
 Which at home and abroad
 Hath left a deathless light—

Stand forward one and all !
 Ye sister isles, be true !
 Together fight or fall—
 " UNION," our battle-call—
 And we'll charge them through and through ! Hurrah !
 Out on the traitor horde,
 Who basely strive to win us,
 For at home and abroad
 Our souls are strong within us !

There are tyrannies so base
 That we name them with a blush ;
 For their serpent-like embrace
 Is pollution and disgrace,
 And these we have to crush ! Hurrah !
 From our Queen, our Church, our God,
 Let us not shrink nor sever,
 And at home as abroad
 We are victorious ever !

THE STUDENT.

Why burns thy lamp so late, my friend,
Into the kindling day ?

" It burneth so late, to show the gate
That leads to Wisdom's way ;
As a star doth it shine, on this soul of mine,
To guide me with its ray.
Dear is the hour, when slumber's power
Weighs down the lids of men ;
Proud and alone, I mount my throne,
For I am a monarch then !
The great and the sage, of each bygone age,
Assemble at my call—
Oh! happy am I, in my poverty,
For they are my brothers all !
Their voices I hear, so strong and clear,
Like a solemn organ's strain ;
Their words I drink, and their thoughts I think—
They are living in me again !
For their sealèd store of immortal lore
To me they must unclose ;
Labour is bliss, with a thought like this,
Toil is my best repose !"

Why are thy cheeks so pale, my friend,
Like a snow-cloud, wan and gray ?

" They were bleach'd thus white, in the mind's clear light,
Which is deepening day by day ;
Though the hue they have, be the hue of the grave,
I wish it not away.
Strength may depart, and youth of heart
May sink into the tomb ;
Little reek I, that the flower must die,
Before the fruit can bloom !
I have striven hard for my high reward,
Through many a lonely year ;
But, the goal I reach—it is mine to teach,
Let man stand still to hear !
I may wreath my name with the brightness of fame,
To shine on History's pages ;
I shall be a gem on the diadem
Of the past, for future ages.
Oh ! life is bliss with a thought like this—
I clasp it as a bride !"
Pale grow his cheeks, while the student speaks—
He laid him down and died !

THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN—A TALE OF 1760.

CHAPTER XXVIII.— MASQUERADE NIGHT IN DUBLIN.

"Joy danced with mirth a gay fantastic round!"

COLLINA.

Soothsayer.—"In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read."

SHAKESPEARE.

"I'll pay the debt, and free him."

TIMON OF ATHENS.

DUBLIN was all astir. It was a night, even in that disorderly city, of more than the ordinary excitement. There was a masquerade, patronized by "the rank and fashion" of the time, to which old Crow-street theatre, then of recent erection, lent all the aid its resources could offer; among them, that of acting, in its own person, the part of the gorgeous temple, where the masque held high festival. But while the theatre was its central court, or home, it radiated forth an influence, and lighted up a brilliancy, in every region of the metropolis, at least in every region where votaries of fashion held their residence. In each of these quarters some house had its doors thrown open, and poured forth upon the dark ways a flood of brightness—a dazzling advertisement that masques were received—an advertisement offering a privilege which was freely exercised—and which, to say the truth, was less abused than might naturally have been anticipated.

In the neighbourhood of each of these brilliant abodes, a crowd of idlers was collected, a kind of volunteer police, who kept a space round the door steps clear, and who suffered neither coach nor chair to intrude within the guarded semi-circle. In deference to these boisterous lieges, masquers, as they entered the houses, left their vehicles, and became pedestrians. Often, too, they thought it well to yield their names, if a very great anxiety was exhibited to obtain them; and the condescension thus manifested, in compensation to the street watchers, of their necessary exclusion from the chambers of revelling, kept up a thorough good humour and good will between classes less separated, perhaps, in the stately times passed away, than they are in the days of modern equality.

It had a strange, bewildering effect for ear and eye; the clatter of hurrying steps, the voices and laughter of merry mortals, in ways where nothing could be seen distinctly, and then, suddenly to behold, as they emerged into one of those gleams of light and became conspicuous, ascending the stately steps, and passing from the light without into the fuller effulgence within; like the creations of poetry, or like the pomps we can fancy rising up at the spell of a magical incantation, or those we witness in some fantastic dream—visions of the worthies, male and female, celebrated in times of fiction and fact—goddesses and heroes—shepherdesses, and hunters, and crusaders, and monks, and nuns—the legitimate population, in short, of the masquerade. Ever and anon, too, would be heard (the mob acting the part of chorus) the name of the fictitious being, and of its masking representative, and some facetious parallel drawn between the real being and the performer; on which the crowd, and sometimes even the masques themselves, as they disappeared into the house, would bestow its appropriate reward in a salvo of cheers or laughter.

And Carleton, or, as he was now avowed, Neville, was about to enter the gay throng, although, to say the truth, he was not "in the mood,"—he was not "gamesome." Many months had not passed over him since the night when he so suddenly set out from Paris; but incidents of moment had been compressed into them, and they left him somewhat altered in mind and aspect. His worldly fortunes had not been all "in the sun." A hurricane had done its devastating office on his West Indian property, and he had been constrained to do violence to the most cherished wish of his heart, and make

a long voyage to gather up, by personal activity, the relics of his shattered wealth. From this he had but recently returned; and returned to find that his Garretstown suit was not making successful progress. Dr. Agar, one of his principal witnesses, had disappeared. On his guard, as he was, against stratagem—guarded, too, by watchful friends, the subtlety of the enemy prevailed. Suddenly called upon at the dead of night to visit a patient in extremity, he was betrayed by all plot, so well cast in all its parts, the forged letter, the liveried servant, &c. &c., that the most prudent man could scarcely suspect deceit in it. From that night there was no clue to the place in which, if living, he was held in confinement. The other chief witness, poor Brasil, had fallen into a state of imbecility, bodily and mental, such as rendered it very doubtful whether he could be wisely exposed to a cross-examination. Altogether, Neville's fortunes, compared with what his anticipations might have been, were somewhat in the shade. Still, he might be classed with the prosperous. He had a large sum of money in his banker's hands. He prosecuted his important suit. He was a declared claimant for the property of his ancestors, and experienced in society that chequered reception—

"Now in glimmer—now in gloom!"—

awarded to persons whose position is so far equivocal as to have more of promise than of possession attaching to it.

The hour had come which should have found Neville at the assembly: it found him musing in his solitary apartment. The dress and decorations of a chief of the Blue Mountains were arranged before him, but he had not the spirit to assume them. He was depressed, and held the amusements of the night too flat and unprofitable to take an active part in them. His engagement did not bind him to do so. He could keep his promise in a Domino, and could thus have the privilege also of being solitary in the crowd. Such solitude, perhaps, when the effort was once made, would be better than that of his hotel. Even without reference to a promise and an obligation, Crow-street was better than Bride-street. So the Domino carried

the day, or the night—and, cloaked and masqued, in the indeterminate fashion of one who courts not notice, and would avoid intrusion, Neville entered the theatre, and mingled in the throng.

It was not in depression more wearisome than his to resist the influence of a scene so full of movement and exhilaration. The galleries and upper front boxes were filled with spectators of different ranks and conditions, while the other parts of the theatre—stage, pit, and lower boxes—were thrown into one spacious apartment, for the reception of the masqueraders. The first observation that Neville heard as he entered, and in the inadequate justice of which he fully concurred, from one whose costume, as a British eaman, was perfect, but whose voice and manner of fastidious indolence belied his Jack-tar appearance—"The thing is very tolerable for Ireland." It really was not bad, even for a land of greater consequence and celebrity.

The saloon represented an extended plain, and the pencil had been so well employed, and the scenic apparatus so well disposed as to promote a pleasing illusion. Morsels of all countries, and climes, and ages, were depicted on the walls with such a regard to proportion as to produce, for mind and eye, an harmonious confusion. Here was the opening of an Arab tent, and there, confronting it, was some "castled crag," the warder on the battlements, its proud flag spread abroad, and with all the romantic adjuncts of the days of chivalry. Venetian palaces and gondolas reposed on their own Adriatic; and, in the green lands and dells of English scenery, there was a settlement of gypsies. There was a peep into Westminster Hall—Windsor Castle was to be seen in high command over the Tuilleries and Louvre; while, far away pyramids arose, and ruins were visible, where that river of mystery flowed through the solitudes of old Egypt. There was a stage, where a Charlatan, in exaggerated costume, with the assistance of a humorous merry-andrew, sold fictitious elixirs; and there were tables, with shining heaps of gold and silver displayed on them, where such as listed enjoyed, the excitement of real gaming. In short, all ages, countries, times, and callings, seemed to have their memorials or representatives here; all, with a single

exception—that of Ireland. Her history, and her scenery, and her monuments were forgotten. Not even a solitary round tower bore witness for her.

For the animated occupants of these varied regions, they composed, as beheld for the first moment, a whirl of things grotesque and glittering, which set the power of distinct observation at defiance. Motley crowds hurried around; or by denizens of every clime and country, representatives of every class and condition; all that was picturesque in the realities of life, and all creations of human fancy and genius, which have had a being assigned to them, not the less potential for being purely imaginary. There were Arabs and Esquimaux, Seminole Indians, and French dancing-masters; veiled Circassians, and unveiled, though masqued dames of Europe, some of whom compensated the parsimony with which they allowed their faces to appear, by the liberality with which they offered other charms to the bold gazer. There were Turks, and monks, and nuns, and Jews, and gypsies; braves, and petits maitres; senators of ancient Rome, gods of Greece, judges, and inquisitors, and soldiers, spruce counsellors at law, and medical doctors of solemn facetiousness. And these, and such as these, mingled, in amicable, though not very communicative intercourse, with beings who have their dwellings in regions where no geographer has intruded; with gnomes, and sylphs, and genii, and fairies, with spirits of earth, and spirits of air, and with creatures who hold a kind of midway existence between the imaginary and the material; with columbines, and harlequins, and pantaloons, and all the dramatic personae of Christmas pantomimes, and nursery stories. Here all had started into life; and all, whether they belonged to fiction or fact—those of sober and staid demeanour, as well as the volatile and capricious—wearing the form and garb, imitating the gestures of rational beings, and destitute alike of the distinction which countenance confers on man—caused something inexplicable and disappointing to mingle in the amusement they afforded; not, perhaps, unlike the bewilderment of mind with which one looks upon a large assembly engaged

in a dance which has no music to animate and govern its movements. But if the eye was for a moment confused and disappointed, the ear and judgment speedily set all right, and satisfied the observer that he had not been carried away into some region of fantasy, where things that be not met with the things that are—some seclusion where witches and monsters held an unhallowed sabbath—but that he was in a central region of the Irish metropolis, even in her theatre, among crowds to whom their country's past was nothing, but whose hearts and souls were set upon the passing incidents of the day. This he would soon learn. No where else, in air, or earth, or under earth, could so many allusions to these transitory interests be made or listened to. No where else could the language of the Dublin of that day—its fashionable oaths, its admitted grossness, its witticisms, and its slang—be so untrippingly spoken.

Neville soon found that the neutrality of his habit afforded him no security. Many passers by accosted him. Those who exercised an art, or plied a calling, wished to bespeak his countenance and favour. The quack would sell him a precious phial—a portrait painter would take his likeness—a braggart would take his purse or his life—an undertaker would take his measure for a coffin. And now and then, when facetious propositions of this description were couched in a pleasantry which provoked a general laugh, spectators leaning down from gallery or boxes would solicit some masquerader to explain the cause of merriment, and the answer would be transmitted from bench to bench, the sprightliness becoming heartier as it ascended, until a repartee would break out from the spectator's part of the house, travelling down as the other had ascended, and would at last arrive with its atmosphere of laughter, on the stage, where character, in costume, joined in the applause of it.

The most persevering of those who sought to engage Neville's attention, was a female gypsy who stood, a little apart, at the opening of her tent, and beckoned him to approach. She did not join in the throng of promenaders, or dispute with those who pressed their suit clamorously, and when it failed, turned to seek another prey.

She remained stationary at her post, not seeking to attract his notice by speech, but whenever he turned or looked towards her, renewing the mute invitation. She wore the red cloak customary with the tribe—a black bonnet covered, but did not conceal her grizzled locks, and she bent, leaning on a staff, on which she raised herself whenever she had gained Neville's attention, to repeat the movement by which she summoned him. It was a gesture not ignoble—there was more of dictation than of intreaty in it, and it had something so distinguishing in its character and air, that Neville felt as if he himself were more concerned in yielding compliance to the gypsy woman's demand, than she was in addressing it to him. He, at length, yielded, and approached her.

"Ye have many enemies, young sir," said she, "but they'll do ye no harm."

"Do you think, good mother," he asked, in reply, "that it is enemies who do the worst of harm?"

"That will be as the heart is tempered—the kind and good have within them what fond friends may wound—they that have not the heart to deserve a friend are safe from all but enemies."

"Does your art enable you to name the one who has given me the deepest wound?"

"My art can do more than that—is it your wish to put it to a trial? You have had your share of troubles and disappointments—have you the will and the courage to learn what fortune is yet before you."

"Who that I can believe in, will teach me?"

"For the teaching that can I—as to the believing, it must be at your own pleasure or discretion."

"I wish to know something before I can confide, or even learn. How have you yourself acquired your knowledge or power? Who was your teacher—or by what Gods do you conjure?"

"Who talks of the Gods of a homeless tribe? But you need not fear—I conjure not—I only read."

"Only read—is it by a spell?" The pun fell hesitatingly, as if the speaker were ashamed. The gypsy deigned no notice of it.

"I read," she repeated. "Nature,
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on each of her works, writes its history—the story of your life to come is written—shall I read it?"

"Is the past written also? It must be—if you can read that, then we may think of the future. What say you, prophetess?"

"Shew me your hand?" said she, unmoved by his taunt, and speaking with a quiet consciousness of power. "Show me your hand—I shall read for you without taxing you to cross mine."

For a short time, she perused, it might be said, the hand outspread before her; remained for a space engaged in reflection, then looking full in his face from a pair of dark, proud eyes, too sweet to flash with the wildness of gypsy life—too bright to have been clouded by old age, she said,

"Yes, I can read your past life—dark and troubled as it has been—fugitive, disinherited, exile, captive. Have I read your story true? Shall I read further, and tell of a captivity from which you would not accept the hope of a deliverance? Shall I read more of the past?" said she, observing that a crowd was gathering around.

Neville was mute in astonishment; the gypsy saw that the effect she desired had been produced, and said in French, "if you would profit by my oracles, you must find a more fitting occasion to consult them," and whispering in his ear the words "*Manoir Anglo*," she hurried past. "Good gentlemen," said she as she leaned on her long staff, "let the poor gypsy pass." An opening was instantly made for her, and her red cloak and black bonnet speedily disappeared in the crowd. But she had not estimated her success with Neville too highly, nor miscalculated her power over him; for him now, except in the gypsy, the crowded room had no interest. A pursuit prosecuted in such a spirit was not likely to be unsuccessful, and, accordingly, it was not long before the youth and the expounder of destiny stood mask to mask together. Neville's hope and trust was to learn something of *Madeleine*—the gypsy's resolution seemed to be to exercise her power, and triumph, for a while, in the pleasure of tantalising her impassioned suitor. In this game, however, at one moment she lost the advantage of her incognito, and Neville more urgently

pressed his intreaties, concluding an animated address with "dear, dear Mrs. Barnwell, have pity on me."

The earnestness and pathos of his tones, for he spoke in his natural voice, seemed to arrest a long bearded Jew who had just passed him by, and who, turning back and measuring him with a sharp glance, for the space of a minute, proceeded on his way,

"What name was that you applied to the poor gypsy?" said Neville's companion in her proper voice of age. "Even the Israelite turned to reprove you for it—such names are not for the mothers of our tribe. Be patient—be silent, while I resume your story—hear and speak not."

"Hear this," cried a squeaking voice behind, and Neville felt his shoulder saluted by a thwack delivered for sound-sake rather than pain. As he turned in rage with a furious gesture, harlequin, with his sword of lath, sprang back affrighted, while he said in a beseeching tone.

"Hear me—the venerable Rabbi Mordecai Ben Isachar, Ben Tribulation, Ben Cent per Cent, craves your instant attendance. He wills that you remember the night of the day, named the twentieth of the month, which you call January, and instantly bestow your presence on him."

This was delivered by Harlequin, keeping at a cautious distance, and skipping from place to place so as to baffle the wicked intentions, if he had such, of Neville.

"What has an Israelite to do with a dog like you," said the impatient youth—"away, and at your peril trouble me no further."

All this while, angry as he was, he took care his gypsy should not escape, and was addressing a fervid entreaty to her again, when—another interruption—the Jew who had lately so scrutinized him, in a voice carefully disguised, said:

"Wisdom crieth aloud, where the people congregate, and sons of the scornors hear her not, she uttereth commands, rash youth, to thee, that thou follow to the secluded place where I conduct thee."

Wisdom might have spoken through her masqued minister without obtaining a respectful, or even a patient response from Neville, who was about to dismiss the Jew with as little cere-

mony as he had sent off Harlequin. He was in the act of opening his lips to insist on being left free, when his voice faltered and he became silent. Just at that moment the Jew made the secret sign, and used the gesture which implied authority to command in the society into which Neville had been initiated in Paris. For an instant it overcame him—recovering himself while he responded to the gesture and sign, he said:

"I shall obey. One moment's indulgence and I attend you."

"There is no portion of time so worthless that it can be bestowed on vanity, saith the sage Benoni—follow:"

"Not if you were my fate," said Neville, speaking with his teeth set, and turning desperately to the gypsey. She gave him no encouragement. "My lips are sealed," she said in a whisper, "you must obey;" and then, accurately and in due order and method, made the signs, which showed that she too knew the secrets of the *rouge croix*. In the same instant she disappeared. Neville and the Jew still confronted each other, when the latter, speaking in a natural voice and manner, said,

"Follow me quick—your fate does call you—you cannot lose a moment."

The Jew passed rapidly through the rooms, and out at the door. Neville, who had started at the tone of his tormentor's voice, closely following him.

After a few minutes they were both in Neville's apartment in his inn, where the Jew, removing his disguise, confirmed the suspicion his voice had already awakened, and revealed himself as the Vicomte de Mortagne.

We must pass over the conversation that followed, very briefly. In truth, we must be on the alert to arrive at the conclusion of our story, and therefore, take up the dialogue only where it becomes pertinent to the purpose we have at heart.

"Lombard is your banker, I believe," said De Mortagne, "is the account to your credit large?"

"I may call it large," said Neville, "it is nearly my all. My West Indian remittances for the last two years have been lodged there—all—with the exception of a sum which was to be transmitted to a friend here in Ireland. I do not know what it may amount to. All my other worldly goods, I may say, are in the custody of

Mr. Lombard, and to remain with him until I find a better location for them."

"Concern yourself no farther about them. Lombard will play the part of fallen greatness, or the ruined banker, to-morrow. Take no thought for to-morrow—your scripture says. You cannot afford a funeral meditation on what is lost. But I will tell you what you can afford—some thought and some exertion to save what may yet be secured. Your Irish friend, Mr. Derinzy, has received the sum you mention. He has it with him at this moment, and in Lombard's den. He was invited to dine there. He will be, or has been, invited to deposit it there for you if you are not in due time to claim your own. I have taken the precaution to send a trusty messenger with a billet, anonymous, to be sure, apprizing Derinzy that you are ready to act for yourself—the sooner you confirm my missive by making your appearance, the greater your wisdom, and the better for your fortune."

Neville showed, by the alacrity with which he arose, how thoroughly he approved his friend's counsel; but, at the moment a visitor was announced; one who did not give his name, but merely said he had executed his commission.

"It is my acquaintance, Ryan," said the Vicomte, "your harlequin."

The servant added, "it is the same person who called in the evening to see your dress for the masquerade, saying, that there was a mistake about it, and then said it was all right."

"Yes," said De Mortagne, as the servant disappeared, to introduce the visitor, "and it was within a hair's breadth of being all wrong. When I learned your concerns at Lombard's bank, it was impossible for me to call on you, and I dared not write on such a subject. I wished to have a double chance—your hotel, and the masquerade—I sent to have the means of knowing you there if I should not find you here. You were gone when I called, so I set off in pursuit of a Maroon chief, or something of that kind, and if it had not been that your own voice betrayed you, my over carefulness would have been fatal—but here comes Ryan."

And Ryan, divested of his masquerade attire, entered, and repeated, that Mr. Derinzy was at Lombard's, and that the billet had been sent into him.

Neville did not waste time in ceremony.

"Do me the kindness," he said, "to await my return, and I shall leave you without scruple."

"No, Neville," said the vicomte, "neither expect nor desire us to do so. Fair fortune be with you. What mine—ours—may be, it matters not to think of. If it be fair we meet again—whatever it is to be it will not be worse for the thought that we have tried to render you a service."

They were descending the staircase while De Mortagne spoke; at the door he wrung Neville's hand, a parting clasp, and with his companion, disappeared from him.

There was little difficulty in finding the banker's house, or in obtaining admission. A blaze of light was around it, and the doors stood invitingly open. Mrs. Lombard received company, masks not excluded, in the luxurious drawing-room. The banker, in another apartment, was seated at a card table, and beguiled the time with friends who loved high play. Neville was shown to this latter room, which Derinzy had not yet left, although he was not one of the gamblers. He received his young friend with all the warmth of his nature—the banker welcomed him with courtesy and respect, even, for a moment, suspending his game to do the part of a host who would show that he felt honoured by the visitor, and then left him to a conversation with his older friend.

When the first unavoidable inquiries and explanations were over, Neville entered upon his own business, and began by asking how Derinzy received an anonymous billet. Before he could receive an answer, a sudden silence at the card-table, so instantaneous and so breathless it seemed to be, drew the attention of both the friends thither. There had been an incessant rattle of small talk, with occasionally a volley of vociferations before—but all at once unbroken stillness succeeded. As Neville looked towards the table, he saw glances of surprise, and something of severity, exchanged between the lookers-on. Occasionally

words had reached his ear, such as convey real impressions under a guise of jesting, and which were not complimentary to the banker. There seemed to be good sense enough in the minds of those who spoke, to apprehend the truth, that a man who accepted the custody of other persons money, even for decency's sake, ought not to parade his passion for high play. Such expressions enabled him to understand the looks, and to interpret the silence of the company. The silence was vehemently broken—

"I do, by heavens," cried one of the lookers-on. "Green cloth or green sod—it shall never be said that Ralph Noble baulked a fair challenge."

Silence returned again unbroken, except for the mechanical operations of the play, which had an effect like that of the measured ticking of a clock in a deserted mansion—that of marking rather than interrupting the stillness—then the words, "Noble you have lost," showed how the challenge, whatever it was, had terminated.

"Come," said the loser, his face pale, but his voice firm, "what is the sum—let me know it. Be quick, if you please, Mr. Lombard."

"With the permission of our friend, Mr. Neville," replied the banker.

"Will you have, the goodness, sir, to break the seal of this letter, addressed to you, and favour us by saying what are its contents—pecuniary contents I mean," and he handed Neville the letter.

The young man held it in his hand for a little, without opening it, as if waiting for an explanation.

"I should apologize," said Lombard, "for taking somewhat of a liberty, Mr. Neville. The fact is, you ought to have had your letter the moment you entered the room, but as I knew that it merely covered a representative of coin—or what I have always maintained should be bullion—but that is, by the way, a kind of parenthesis, I was not in a hurry to hand it over."

"I believe you, Lombard," said Noble, who caught the banker's eye, and was provoked by a sly sinner, which he felt as a kind of timid insult.

Lombard would not be hinted into a quarrel, and without noticing the observation, he proceeded—

"I knew that money, my dear young

friend, never comes amiss; it is always in season. However, just when I was about to hand it to you, a sporting thought seized me, and I made the dashing challenge you are requested to decide."

"I see," said Neville. "Mr. Derinzy, the superscription is in your hand."

"Yes," said Derinzy, "the fact is, Mr. Lombard proposed my lodging the sum to your credit in his bank, where, I was glad to learn from him, you have a considerable deposit."

"Five figures, I should say, from a general remembrance," said Lombard, "and the first not a unit."

"However," resumed Derinzy, "I thought it better you should have the pleasure of making the addition yourself if you pleased."

"You are a true friend, sir," said Noble, "and I honour you for your fidelity."

But still Lombard was unobservant.

"And," continued Derinzy, "as Mr. Lombard expected to see you in the morning, and as our streets are not quite so safe for the conveyance of wealth as the whole island was in the days of Brian—"

"I can tell you, sir," chimed in Noble, "the streets are as safe as the chests of many a gambling banker;" Derinzy's caution conveying something like an intimation that the sum was large, and thus increasing the painfulness of his suspense, and inflaming his choler.

"If you please, sir, we can talk of such things at another time," said the banker.

"At any or all times by G——," cried Noble, "and in any way you like."

Neville did not require any further explanation. He opened the letter and took from it a paper, which he held before the company. It was a bill for five thousand pounds. Noble looked at it, turned away to a table where there were writing materials, and presently handed a written paper to his host.

The banker perused it deliberately and handed it back to the writer.

"You mistake, Noble," said he, "the bill staked by me was English—your draft is on a Dublin bank."

"What would you have?" cried Noble, "do you mean to insinuate

any thing against my friend—answer me at once.”

“Nothing, nothing,” said the banker, “Hoare’s solvency is unquestionable—sure as the bank of Lombard, and of that, you will allow, I can have no doubt. Your mistake is of a different description. Mr. Neville’s bill is English. Five thousand pounds British amounts to—in Irish currency—at the present rate of exchange, five thousand eight hundred and twenty-three pounds and some shillings and pence.”

“Tell out, sir, what is in your bond” cried Noble, with furious loudness, “S’death! do you make your allowance of farthings to me? Your bond, sir, you shall—you must have it.”

“Agreed Mr. Noble,” said the banker who was dotting down figures with a pencil while the loser stormed, “the amount is five thousand eight hundred and twenty-three pounds seven shillings and sixpence.” Noble wrote a draft for the amount—looked steadily on the banker while he read it, and making a violent effort over himself, bowed to the company and left the room.

“So, gentlemen,” said Lombard, as he disappeared “Ireland is, in all likelihood, to see the last of our friend Noble. He had, to my certain knowledge, just eight thousand pounds in the world—all that was left after the sale of Prospect Hall. The principal part of it was to be given for two posts in India for Noble and his eldest son. The arrangements were to be finally concluded before the end of the month; but you see how things turn out; it was not on the cards, you observe, excuse the pun, that he should share in the riches of the east.”

“As to Noble, himself,” observed one of the company, “’tis just the kind of fate that was to be expected for him—’tis hard enough though that his good wife and family should suffer.”

“Ay,” said Lombard with a sigh that ended in a chuckle, “and Mrs. Noble is, I suppose, at this moment, one of my lady-wife’s company. Can he have gone up. I have a mind, just for a minute only, to look in. I am curious to see how he behaves.”

Lombard was rising—but Neville started up at the moment, and with a flushed cheek and the manner of one

who had decided on a step which he felt to be bold, and which habit had not made easy to him, said—

“Before you go I want a favor of you. It is not, I know, an hour in the regular way of business to draw money from your bank—but my necessities will not allow me to be regular. Let me have that draft of Mr. Noble, and make it payable to me. I shall give you an acknowledgment.”

Lombard was much disturbed. He rallied, however, affected to consider the request of Neville as badinage—and finding him persist in his demand, offered advice that his young friend should proceed in the regular way of business, and wait till morning.

Neville was not to be diverted from his purpose. To make the demand, in the first instance, required that he should overcome something of a feeling by which young persons, unused to business, are sometimes embarrassed; but having so far succeeded the rest was easy. He had been for a few seconds writing, and when the banker ended his exhortation, contented himself with handing him a paper.

“Is this,” said he, “a sufficient voucher, or will you draw one more to the purpose, and I will sign it—my mind is bent on the draft you have won, and,” he added with a playful earnestness—“I must have it.”

The banker’s face grew lurid as he read the paper. It contained these words—

“I know what ‘wait till morning’ means. Your intention is no secret to me. I shall bear my loss without denouncing you, if you let me have the draft. Refuse, and I shall proceed on the instant to Mr. Hoare, on whom it is drawn—reveal your purpose to him and have his advice to guide me.”

Lombard recovered from his confusion, and burned Neville’s note in the candle. “This,” said he, “is not a proper voucher. I need not trouble you to write one now. Here is the draft since you are so bent on it. If you are in this part of the town in the morning you can give me an acknowledgment—and yet it may save you trouble to conclude the matter now.” The acknowledgment, accordingly, was duly drawn and signed.

Before returning to his hotel, Neville paid his respects in Mrs. Lom-

bard's drawing room. It was crowded with a gay society, and he was making his way to the lady of the mansion when he heard Mrs. Noble's name pronounced by a lady, near whom he was standing.

"Did you ever see," was the expression, "any thing so unhappy as Mrs. Noble's countenance. Only look at her."

Neville's eyes turned in the same direction with the speaker and beheld a face mild and pale, and of a hopelessness which saddened him. Ill tidings travel fast, thought he—can it be possible that she can have heard. "'Tis but a minute since she was one of the merriest little fairies in the room," continued the lady. "Do, look at her. What can have happened?"

"A husband," said the gentleman to whom the question was addressed. "One black look from Noble, who darkened the room for an instant with his scowl, has done it all. What a bore is a jealous man."

There was no jealousy, and no apprehension of jealousy in the case. Poor Mrs. Nobler read her children's fate in the despair of her husband's looks, and was evidently sinking under the sense of the coming calamity. While Neville was looking towards her, he heard her chair announced, and taking the moment of her departure for his own, he found an opportunity, when her husband was engaged in having the chair brought into an inner hall, to place a note in her hand.

"Open this," said he, "when you are alone. Believe me no evil is meant you." She took the note, timidly, but as she looked in Neville's face, an expression, something like confidence and hope, lighted her dejected countenance. At this moment her husband returned with the chair, and regarded Neville, who was passing out, with a look of fierce defiance.

Neville longed to be alone, and finding no vehicle of any description at his command, proceeded to walk through the dark streets to his hotel. He tried to think, as he passed on, but found it impossible to command his faculties and arrange his thoughts in order. The surprises and the disclosures of the night—the threatened loss which he was to undergo—the events which the coming day was to bring forth, crowded on his mind,

and confused it. The pecuniary loss little distressed him. He knew it would be heavy; but experience had not yet taught him to know all its amount of evil. There was a hope high in his soul that he should hear of Madeleine, and there was a very happy consciousness that he had saved a family from ruin. Such were the materials of which his reverie, rather than cogitation, was composed; a reverie which, notwithstanding the darkness that streaked it, was not predominantly painful, and in which he was altogether wrapt. When a rude, fierce grasp was laid on his shoulder, and a voice, hoarse with passion, commanded him—"Draw—I ought to have stabbed you from behind—villain—defend yourself."

There was no time for question or explanation. Swords were instantly clashing. Neville felt his superiority in expertness and force; but agility and superior science might not be effective guards in an uncertain light which might indeed be called darkness; and he, for a time, gave all his attention to the feeling his adversary's weapon with his own, and preventing him from disengaging it. Such a state of things could not last long. The assailant, baffled in his first on-set, was becoming fiercer and more desperate, and the encounter was like to have a bloody issue. But a conflict like this could not be noiseless, and, happily, the night was one on which the noise of clashing swords must reach many an ear. So it was. Numbers thronged in and interrupted the duel. Noble, for he was the assailant, angrily withdrew, but not until he had received his opponent's address, and with it the pledge usually given on such occasions.

Neville was interrupted in the act of writing to Derinzy, requesting an act of friendship from him for the following morning, by a message, that a stranger begged to see him. Late as the hour was, he gave directions that he should be admitted, and Noble entered. He came, because he could not resist the desire to come, for the purpose of supplicating pardon, and of pouring out his acknowledgments. After his ferocious attack on Neville he had been induced to return to a dreaded home, when he found his wife on her knees in prayer—an envelope

lying on her table, and his own draft made payable to Mrs. Noble, by its side. This was the billet which had provoked (or furnished a vent for) his wrath. It did not contain a word from the donor. Neville was much affected by the warmth of his expressions and manner; and after all the tumults and troubles of the night, sunk into a happy slumber.

On the following day he received a farewell letter in which Noble and his

wife expressed their sense of obligation. A bond, formally drawn up and executed, for the amount of the cancelled draft, accompanied the letter. In his own name Noble wrote;—

“I may yet be able to acquit myself of the pecuniary part of my debt. To acquire the power of doing so, and of proving to you by acts that you have not benefitted one utterly unworthy, will be among my strongest incentives to honorable exertion.”

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE BALLAD-SINGER.

Watch (aside).—“Some treason, masters; yet stand close.” ●

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

“While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.”

TEMPEST.

ALTHOUGH, as we have shown, there was no lack of the usual levity in Dublin at the time of our story, it was the scene of grave and anxious deliberation also. The government was in a state of alarm, apprehensive of a descent of French invaders on the coast, and of an outbreak of Roman Catholic insurgents in the provinces. This latter danger was that by which the viceroy, the Duke of Bedford, was most strongly affected, and in his fears many leading politicians of the times appear to have participated. The primate, almost alone, vainly, although strenuously, contended against them, insisting that by a demeanour of confidence and good will, the strength of the national defence might obtain a reinforcement from the Roman Catholic body. His reasonings were treated as delusions by persons in power, and the Duke of Bedford did not scruple to declare, that by military force alone could the south and west of Ireland be kept from breaking out into massacre or rebellion—that troops indeed were as necessary to protect the Protestants of Munster or Connaught from their neighbours, if not fellow subjects, as they were to defend the country against a foreign foe.

The Roman Catholics were not wanting to themselves in this time of trial, but they were divided in opinion as to the policy which prudence would recommend. There were a few who said that the very alarm of govern-

ment could be rendered conducive to the promotion of their interests, and that by cementing a close union between themselves, making a display of strength, and abstaining from all acts of violence, they would be likely to obtain from fear what would not be granted as pure favour. The Duke of Bedford, it was known, not only considered their great predominance in numbers a subject of rational alarm, but also made known his opinions without concealment, and urged them upon the consideration of the British ministers. Views such as those of his grace must evidently conduct to one of two results—either an attempt must be made to satisfy the Roman Catholics of Ireland by a concession of civil privileges, or they must be so crushed and reduced by restraint and persecution as to be no longer formidable. Could the latter part of the alternative be carried into effect? There were among the Roman Catholics, men capable of comparing the past with the present, who thought this unlikely, if not impossible. There were some who thought that that might be done again, which was said to have been done once, and who deprecated boldness, because in former times it was productive of evil consequences. There was, accordingly, division; and while the leading aristocracy and gentry stood aloof, a number of persons in Dublin, amounting to some hundreds, prepared an address to

the government, expressive of their loyalty, which they dared not present in person or in a body, but confided to the care of a Protestant gentleman, who undertook to lay it before the lord lieutenant, and who brought no (at least no satisfactory) answer. Such was the condition of the Roman Catholics of Ireland towards the close of the reign of George II.

While the metropolis was stirred by the meetings and debates of Roman Catholics, their formation of committees and their preparation of addresses—movements which though wrought beneath the surface of society, were yet felt very sensibly—there were troubles and disasters of another description, of which the influence was more agitating and alarming. The rumour of French fleets at sea, having Ireland for their destination, spread abroad a very general sense of insecurity—an alarm which became more poignant as any great naval success of England seemed the prelude to the fitting out a new hostile fleet, and an occasion for the utterance of more threatening announcements. Then came the fears of heavier taxation, as the necessity of maintaining a greater military establishment became apparent; and while these alarms were doing their work in unsettling the minds of the people, a shock was given to mercantile credit by the failure of three banks in rapid succession, and the refusal of the remaining banks to discount bills, however valid the security. Such calamities as these never terminate in themselves. They had at the period of our story very distressing consequences. When the issues of the banks ceased, merchants, and traders, and manufacturers, arrested in their activities, failed because of the cutting off of their usual supplies; men, unprovided for more than the passing week, were thrown out of employment, and society in general assumed a character of want, and turbulence, and defiance, very unlike its ordinary good humour of expression. Persons of power and wealth exerted themselves to provide the fitting remedy to this unhappy state of things; but there were agencies at work to make the worst of it; and while many thought that the design and presence of an enemy was discernible in creating the evils under which the country

groaned, it was quite certain the influence of an enemy could be detected in the efforts which turned those evils to the worst account for the interests of the state and of society. We have entered into this detail not with an idea of encroaching on the province of the politician or historian, but for the purpose of rendering our narrative intelligible. We now return to it.

For some days after the eventful night of the masquerade, Neville had sought De Mortagne unsuccessfully. He could no where have tidings of him. Mrs. Barnewell, too, evaded his eager and persevering inquiries. If she were really the gypsy of the masquerade, she rather cruelly, as well as artfully, baffled his endeavours to find her again. Altogether his state of mind was uncomfortable, and in the endeavour to divert his anxiety, he passed much of his time in the bootless labour of traversing the streets and all other places of resort, in a vague idea that some lucky accident might prove better for him than his more elaborate and formal voyages of discovery.

One evening while thus employed he was witness to an incident which, although he did not perhaps fully understand it at the time, left on his memory an impression of a very enduring character, and may offer some insight into the nature of the agencies by which, at that time, Dublin was agitated. The streets were more than ordinarily crowded with persons of the poorer classes, and they appeared in angrier swarms than he had noticed before. Two great factories had been closed that day, and large numbers of journeymen—dismissed to be idle or wicked, or both as the case might be. Rumours of threatened invasion seemed to fill the air, so much did they occupy the conversation of the street-goers, when they were not speaking of their own distresses. Yet there were gaming tables displayed, the “thriftless-rigs” of that day, where copper coins were freely staked, and strange to say, showmen had their stations, offering an insight into their magic boxes for one halfpenny—only a halfpenny—and ballad-singers, comic and pathetic, here and there plied their art, offered their wares, and even sold them.

One at least of these itinerant songsters was vending matter deep

and dangerous, if the account given by a sleek civic functionary to an acquaintance whom he expressed much gladness in meeting, could be relied on. Neville overheard the dialogue.

"Was it his worship sent you?" said this officer. "You never came in better time. I have her sure—old Bett, you don't escape again."

"Well, what are we to do?—are we, two, men enough to take her out of the crowd, and I in plain clothes, neither sword nor pistol? What is she at to-night?"

"Pretty middling, I should think. There's nothing but loyalty going, if Bett is not paving away with flat treason as fast as ever her old tongue is able to jaw. And now, Bagly, mind you keep steady. Slip down into the crowd—it's at the corner there, and buy a couple of her ballads. You know how they bamboozled us the last night, when we hadn't a rag of a song to show, and they were ready to swear it was the Christmas carol she was singing. You buy the needful. Here's a groat, be sure you get the change; 'twill be paid at the office; then stick close. She's coming this way; as soon as she comes near here convenient, we'll out and nab her; if she is going off on another tack, or not coming soon, just run on to me; I'll have men enough ready."

Having overheard this little dialogue, Neville, curious for the result, followed the emissary of civic power to the place where the ambulatory songstress had collected and was entertaining her circle of admirers. There was nothing unusual in her costume; it consisted principally of a man's great coat and a much battered and flattened bonnet; nor was she very remarkable in appearance; but it might be said, that the years which had bowed her form and withered her visage, had not greatly impaired the strength of her voice. A child stood near her holding a candle protected in a paper lathorn, and receiving the purchase money of her wares. Her performance was of a varied description—alternations of speech and song to which Neville listened with an attention, given as much to the manner of the songstress as to her strains. They ran to this effect. She began with somewhat of a drawl or whine, but yet with a voice clear and strong, and with an utterance by no means indistinct:—

"Ye Liberty boys lend an ear,
While I sing you a sorrowful song—
Though the times are so dreary, I fear
They'll be very much worse before long,
If ye don't beware.
Employers and bankers are breaking;
Our Parliament's scheming to fly,
At the Castle they're all of them quaking,
Bold Thurot is coming they cry.
Prepare—prepare—prepare."

"Aye, and that's the word I say, too, boys—prepare—prepare. They're all preparing except ourselves.—Maybe Mitchell didn't prepare—and Clements—aye, and Silky Lombard—and Malone, too, when they turned the scraps of paper into gold and silver.—Where are the mocusses now I wonder. Its fine things—the rags they left for us—that for twenty of 'em you would'n't get a brown penny gandy if your child was fannishing. And the Parliament is preparing too—they'll follow—aye, every mother's son—the Lords and the Commons they call 'em. They'll follow where the money is gone, I'll be hail for 'em, and then ye may weave the poplins for yourselves, boys—if ye like—and the Castle is preparing to go fight the French—no less. What a go 'twill be. 'Twas high times with ye, ye shavers, when ye said one of the Frenchmen was bet—but ye're singing another tune now—its one down and another come on with them lads, and ye'll soon have the other:—

"'Twas Bedford's proud Duke spoke the speech—
Let each hero march onward with me,
To welcome this foe to our beach,
For the French have their armies at sea.
Come meet them."

"Oh, to be sure—come, meet them—why shouldn't we. By my sowl, Mr. Duke, its not the one welcome you and we would give 'em. What harm did they ever do to us, or what harm would they do to the world if they sent the half of ye out of it? What harm did they do to us? Is it they that cheated us of our good money for rags of paper? Is it they that corrupted the quality and ground the faces of the poor—

"Made the rich all thriving knaves,
And the poor all starving slaves."

"Is it they that brought cheating and cruelty among us? I say no—they were here before ever we heard tell of the Frenchmen coming." And then—resuming her song in a bolder strain—

"Worse foes than France were here before—
A land can know no worse
Than the sin of the rich man's ill got store,
And the plague of the poor man's curse."

"We have you, Bett," cried a voice in no gentle accents "you must come with us," and a hand was laid on the ballad singer, who shook off the assailant with, it would seem, little difficulty, and sent him sprawling to the ground. There were, however, several assistants at hand, and whether she saw it was useless to struggle, or thought it wisest to submit, she desired the fallen man "to gather his limbs together, and show her the way. Don't any of ye" cried she to her audience, "put yourselves in trouble for the sake of poor Bett—never be afraid—the law is not made that's to hang me."

Neville felt his curiosity increasing to a degree which would claim for it the name of interest, and he followed into an office held as a temporary watch-house to meet the necessities of the time. His appearance procured him admission, but the general mass who crowded to the door were excluded.—The office, indeed, could not contain them. An elderly gentleman of a formal and consequential air, and armed with a very formidable pair of spectacles, was seated in a part of the office separated by a counter from the place where the constables, their followers, and the prisoner were standing.

"What is your charge against this woman?"

"We took her in the street, your worship, selling ballads of a treasonable description."

"What were the expressions she made use of?"

"Edwards here, your worship, bought one of her terrible ballads, and some more were found on herself and the chap that held a light for her."

The ballads were handed in—the magistrate marked them with his initials, and then laid them beside him.

"I shall look at them presently," said he. "In the mean time I think it desirable to examine the culprit."

"Prisoner, what is your name?"

"Bett," said the prisoner, with an air of much indifference.

The magistrate turned to his clerk and said—

"Write down her name, Elizabeth." Turning himself again to the ballad-

singer, he asked "What is your other name?"

"Bett," cried she again.

"Your second name—the name of your family."

"Neighbours," cried the woman, looking towards the throng of faces at the door—"did any of ye ever hear of another name, or give me another name than Bett the ballad-singer."

"If you do not keep silent there," said the magistrate, annoyed at the vociferations in reply to the prisoner's address "I will have you removed, and the doors shall be closed." (The crowd, it should be observed, were standing outside a half-door, some leaning over it.) "Prisoner, the court is not to be trifled with. What is your second name?"

"Is it diverting yourself with poor Bett you are, your worship. Sure you know well enough who I am and what my name is—my curse on 'em for names—they're always bringing honest people into trouble. Well enough you knew my name once when I came of a Saturday night to pay for the bits of ballads; you remember in the time of old Larry Grogan the prenter, when he took you in from running errands to mind the shop for him. Not a name was ever in your mouth in them times, or your book either (for many a time, to my sorrow, I heard you reading it) but Bett—they were the days you didn't trouble me for another. If I had the thirteen pence to the back of it you were civil enough to poor Bett."

"Constables," cried the magistrate, 'his visage purple with rage, at the hilarity excited in the crowd by the prisoner's reminiscences "close the doors put away that mob."

"By Jabers" cried a gaunt looking fellow in the crowd "if you shut this door, constables, you'll have no pace within, while sticks and stones can pound gates or windy shutters."

At the same time a struggle was commencing between the externs to keep their place, and the constables and watchmen endeavouring to close the upper door. The magistrate seemed irresolute, knowing well how very violent the people would become if thoroughly roused; and, on the whole, he was pleased, when another voice from the externs spoke the language of a species of rude conciliation.

"Hould your jaw Jem Pin-the-Gabble—dонт be intimidating the gentle-

man," cried a fellow of stalworth proportions and grim aspect. "Praise your worship, we'll all be conformable. You, Sir, leave off your joking, or I'll make you laugh at the wrong side.—Whist, or I'll transmogrify that ugly mug of yours into such a cake of dough that the woman you robbed a Tuesday night won't be able to swear to you."

Here followed a medley of the varieties of Dublin slang, but the end was an accommodation—the externs promising to keep the peace, and the authorities permitting them to retain their post at the open door. The examination was then resumed.

"Constable, what were the songs you heard the prisoner singing?"

"I can't remember the names of them, your worship, but the expressions were shocking."

"If it would be pleasing to you, please your worship" said the prisoner, "would you be after axing the man what he manes by calling my songs trason. I'd take my davy such a thing was never evened to me afore."

"Do you hear Mudlarr—what is it you call treason?"

"Hand me that paper, 'Bngly," said the functionary—and receiving a ballad from his subordinate, he spread it out before the magistrate without note or comment, except what was conveyed by the inflated stolidity of his countenance.

The ballad was read by the clerk—"A new song, called 'the Jug of Punch,' to which are added, 'the Red haired Man's Wife,' 'the Humours of Glin,' with 'the Girl I left behind me,' and 'a Sailor he courted a Farmer's daughter.'"

"Read the songs," said the magistrate; "there's nothing conclusive in the names."

The clerk, a person with whom we have already met once, Mr. Antony Vowel, provisioning himself for the labour with a liberal application of rappee, and disposing of a canister filled with that agreeable stimulant on the table before him, armed his right hand with a handkerchief, and holding the ballad in his left, at a graceful distance, in the solemn tone which smacked of acquaintance with a spouting club, sometimes intermingling a serio-comic expression which might have succeeded on the stage, he read—

"Ahrly, ahrlly, in the month o' June,
As I sat waving at my loom,
I heerd a bird slingin on a bush—"

"Permit me to interrupt you, Vowel; is that song called 'the Blackbird'?"

"No, sir, you'll have that name in the line following. 'The Blackbird,' I apprehend, sang about the pope, or the Pretender, or something equally unsocial. The bird of the ballad is a different sort of person;" and he read—

"And the song he sung was a jug of punch."

"Go on, Vowel—but stay, Mudlarr, was 'the Blackbird' one of the ballads you heard the prisoner singing?"

"As I'm on my oath, your worship, for all, it's a while agone since I was sworn—the oath is not off me yet—I would not petikely say that I heard that name, but the treason the woman said put me in such a state, that I disremember it."

"Go on, Vowel."

The clerk completed his task, and if the poetry was free neither from flatness or ribaldry, it could hardly be condemned by the most orthodox of the loyal, as expressing sentiments objectionable in the only sense contemplated in the constable's accusation.

This accusing functionary occupied, during the process of reading, the foreground of the picture, exhibiting, when the reading of the ballad commenced, a consequential and elaborate tranquillity of face, as if he was resolved to maintain a modest demeanour, while at the same time he would not have the service done by him to his king and country unnoticed or forgotten. A change came over his aspect as the clerk proceeded; uneasiness and disappointment could be seen to gather upon his complacency and self esteem, and the dismay and hopelessness of his dull broad visage, as the last twinkle of conceit faded from it, when the clerk concluded his task, and handed the printed paper to his superior, we dare not attempt describing.

"Is that all, sir," said he.

"I have not omitted the printer's name," said the spruce clerk—"I have not omitted the printer's name," repeated he, solacing his nostrils with a

liberal donation, "nor the date, Mr. Constable," looking into the face of the astonished functionary with a quiet sense of enjoyment.

"Search your pockets, Bagly—see if you have another ballad there. As I'm on my oath, your worship, a word of all that there stuff never came to my ears till now this cursed night.

"You should be more respectful in your language, constable," said the clerk; "if you have no deference for his worship, you should remember that it is written—'bless and curse not!' and as if approvingly of his own wisdom, Mr. Vowel again applied to his cannister.

"There were other papers," said the magistrate, when Bayly's search for a more damnatory document proved ineffectual—"there were other papers found on this poor woman—where are they?"

A pile of ballads was placed before him. Hope seemed, although very shrinkingly, to dawn on the poor constable again; but it was an evanescent light, dying rapidly away when the ballads proved to be all such as those read—and leaving the dull, broad visage blanker than before.

The magistrate held a brief consultation in a whisper with his clerk, and turning round, said that the complaint was dismissed, reproving the constable for not being more cautious, and advising him in future to read the papers before he founded charges on.

"Easy to say 'read,'" said Vowel. "For his reading and writing Mudlarr follows Dogherrie's advice, to let them appear when there is no need of such vanities."

"You may go, good woman; thank his worship and take yourself off."

"Is that all you have to say to me?" said she.

"Nothing more; you may go."

"And what am I to get for all my trouble and fright, and the bits of duds tore off my back, and them fellows tossicating me. Won't your lordship make him pay me? if it was but a guinea—aye, or a crown, 'twould be some satisfaction," and she looked at Neville as he stood, waiting the issue of this odd adventure. "Praise your honour, will you spake to his worship for me, to do me the laste taste of justice."

It was the first time Neville had a

glimpse of her face during the night, but he felt he had seen it before, although at the moment he could not say when or where. Replying to her demand with a seriousness of expression which was perhaps more significant than his words—

"I think, good woman, you ought to be satisfied."

"You do, do you? Constable, you have my pardon—down on your knees and thank this young gentleman's purty face. I'd be thankful to your worship for my property; they're all the estate, houses, and lands, poor Bett has, them frags of ballads."

"Room there—make room for his worship, Alderman Bramber," cried a voice outside the door, and attended by a staff of constables, the portly alderman bustled in.

"What's the cause, Lister?—eh, Vowel, what's to do?"

"It was a complaint, sir, of Constable Mudlar against this woman, for uttering seditious songs."

The impatient alderman interrupted him and took up a ballad, on which he pored with a fixedness in which his round eyeballs seemed to dilate into an ampler circle.

"A clear case," muttered he, as he read to himself. "Mudlar must get a mark for promotion;" and he read aloud—

"A sailor he courted a farmer's daughter,
Who lived convenient to the Isle of Man—

"Fetch here an Atlas—you need not. We know well what's the country convenient to the Isle of Man; we used to go in an open boat there once, when I was down at Lough Strangford. 'Tis clear enough who the sailor is, although, thank God, we drubbed him—and the farmer's daughter too.

"Remark, good people, what followed—after
A long time courting against they will—

"A long time—a plaguey long time. French emissaries here these many years.

"A long time courting, and still discoursing
Of things concerning the ocean wide—

"Aye, aye, Britannia rules the waves—
—thank God for that and for the ocean wide."

"Says he, my sweeting, at our next meeting,
If you'll consent, I'll make you my bride.

France united with Ireland—clear, clear. Mudlar, the country is your debtor. Have you written the prisoner's committal, Vowel. Lister, if you have no objection, I'll take this treasonable document to his excellency."

Lister, who had already determined the case, and who had failed to discover treason in the song, sat silent and confused, admiring, with a mixture of envy and mortification, the sharp-sightedness of his brother justice. Vowel took a pinch of snuff, and indulged in a transitory smile.

"What's that you say, Vowel," said the alderman.

Vowel had not had the presumption, he answered, to offer a remark.

"Then what were you going to say?" rejoined Bramber, daring enough to form, or at least express opinions, but after the first discharge becoming doubtful and discouraged, if he were not seconded.

"I say," said Vowel, speaking in the same confidential under voice which his superior had assumed, "that if I were Justice Lister, I would not like to accompany you. If it was only the duke, the thing might do very well—any kind of nonsense with a plot on it would do for him. I beg pardon, alderman," said he, opening his cannister, and supplying himself, "you know I know all you were saying was only to frighten these fellows outside. You have too much sense to be taken in by such rigmarole stuff as the song. But as to waiting on the duke, that Rigby is a keen, sharp fellow, and he'd make the whole castle laugh for a day and a night at the Justice Midas of the corporation. Excuse me," said he, as the alderman's visage darkened, "you did me the honour to ask my opinion. Rigby will never let the duke be taken in with such a sham as this; and they say that there were letters from England, even from the voice potential of the senate, ordering his excellency not to be in too great a hurry to take fright again."

Such was the strain in which the consultation proceeded; at length it reached its termination. The alderman paused—we had almost said re-

flected (the pause, however, is all we can answer for), and then broke into a very passable laugh—one that had at least all the boisterousness of a natural and hearty cackinnation.

"I think I was one too many for Mr. Justice Lister. Confess, did not you think me in earnest; but there's no catching you asleep, Vowel—no having a rise out of you—eh, Vowel, 'twouldn't be consonant to your sharp nature? Not a bad pun that."

So saying, the alderman affirmed the judgment already pronounced, dismissed the case, and discharged the prisoner, who seemed unwilling to tempt fortune again, by running the risk of another alderman's visit. She departed as soon as she was declared free. Neville returned to his hotel, and the justice and alderman proceeded to regale on what was at that time regarded as a late dinner, the crowd dispersing, not without loud plaudits for Justice Bramber, he was "so good-natured and funny."

Day after day the population of Dublin was becoming more and more disturbed and excited, and although various disastrous occurrences might well have served to explain the rising discontent, yet such was the mystery which pervaded all classes of society, and seemed to impregnate the very air, and brood like a cloud under which every thing was dark and lurid, and such were the circumstances under which these unhappy incidents took place, that they seemed, themselves, links in the chain of some dark conspiracy, rather than causes separate and independent, of the evils which followed in their train. The rumours industriously circulated, that a union with Great Britain was to be effected, and Dublin thus emptied of its gentry—a class whose liberal expenditure, however improvidently squandered, was felt in beneficial effects—added fear of a still severer affliction to the calamities already experienced by the unexplained (and, as it was held, flagitious) failure of bankers, and the consequent ruin of manufacturers, by whom multitudes of workmen were employed. It is always a very serious aggravation of calamity when large masses of people endeavouring to turn their thoughts from existing evils, instead of seeing the light of hope on what is to come,

can only look forward to worse. This was the state of things in Dublin, and although persons in authority exerted themselves to provide remedies, their imperfect knowledge of the real condition of the people, and of the agencies by which they were affected, and their alarm at the apprehension of a foreign foe, rendered the exertions they made almost wholly unprofitable. In truth, they were afraid to probe to its depths, the evil estate of the metropolis and the country. The enemy abroad would take new courage from the disclosures of disaffection at home, and the disorders, which might be removed as soon as their nature was fully understood, were left to grow rancorous and inveterate, because of a chimerical apprehension that a worse evil might be the consequence of their becoming known.

Only a few days had elapsed—it was a clear winter morning, on Monday, December 3, in the year 1759, and Neville was issuing from the gate of Trinity College, Dublin. The porter, early as it was in the day, drawing bolt and bar after he had gone forth. But we must interpose a word of explanation.

After the failure of his banker Neville felt that a time had come when he must look his fortunes in the face; and he did so with manly determination. It was uncertain whether he could ever reap further advantage from his West Indian possessions, and his prospects of gaining the heritage of his father had become clouded. It is curious to think how often matters wholly unconnected with our trains of reflection govern and determine them. What connection could be thought to subsist between the front of Trinity College and the fate of Edward Marmaduke Neville, and yet the one had a material effect upon the other and his fortunes. The fact was thus: In one of those intervals of reverie, when wearied with distracting thoughts, the mind seeks repose in the world of the senses, Neville's eye, as he lifted up his head, rested upon that fine edifice, which added at that time the charm of novelty to whatever it possessed of architectural merit. He felt as if it breathed an air of invitation, and the thought passed into his mind, should he become a student in the University, and by professional exertions promote, perhaps, the success

of his own cause, if its decision was long protracted; and, perhaps, ultimately, even were this hope disappointed, achieve place and distinction. Some decisive step he must take. A fair career was before him, if he embraced a soldier's life. His young man's heart naturally favored the idea; but a rival thought had now sprung up in his mind, and he made no violent effort to dislodge it. It was something to remain in the country where he believed Madeleine to be. There was a reasonableness, quite sober enough for imagination to build on, that his ancestral home might yet be won, and that the fairest who wore the form of woman would grace it. The thought of donning the robes of a commoner in Dublin College, we should observe, had nothing, at that time, inconsistent with the privileges or dignity of first manhood; and Neville's education had been such as prepared him abundantly for academic studies. In short, he would think of the matter, and he had been making the inquiries, which were to determine him, for some few days previously, as well as on the Monday we have mentioned.

The brawny porter, we said, early as was the hour, not yet near noon, drew bolt and bar as soon as Neville passed through; and indeed had quickened his exode while he stood yet under the shade and shelter of the archway.

"If you're for the town, sir," he said, "you can't lose time. I am going to lock the gates, and I must bring these keys," showing the heavy bundle, "to the Dean."

"Why so early, porter?"

"They're playing their pranks in the Liberties, I hear, sir; and the gentlemen here is stirring too."

And they were so. Doors were to be heard clapping vehemently in the inner courts. Sounds, too, which told of the movements of nimble youths, who took whole flights of steps at a bound—voice calling to voice; and sundry groups became visible, rapidly interchanging communications, and casting eager looks towards the gate.

"You see, sir," said the porter, as Neville passed through, "that there was no time to be lost."

The college gates had scarcely closed when various symptoms of disorder in

the town, gave proof that the precautions of the university authorities were not superfluous. Neville walked on in the direction of the castle, and found, as he proceeded, notices of disorder becoming more frequent and unequivocal. Shop windows were in process of being closed and barred; and from the upper windows persons were to be seen anxiously looking out for intelligence. Shouting afar off, and the clash of conflict, or, it might be, the erashing fall of houses, so dreadfully loud were the reports, and so wild and melancholy the shrieks which pierced through them, rendered the anxiety of the yet uninvaded part of the town intelligible. Chair-men had forsaken their bulks, or (as in some instances happened where the professional bias had for a time prevailed, and then given way, as the distant sounds grew more exciting) were extricating their poles from the vehicles they supported, and preparing them for the conflict, to which they were hurrying off. Now and then the wreck of some sumptuous coach would flit past, the frightened driver unable to govern his furious, and sometimes bleeding steeds, the shattered and dismantled condition of the vehicle giving too evident proof that it had passed through a storm of no ordinary fierceness. Here and there were fellows to be seen engaged with malignant industry in loosing the paving-stones; and nearer, continually nearer, the noise of a fearful tumult was hastening.

"There are the soldiers—there are the soldiers," cried out a voice from an upper window.

"What is this, can you tell me, sir," asked Neville of a grave citizen, to whom the notice respecting the military had been made from an opposite window, which he had answered by crying in reply: "An hour too late!" "The meaning of it is bad sir," said he. "The Liberty-lads are up, and instead of putting them down when they were rising, our wise magistrates (confound their cool deliberation) have waited until the tumult is so wild that lives must be lost. If there were any bad enough to want an excuse for killing, they have it. God almighty bless me! step in pray sir—do you see the military are retreating. Will you walk in, for I must shut up and make ready to defend my home."

Neville thanked him, but declined entering. There was something of dreadful interest for him, which he could not withstand, in the tumult and the shouting. The spirit of the war-horse was becoming predominant over the human.

The soldiers were in retreat—their faces to the enemy, if the people were so to be called, but still they were retreating. Suddenly a halt was called, and the soldiers obeyed the order. A reinforcement was coming up from the precincts of the parliament house, and, warned by the augmented force, it would appear, the civilians or "Liberty-boys" took their turn to retreat. Placed as he was behind the military, Neville had not yet seen the adverse party. It had now been withdrawn, and a guard of soldiers took their post at George's-street or lane, not pressing on the townsmen as they retired.

Matters looked rather peaceful—the noise of shouting became faint and distant, but still it was manifest the troubles were not ended. Neville was proceeding on his way, but was not permitted to prosecute it far. On reaching George's street he was brought to a stand—"you cannot pass sir," said an officer, "our orders are peremptory."

Debarred thus far of freedom, Neville turned towards the colonnades of the parliament house, where some persons of gentleman-like appearance were standing. Here he listened to recitals of various incidents of the day. Members of parliament, lords and commons, had already been stopped, their carriages broken, some of them, to pieces, and oaths administered to them that they would not consent to a union with Great Britain. Two or three of the peers had succeeded in making their way and were now in the house; but the day was not over yet, nor the danger.

And now the tumult arose fiercer. For the first time a discharge of fire-arms added to the horrors of the day, but did not end them, on the contrary, it seemed as if the disorder became inflamed to a ten-fold fury. The "Liberty-men" had had their reinforcement as well as the military, and they had armed themselves with deadlier weapons. The soldiers were ill supported, the civil magistrates had left them—one,

who remained, had been disabled, and there was none to take his place.

"Good heavens! what is to come next, cried an old gentleman near Neville, "that is not a retreat but a flight"—as the broken ranks of the soldiers fled past, many showing dreadful gashes and streaming with blood, and their assailants fiercely following.

Opposite the parliament house the mob halted, a man of stature, overtopping the crowd, and in advance of them, gave the order. "Leave off," cried he with a voice that was as a trumpet. "Let the poor instruments go. The parliament house—the parliament house," and instantly they rushed forward. Opposition would have been vain, but none was offered. The house was found empty of members, and as the mob entered, a spirit of drollery took possession of some of them, and communicated itself to the body. The old ballad-singer had been with them hanging on the skirts of the battle, or as some of them said, oftener in the front of it. She was brought forward now on the shoulders of strong men, and they were determined to instal her chancellor in the house of lords.

As this new wave of disturbers was rushing in, it happened that one of the peers was seen in his chariot driving rapidly round from the door at which he entered it.

"There's Moore," cried one. "Did any body swear him?"

Instantly the chariot was surrounded—the coachman did not dare to urge his horses forward, and the door was forced.

A young man suddenly sprang out, and stood on the steps of the carriage, raised above the heads of the assembled party.

"Moore of Drogheda, cried one, "will you swear never to betray your country?"

"I never will betray my country," cried the young earl, "but I will not

swear—the honor of a peer should content you."

"Swear him! swear him—live or die Moore."

Neville saw the young man resisted gallantly, and forgetting the danger, or the uselessness of squandering his own life, he tried to force his way, and actually succeeded to reach the gallant young nobleman, as a blow, which would have proved fatal perhaps, was struck at him. Neville turned it aside, seized the ruffian who aimed it by the throat, and flung him off.

"Don't attempt to draw," said Lord Drogheda, "it will make things worse."

Neville recognizing in the scowling visage of the discomfited bravo, the Tipperary tutor, Purcell, was strongly tempted to disobey. His own danger was now to come, for presently the savage sprang up and rushed at him. Had a blow been struck, Neville, and all with him, would have been sacrificed—but the old ballad-singer, as she passed near, averted the catastrophe.

"Am I Lord Chancellor boys?" cried she. "Are ye all obedient to me?"

"Aye are we."

"And I'm to have a page to hould up my train?"

"Always."

"Here's my page—this lovely little babby—here," cried she, looking to Purcell. "Let these good subjects," pointing to Lord Drogheda and Neville, "go free, and if any one harms a hair of their heads I'll get his into Chancery."

As she glanced on Neville a parting look of intelligence and recognition, while she passed into the house, and he entered Lord Drogheda's chariot, his recollection returned on him. The ballad-singer was the harlequin of the masquerade—De Mortagne's companion. Lord Drogheda and our hero owed their lives to James Ryan.

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PETRIE'S ROUND TOWERS.*

THE first and second parts of Mr. Petrie's long-expected Essay on the Irish Round Towers are at length before us. The essay was originally sent in to the Royal Irish Academy, upwards of ten years ago, and was confined to a simple exposition of the Christian origin and ecclesiastical uses of the towers, matters regarding which it is really difficult to conceive how there ever could have existed a doubt; since the first authentic historical notice we have hitherto had on the subject, designates them "church towers," and the people of the country, in their native tongue, have never called them any thing else than "belfries." Add to this, that they are never found except in connection with Christian ecclesiastical foundations—that they are edifices of stone and lime—in several instances bearing the emblems of Christianity, and manifestly of the same style of building with the adjoining churches, where the ancient churches remain, and it will, perhaps, appear more singular that the question should have been deemed debatable, than that Mr. Petrie should have solved it, as he did, in the compass of his original short essay.

But in giving the question, for the first time, its full and final solution—showing that the towers were regular parts and members of those aggregations of characteristic buildings which constituted the early ecclesiastical establishments of this country—Mr. Petrie found himself engaged among

other subjects of inquiry, till now wholly undreamt of, and infinitely more interesting to the philosophic antiquary than any refutation of the false theories of the towers, or any demonstration, however complete, of their real origin and uses. He, therefore, passed from the specific demonstration of these portions of our early Christian architecture, to a general investigation of the whole subject, which is unquestionably the richest and most interesting field of inquiry that modern research has discovered, in connection with the spread of Christianity in the west of Europe, giving us an insight, altogether un hoped-for, into the lives and habits of our early ecclesiastics, and into the state of arts and letters in Ireland, during the six centuries preceding the Anglo-Norman invasion. The magnitude of this inquiry accounts for the length of time that has elapsed since the communication of the original paper, as well as for the bulk to which the work, in its complete state, has swollen; for the present volume, consisting of about five hundred quarto pages, contains only two of the three parts into which the entire essay is now divided; and of which the third still remains to be published.

The anxiety of the public to be acquainted with the solution of the original question has latterly manifested itself in a degree of impatience which, however unreasonable on the part of

* Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland, anterior to the Anglo Norman Invasion, comprising an essay on the origin and uses of the Round Towers. By George Petrie, R.H.A., V.P.R.I.A.

any one acquainted with the vastly enlarged scope of the work, cannot be wondered at in those who are either unaware of the extent of the additional inquiry, or incompetent to judge of its curiosity and value. And independent of the repeated demonstrations of this feeling, Mr. Petrie has, no doubt, been urged into publishing his work in its present form, by the disingenuous use made of his original essay, which necessarily became known to a number of individuals, on being perused by the then members of the Academic Council, to whom it was referred for judgment, with the other competing papers, and which has been made the subject of various anticipatory essays and comments, some designed to depreciate the value, and others to forestall the use and application of its materials.

These petty larceny annoyances are, however, the natural attendants on every great work of originality, conversant with numerous details, and the fame of which precedes its publication; and while we give Mr. Petrie credit for exhibiting the tranquillity of conscious learning, through a series of, we believe, unexampled misrepresentations, taunts, anticipatory refutations, and thefts, we cannot but regret that he has not borne these provocations a little longer, so as to have given his labours to the world of learning complete: for till the appearance of the third part, which, we suppose, we cannot expect for at least another year, we must remain with our interest excited, to a much greater degree than ever it was on the subject of the towers, regarding a variety of other topics which will, doubtless, in the mean time, be made the subject of as much rash speculation and presumptuous dogmatism as the towers themselves.

But before we proceed to indicate those topics, let us satisfy the anxiety of the reader with a short *resumé* of Mr. Petrie's demonstration of the Christian origin and uses of the towers. We have mentioned a well-known passage from Girald Cambrensis, in which he speaks of them as "church towers, built after the manner of the country, round and slender." One would think this pretty conclusive; but it happens that the passage has reference to the well-known legend—

"On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;"

and the eruption of Lough Neagh is referred, in our annals, to A.D. 62, which being prior to the introduction of Christianity, it follows, say the pupils of Vallancey, that the "turres ecclesiasticæ" of Cambrensis cannot mean the towers of Christian churches, but must refer to monuments of pagan worship. A little better acquaintance with the writings of Cambrensis would have taught the disciples of this school that they were Christian churches, and none else, which the Bishop of St. David's had in view, when he wrote the passage in question; since, in speaking elsewhere of Brigid's Church of Kildare, he applies the self-same term, "turris ecclesiastica," to the round tower of that church, then and still standing, although the cell of the saint, with its sacred fire, has long since disappeared. This passage, therefore, about the towers under Lough Neagh, while it plainly enough declares the truth to some readers, has been a fruitful parent of error to others; and another passage in the annals, under the date A.D. 448, describing an earthquake, by which fifty-seven towers were overthrown, has greatly tended to confirm the mistake. The latter passage runs as follows: "Ingenti terræmotu per loca varia imminente plurime urbes Auguste, muri, recenti adhuc re-edificatione constructi, cum lvii. turribus confuerunt." In the former instance, it needed but a little further reading of a well-known authority, to ascertain the truth; in the latter, the explanation required scholastic learning of a higher order, and therefore, we are the less surprised that it should have been so long overlooked. The passage refers to an earthquake at Constantinople, and is transcribed into our annals *verbatim* from Ammianus Marcellinus. In the same way, our annalists often cite passages from the continental chroniclers respecting other imperial affairs, which any one of moderate scholarship might perceive are here referred to by the use of the significant phrase "urbs Augusta."

We have here indicated the two chief sources of error regarding the round towers among modern antiquaries—

both the offspring of insufficient learning; one, indeed, the child of gross ignorance. We are unwilling to reckon Doctor O'Connor in such a category; but the only other passages which give the least appearance of foundation to the pagan theories, owe their mischievous misconception to him. The first of these passages is from the Annals of the Four Masters, *ad annum* 898, where the word *truaghan*, in the original, has been erroneously read, by the Doctor, *turaghan*, so as to make Coscraídh of Inniscaltra, whose death the passage records, "an anchorite of the tower," instead of "the anchorite, called, *par excellence*, the emaciated." That the latter is the true meaning of the passage appears clear, by the grammatical dependence of the words, which never could have admitted the former sense. The other passage is that interesting one at the year 995, in the Ulster Annals, which records the burning of Armagh, with its stone churches, and *fiadh-nemeadh*, which latter word the Doctor conceived has the meaning of "celestial indices," and thence concluded that these were round towers, and that, consequently, the round towers were erected for indicating God knows what phenomena of the heavens. The Doctor's whole reasoning is inexplicably perplexed; for if *Fiadh-nimeadh* had the meaning he supposes, he takes the very contrary line of argument to that which his data would furnish to any ingenuous mind, desirous of applying that evidence to the round towers. It is unnecessary, however, to dwell on the use he makes of his celestial gnomons, since the parallel passage from the *Chronicon Scotorum*, to which he had not access, is conclusive against him, even supposing him right in his translation of *Fiadh-nimeadh*: in addition to which Mr. Petrie demonstrates that this word has not, and never had any such signification as the Doctor supposes; but means "a sacred grove," or, "grove of sanctuary," as is abundantly shewn from the Brehon laws, ancient glossaries, and various other authentic authorities, the most curious of which is an old Irish translation of the *Æneid* of Virgil, from the Book of Ballymote, in which

the translator employs this word in describing the scene of Polites' murder by Pyrrus, where, beside the altar of Jove, Virgil has his

" *Inter una laurus
Incumbens ara, atque umbræ complexa Penates.*"

These errors, and some flagrant falsifications of Vallancey's being removed, there remains absolutely nothing on which to ground any supposition that the towers are any thing else than what Cambrensis calls them—"turres ecclesiasticæ," church steeples, built after the manner of the country, "*arcte atque rotundæ*," slender and cylindrical; or any thing else than what the people of the country, who ought to know best, uniformly call them, *i. e.* "*clocteachs*," bell-houses, or belfries, *cloct* being the original name of a bell, and, from that appendage of the time-piece, transferred to the instrument we now call a *clock*.

But these negative evidences will not suffice: for the pagan origin of the towers has become a sort of creed among the middle classes, who seem to feel a vague national pride in having monuments of an indefinite antiquity, and greedily accept any suggestion, however impossible, that will help to refer them to that dimly-glorious period when our ports were better known to merchants than those of Britain, and fleets from Tyre and Sidon floated round the favoured seats of Druidic learning. Nor, indeed, is it unreasonable to expect that, if they be Christian edifices, positive Christian evidence should be adduced regarding them. We, therefore, proceed at once to extract from Mr. Petrie's work the record of the foundation of several of these Christian bell-houses. But it may be necessary to premise, that many such notices cannot be expected, since the bell-house being part of the establishment, just as the campanile tower is part of an Italian church, the general notice of the foundation of the latter is usually all that is to be met with. * Of these which Mr. Petrie's industry has discovered, the earliest is a notice from the MS. *Chronicon Scotorum*, in the library of Trinity College, of the foundation of the *clocteach* of Tuom-graney:—

"A.D. 965. Cormac h-Ua Cillín, do arb b-Fiacrac Uíróne, comorba Ciarán 7 Comán 7 comorba Tuama Sprene; 7 ar aise do

[April,

ronad tempul meu. Tuama Snene, 7 a claișteac. Sapienț 7 teneț
et exircopur.—quienit in Chyrto.

That is.

"A.D. 964. Cormac O'Killen, of the Hy-Finchin Aine, coarb of SS. Kieran, Cummin, and Cronan, who built the great church and *cloisteach* of Tuam Graine: a man, wise, aged, and a bishop, slept in Christ."

(Of about the same date is the great *cloigteach* of Clonmacnoise, the foundation of which is referred to Fergall O'Rourke, one of the princes of Breiffny, who died A.D. . . . We now extract from a translation by the celebrated Duid Mac Firbis, from the registry of Clonmacnoise, a work of the fourteenth century.

Mac Firbis, it will be recollected, was the greatest native Irish antiquary of his day, and made the translation, from which Mr. Petrie gives this extract, for Sir James Ware, the most distinguished Anglo-Irish antiquary—if we except Mr. Petrie himself—who has yet lived:—

“ And the same O’Ruairk of his devotion towards y^e church undertook to repair those churches, and keep them in reparation during his life upon his own chardges, and to make a Causey, or Togher from y^e place called Cruan na Feadh to Jubhar Co-naire, and from Jubhar to the Loch; and the said Fergal did perform it, together with all other promises y^t he made to Cluain, and the repaying of that number of Chapels or Cells, and the making of that Causey, or Togher, and hath for a monument built a small steep castle or steeple, commonly called in Irish *Claiethough*, in Cluain, as a memorial of his own part of that Cemetary: and the said Fergal hath made all those cells before specified in mortmain for him and his heirs to Cluain; and thus was the sepulture of the O’Ruairks bought.”

Coming now to the eleventh century, we have the record of the building of no less than thirty-two different *cloughteachs*, by King Brian Boru. Mr. Petrie now extracts from

MacLiags life of that monarch, a contemporaneous work, of which a fragment is preserved among the Irish MSS. of Trinity College.

“Բախր Ծօ ԿԱՅՈՐԾ ԵՈՒՆԱ 7 ԵՈՒՆԱ, 7 Ծօ ՈՒՆԵԱ ԾԱՄԼԻԿԱՇ, ԶԵՐ ԸՈՅԵՐՅՈՒՆ, յՈՒՆԻ.”

"By him were founded cells and churches, and were made *daimliacs*, and *cloic-heachs*, and *duirtheachs* in it" [Ireland].

And again :—

[illegible]

"It is Brian that gave out seven monasteries, both furniture, and cattle, and land; *and thirty-two clothe-hatches*; and it is by him the marriage ceremony was confirmed; and it is during his time surnames were first given, and territories [were allotted] to the surnames, and the boundaries of every lordship and cantred was fixed; and it is in his time the degrees of chief, and poet, and ecclesiastic were appointed. It is Brian also that never refused science from the night of his birth to the night of his death."

And again, in the twelfth century, we have a similar record of the foundation of many *cloigtheachs*, by Donogh O'Carroll, King of Arxiall, now Oriel, comprising parts of the counties of Armagh and Louth. It is from an entry in an ancient antiphony, or

book of music and hymns of the Cathedral Church of Armagh, preserved in Ussher's collection of MSS. in the same splendid depository of these authentic remains of Celtic antiquity. The Irish text is too long for quotation.

"*Kalend. Januar. v. feria, lun. x. Anno Domini m. c. lxx.* A prayer for Donnchadh O'Carrol, supreme king of *Airgiall*, by whom were made the book of *Cnoc na n-Áptal* at Louth, and the chief books of the order of the year, and the chief books of the mass. It was this great king who founded the entire monastery both [as to] stone and wood, and gave territory and land to it, for the prosperity of his soul, in honour of [88.] Paul and Peter. By him the church throughout the land of *Oirghiall* was reformed, and a regular bishoprick was made, and the church was placed under the jurisdiction of the bishop. In his time tithes were received, and the marriage [ceremony] was assented to, and churches were founded, and temples and *cloitheachs* were made, and monasteries of monks, and canons, and nuns were re-edified, and *nemheds* were made. These are especially the works which he performed, for the prosperity [of his soul] and reign, in the land of *Airghiall*, namely, the monastery of monks on the bank of the Boyne [both as to] stone and wooden furniture, and books, and territory and land, in which [monastery] there are one hundred monks and three hundred conventuals, and the monastery of canons of *Termann Feichin*, and the monastery of nuns, and the great church of *Termann Fheichin*, and the church of *Lepadk Feichin*, and the church of * * *."

And finally, even so late as the thirteenth century, we have the foundation of the *cloitheach* of Annadown,

in the county of Galway, recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters.

"A.D. 1238. *Cloigteac Eanáirí dún do d'éanair*."

"A.D. 1238. The *Cloigtheach* of Eanách duin was erected."

But, it may be said, you have not yet proved that the *cloigtheach* was the round tower, and although the people of the country invariably give to the remaining round towers that designation, it does not follow that they may not be mistaken, or that the name "*cloigtheach*," bell-house, may not have been imposed on these pagan edifices

after the original *cloigtheachs* had disappeared. Well, supposing, for argument's sake, that we must prove the *cloigtheach* to be a round tower by other evidence, it is at hand.

And first, the bell-house was an edifice of stone. This appears from a singular effect of lightning, recorded by the Four Masters, A.D. 1121:—

"*Cloigteac Thelca η ionmainne η Orriacc do'oluise do caoir-teir, 43ur cloc do rzeimη ar an ccloigteach ηηη, co ηo ηarbh ηc leirη ηηη cill.*"

"A.D. 1121. The *cloigteach* of Telchonimaine (Tullamain) in Ossory split by lightning, and a stone, which flew out of the *cloigteach* there, killed a youth who was reading in the church."

Secondly, it was a lofty edifice. Thus, in the Life of Christ, preserved in the *Leabhar Breac*, which is unquestionably older than the

eleventh century, the following allusion to the height of the towers occurs in relation to the star which guided the Eastern Kings to Bethlehem:

"*Tanηc ianum uir ηa ηηη. mη ηηη ηηη ηa; 7 dηη ba η-ajrη ηηa cloyteach η-η ηemajηo.*"—Fol. 60, a, a.

"It [the star] came afterwards a journey of the twelve months in twelve days; and it was higher than a *cloigteach* before us."

Thirdly, it stood apart from the church, as may appear not only from the separate enumeration of *haimleacs*, or stone churches, and *cloigtheachs* above cited, but from very numerous other instances cited by Mr. Petrie, and particularly from the following passages, of which the first is from the

ancient Irish tale entitled "*The Wanderings of Maeldun's Canoe*," a tract of very high antiquity, of which copies are preserved in the library of Trinity College, in the British Museum, and in the Royal Irish Academy:—

"Maelduin was of the Eoganacht Níals as to his origin. His father was Allell Acher Agha, a mighty man and goodly hero, and lord of his own tribe. A young nun, and [who was] the Ban-airchinneach of a church of nuns, was his mother. In this manner, then, was he begotten. On one occasion, the King of Eoganacht set out to prey and spoil many territories, and Allell Acher Agha in his company, and they encamped in a certain mountain. There was a church of nuns near that place, i. e. Kildare, at this day. At midnight, when all remained quiet within the camp, Allell went to the church, and this was the time when the Ban-airchinneach came [out] to ring the bell of the church for midnight prayer. She met Allell, and Allell took her to him," &c.

The second is from a prophecy ascribed to St. Moling, who lived in the seventh century, and preserved in a MS. of the twelfth.

"Corbar canntze ar dantze donpa,
Corba donna ar glarr linne,
Corbar cloctze dr cella,
Nírap ella arntze."

"Until rocks grow upon brown oaks,
Until bolsterous waves be on green pools,
Until *cloictheachs* be [placed] over churches,
This vision shall not prove delusive."

Fourthly, the *cloictheach* was an edifice of one dimension; and its height was such as, compared with the perimeter of the church to which it was attached, gives exactly the height of the remaining round towers, where the original churches remain, for us to refer to in making the calculation. This appears from an exceedingly curious extract from a MS. treatise on the Brehon Laws, remaining in Trinity College library. It is so

singular a confirmation of the truth of Mr. Petrie's theory by actual measurement, that we must give the original Irish, as well as Mr. O'Donovan's translation. The law, it will be observed, first prescribes the dimensions and cost of building the *daimhliag*, or stone church, and the *deirteach* or wooden oratory. It then proceeds to prescribe the dimensions of the *cloictheach* in the following exceedingly curious and interesting passage:—

"In *cloicteach*: 4 *icthun* *íde* do *tomur*, 4 *tomur* *íde* *le* *h-icthun* *in* *daimhliag* *le* *n-a* *cuthumate*, 7 *in* *imairiary* 4 *ta* *ar* 4 *fat*, 7 *ar* 4 *leite* *in* *daimhliag* 0 *in* *imach* 0 *chótomur* *in* *cloctze* *imac*, *íra* *nja* *3a1* *íde* *le* *aríde* *in* *cloctze*; 7 *ta* *najb* *imairiary* *áin*. 1. *ar* *aríde* *in* *cloctze* *nur* *in* *daimhliag*, *ir* *comor* *lo3* *nur*, *in* *cuthum4* *lo3ídecta* *in* *do* *tabairt* *ar* *in* *cloctech*."

"The *cloictheach*: its base to be measured; that again to be measured with the base of the *daimhliag* for [determining] its proportions; and the excess of the length and breadth of the *daimhliag* over it [i. e.] over the measurement of the *cloictheach*, that is the rule for the height of the *cloictheach*; and if there should be an excess, i. e. in the height of the *cloictheach* compared with the *daimhliag*, which is of equal price with it, a proportionate excess of price is to be paid for the *cloictheach*."

"For example," says Mr. Petrie, "the cathedral church at Glendalough, as it appears to have been originally constructed—for the present chancel seems an addition of later time—was fifty-five feet, in length and thirty-seven feet in breadth giving a perimeter of 184 feet. If from this we subtract the circumference of the tower, at the base, or foundation, which is fifty-two feet, we shall have a remainder of 132 feet, as the prescribed height for the latter. And such, we may well be-

lieve, was about the original height of this structure; for, to its present height of 110 feet, should be added from fifteen to eighteen feet for its conical roof, now wanting, and perhaps a few feet at its base, which are concealed by the accumulation of earth around it. In cases of churches having a chancel as well as nave, the rule, thus understood, seems equally applicable; for example, the church of Iniscaltra gives a perimeter of 162 feet, from which deducting forty-six

feet, the circumference of the tower, we have 116 feet as the prescribed height of the latter; which cannot be far from the actual original height of the tower; for, to its present height of eighty feet must be added ten or twelve feet for the upper story, which is now wanting, fifteen feet for its conical roof, and a few feet for a portion concealed at its base."

These evidences, demonstrating irresistably as they do, that the material, the form, the size, and the situation of the *cloigtheach* were precisely those of the existing round towers, are altogether new, and would, if necessary, abundantly establish the identity insisted on, without relying at all on the fact of this name, *cloigtheachs* having been immemorially applied to the round towers by the people of the country. But while these new proofs lay hid, as, till their discovery by Mr. Petrie, they have done, in the recesses of our manuscript libraries, this use of the word *cloigtheach* was the sole available piece of evidence on the point in question. Hence, the reader will understand how essential it was to the arguments of those who desired to disprove the Christian origin of the towers, to dispute, to deny, or explain away this appellation. And, first, it was generally explained away by supposing that some of the old pagan towers had been adapted as belfries by the monks who built near them, and that the name had thence come to be applied to them all; but this was a theory which, independent of its intrinsic improbability, was highly unsuitable for those who knew that to admit these to be the *cloigtheachs* of our annals, would be to admit their constant treatment by our oldest writers as ordinary ecclesiastical buildings. They, therefore, suggested that the name had only recently come to the towers, after the disappearance of the belfries mentioned in the annals, which they alleged to have been of wood. But the inconvenience of this theory was very great; for it asked you to suppose that no remains anywhere existed of the ecclesiastical *cloigtheachs*, commonly mentioned in the annals; while remains every where existed, on ecclesiastical sites, of buildings popularly called *cloigtheachs*, which you suppose the annalists to have overlooked. Vallancey, therefore, set the example of

boldly denying that the name borne by the existing towers was *cloigtheach* at all. "The name they bear," said he, "is *cuilcagh*, of which *cloigtheach* is only a corruption;" and then out of *cuilcagh* he manufactured the unknown word *gul-hah*, out of which, through spurious Oriental equivalents, he extracted the supposed meaning of "Announcer of Festivals." This went down very well for the time, especially as Vallancey boldly referred to O'Brien's Irish Dictionary, as his authority for alleging that *cloigtheach* was a corruption of *cuilcagh*, by which latter name the towers in some districts in the south of Ireland are really known. But what O'Brien says is, as every Irish scholar perfectly well knows, the direct reverse: "*Cuilcagh*, a steeple; the word is a corruption of *cloigtheach*." "*Cloigtheach*, a steeple, a belfry, *corrupté*, *cuilcagh*." The reader probably will be astonished at an instance of so much dishonesty and hardihood; but those who have examined Vallancey's works will feel no surprise at finding him support his theories by any such practices.

A characteristic instance of the audacity of his fabrications exists in a MS. volume now in the possession of the Royal Irish Academy. This is an Anglo-Irish dictionary, the title-page of which bears the following memorandum in Vallancey's handwriting, and signed with his name—"Sanscrit Cosha, a Dictionary—Arna Cosha, the Royal Dictionary—Cais mor breithir is the name of this Dictionary. See *Lexicon Dictionary*." On turning to the word "*Lexicon*," *cais mor breithir*, the Irish equivalent for the General's Sanscrit appears there, sure enough, but interpolated among the faded characters of the original, in the same ink and handwriting as the memorandum itself.

But to return to the *cloigtheachs*. The testimony of O'Brien, we have seen, has made it impossible to rely on Vallancey's assertion that the name was corrupted from *cuilcagh*. A new source for this troublesome appellation has, however, been recently assigned by another writer, whose theories partake so much of the Oriental character of Vallancey's, that it is doubly incumbent on him to vindicate his evidences from any suspicion of being of the same questionable authority. The

passage has long struck us as one which required authentication, since the testimony of any ancient manuscript on a matter so much in point, demands the utmost consideration. It occurs in Sir William Betham's "Etruria Celtica," vol. II. p. 210, and is in these words—"I shall, however, remark upon a vulgar error, which has had great currency among Irish antiquaries, who have asserted that they were called *cloigtheuch*, steeples, belfries. Bells are of comparatively recent introduction into Ireland; and clocks, from which the word has evidently been derived, still more modern. This blunder has arisen from ignorance of the language. I have a memorandum in an Irish manuscript, that they were called by the people *leartaigh*,—that is, *monuments of the dead*—the sound of which has been mistaken by those who but imperfectly knew the language: many writers have been misled by this." The mistake about the clocks, giving their name to the bells, we willingly ascribe to an unconscious transposition of the terms; but we confess we look with great suspicion on the statement about the supposed word, *leartaigh*, which would oblige us to conclude that Duaid MacFirbis, who says, that the towers were in his time, as they still are, "called in Irish, *clerichough*," was one "who but imperfectly knew the language," seeing that he was the hereditary chief antiquary of Connaught, and head, in the 17th century, of the famous House of Lecan. From the comment on the passage made by Mr. Petrie, it is evident that this feeling of suspicion is not confined to ourselves alone.

"I shall allow this reference to a memorandum, by an unknown hand, in a nameless manuscript, which has not yet seen the light, to pass without comment; but, in the hope that it may induce him to bring it forward, and permit us to judge of its age and real value, I shall conclude by submitting to his serious attention the following extract from the work of a historian and critical antiquary of deserved celebrity:—

"Vague references to MSS. of vague antiquity form the main chicane of Irish authors; who are so dull, as not to discern that this is never allowed in such questions, but that if a MS. be quoted, its age, place, where kept, page, and column, are always accurately marked by the antiquaries of all other countries,

and the words themselves always produced, with a literal translation."—*Pinkerton's Enquiry into the History of Scotland*, vol. II. p. 20.

That the *cloigtheach*, or bell-house, therefore, was an edifice of one dimension, (as appears from the length and breadth of the rectangle of the church being taken into account, in determining its perimeter, while the one measurement only suffices for the *cloigtheuch*), about 100 feet high, built of stone, and standing apart from the church to which it belonged, seems clearly demonstrated; and further—lest this quality of being of one dimension, which is equally applicable to a square as a round edifice, should still excite doubt in any mind, suggesting the idea that these were square stone campanili, which have totally disappeared, leaving the rotund nondescripts, answering to their description in every other particular, standing in connection with their proper churches all over the country—we have a passage from Adamnan's Life of St. Columba, a work of the seventh century, recounting an alleged miracle of that saint, who, from the island of Iona, perceiving that a brother ecclesiastic was about to fall from the roof of the round building, or from the round roof of the building (the copies differ in the grammar) of the monastery at Durrow, despatched an angel to intercept him in his descent; so that at all points the *cloigtheach*, or bell-house, is proved, from the authentic manuscript authorities, to be that very edifice to which the name *cloigtheach* is still, as it has been from time immemorial, applied by the native people of the country. Having, therefore, seen the foundation of a great number of *cloigtheachs*, we have seen the foundation of a great number of round towers.

But that these buildings also served the purposes of sanctuaries, and of places of retreat in time of danger, is another of Mr. Petrie's positions; and this he proves by arguments equally incontrovertible. Thus, that they were sanctuaries, appears from, among others, one authority of unquestionable antiquity, namely, a poem addressed to Aedh Oirdnighe, Monarch of Ireland from 799 to 819, by the celebrated poet Fothadth, to whom

the clergy were indebted for the first exemption from military services. Copies of this poem are preserved in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, and in the valuable manuscript of the

library of Trinity College, called the Book of Leinster. The passage, as found in the Book of Leinster is as follows :—

“Cipe do 3ne in n3a1t
B3o mo1 a mela tu1t,
20a0 o1a f43ba a o1n
1 o13 n13 no cluic.”—H. 2. 18. fol. 106, b, b

“He who commits a theft,
It will be grievous to thee,
If he obtains his protection
In the house of a king or of a bell.”

That they were places of refuge, in like manner, appears from a number of citations, of which we extract only

those relating to the existing towers of Monasterboyce and Kells. Thus, from the *Chronicon Scotorum*—

“A.D. 1097. Cloi3tecl 20a1no1tpecl do lo1ca0 3ur a1 rcpno1pa a1n.”

“A.D. 1097. The *cloitheuch* of Mainister was burnt with the manuscripts there.”

It is thus in the Annals of Ulster :—

“A.D. 1097. Cloi3tecl 20a1no1tpecl co 1-a le01a1b, 7 1a1pce-0a1b mo0a1b do lo1ca0.”

Thus correctly translated by Dr. O'Connor :—

“A.D. 1097. Campanile Monasterii (Butensis), cum suis libris et rebus pretiosis pluribus, combustum.”

And thus in the old translation in the British Museum :—

“A.D. 1097. The steeple of Manistrech, with the books and much goods thereat, to be kept, burnt.”

The same event is recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters. The burning of the round tower (as we may now justly render the word *cloitheuch*,) of Kells, in the year 1076, is also detailed by all the annalists much in the same

words. We have not space to extract more than one of these corresponding passages thus rendered by Macgeoghagan in his translation of the original annals of Clonmacnoise :—

“A.D. 1075. Murrogh Mac Flyu O'Melaughlin, that reigned King of Meath but three days and three nights, was killed by Amley Mac Moylan, Prince of Galleng, in the borders of Leinster. He was killed in the steeple of Kells; and afterwards the said Amley was killed immediately by Melaughlyn Mac Connor O'Melaughlyn, by the miracles of St. Columb, who is patron of the place.”

That the towers were also used as *phari* or lanterns, is suggested by Mr. Petrie on the authority of some passages from the Lives of the Saxon Saints in England, and from the fact of a *pharos* or lantern tower being described as built opposite the entrance to a monastery of Irish foundation at Luxevil, in Burgundy; but this is a subordinate section, the main considerations relative to the towers being those we have already adverted to, viz., that they were belfries, places of sanctuary, and castles of refuge. The last pro-

position receives a very singular corroboration from the fact, that in some early manuscripts, cited by Mr. Petrie, the word *cloigtheuth*, which, we have seen, properly means bell-house, is used synonymously with tower and place of strength. We have not room for those examples; nor, indeed, can we cite more than a very small part of the mass of evidence brought by Mr. Petrie to bear on the uses and origin of the towers; but we apprehend our readers will be of opinion that we have already cited quite enough to demon-

strate that they are what he alleges, and nothing else.

All these authorities, as such of our readers as are daily conversant with those matters will doubtless have remarked, are perfectly new. It is no exercise of mere theorizing ingenuity, arguing from the form, the size, the site, of these monuments, that they may have been adapted to this use or that; but a clear demonstration, from undoubted authorities, that they are, what the people call them, *cloigtheachas*. and as such are ecclesiastical edifices of ascertained origin and definite uses, parts of the early monastic establishments of Christianity, in the form in which it first came into Western Europe, and in which it afterwards spread itself in those neighbouring nations, now so superior to us in all the arts of life, but who must admit that, while they were still barbarous, we were, comparatively speaking, civilized; and that the imperfect civilization which they have improved to such a superiority over the poor Irish of the 19th century, they originally received from Irish missionaries of Christian faith and social improvement, issuing from these very *canobia*, from these groups of stone and wooden buildings, now for the first time described by an Irish antiquary, after the lapse of a thousand years.

Before quitting the towers, however, we must advert to some other topics of great interest, hitherto involved in complete obscurity, which Mr. Petrie has incidentally elucidated, in disproving the theory that the towers were places of burial. This idea originated in the discovery of various human remains in the debris with which the lower parts of several towers have been filled up; an entire skeleton having been found, as it is alleged, entombed in the masonry of the tower at Ardmore, and other less perfect remains having been dug up at Roscrea, Drumbo, and elsewhere. That edifices erected in cemeteries should be full of the same remains of mortality as are found in all buildings similarly situated, is nothing wonderful; and even that earlier interments should be respected in laying the foundations of buildings so circumstanced, is but what a reasonable mind might naturally expect; but the morbid eagerness to make the towers something different

from that which the people of the country have always considered them—to assign to them, if possible, a connection with pagan rites, and so refer them to a period of indefinite antiquity, amounts, in some minds, to a species of fanaticism, and exercises a destructive tyranny over every effort of calm reflection. As often, therefore, as a skull or thigh bone has been thrown out from among the masses of broken masonry, charred timber, nests of jackdaws, and other rubbish which a thousand years have accumulated in the lower compartments of almost all these towers, a shout of admiration has been raised by the theurgists of this school, who see, in these ordinary evidences of mortality and decay, proofs of we know not what varieties of pagan sepulture, carrying their insane reveries to the Nuraggis of Sardinia, the Mausolea of Tuscany, and the Dagobas of Hindostan; structures respectively as unlike Irish round towers, and one another, as any edifices of the same materials could possibly be imagined. Sir William Betham, whose attempted translation of the Eugubian inscriptions into spurious Irish has given him an unenviable notoriety in literary adventure, and affixed so undeserved a stigma on Irish antiquarian research, carries these fancies to the last limits of absurdity in his “*Etruria Celtica*,” insisting that the parties so entombed were regarded as incarnate Buddhas and that the towers are *topes*, or *dagobas*, erected over their relics, according to the practice of the Buddhist nations of the East—a fantasy even more preposterous, and less sustained by anything having the semblance of argument or authority, than the dream of O’Brien himself, who, our readers will probably recollect, regarded the towers as gigantic *phalli* dedicated, at some unknown period, hidden in the night of antiquity, to the symbolical worship of the world-creating Shiva.

Mr. Petrie takes no notice of Buddha, deeming that deity to have no concern with Christian belfries; neither has he any thing to say to Lingam Yoni; but, taking up the general subject of pagan sepulture, he shows the impossibility of its having had any connection with the round towers, by showing how the pagan burials were conducted, and where the

great cemeteries of the Irish pagan kings, princes, and hards were situated; cemeteries which remain to this day, comprising towns capable of being still identified, and which preserve the remains of kings and chieftains consigned to the earth upwards of two thousand years ago—some of them in rude grandeur, rivalling the sepulchres of Etruria itself; but far surpassing them in this, that the names and actions of their occupants are known. Thus, Ollamh Fodhla lies buried at Tailtin; the Dagda and the other Tuath de Danann monarchs, Felimý the Lawgiver, and Con of the "Hundred Battles," at Brugh; Toarn Eiges, and the chief pagan poets of Connaught, at Cruachan; at Cruachan also lies Meilbh, for whom was achieved the great cattle-spoil of Cuailgne, the Trojan war of Irish story; and there also, his cairn marked by a red pillar-stone, still standing, lie the lightning-struck relics of Dathy, borne home from the foot of the Alps. These, and a vast number of other particulars, relating to the royal cemeteries of the Irish in pagan times, are given by Mr. Petrie from various ancient manuscripts, the greater portion being extracts from the celebrated *Leubhair na hIudhre*, now the property of the Royal Irish Academy, and for the possession of which, as many of our readers may have already heard, the O'Connors and O'Donnells contended in arms at the siege of Sligo, in A.D. 1470. This amazingly interesting volume also affords the following specimen of the mode of burial in use two centuries before the introduction of Christianity, in a tract relating to a chief called Fothadh Airgtheach who was killed at the battle of Ollarba, by the warrior Cailte, in the year 285:—

"We fought against Fothadh Airgtheach here with thee at Olarva," says the writer, speaking in the person of Cailte, "I made a spearcast at him, and I drove my spear through him, so that the spear entered the earth at the other side of him, and its iron head was left buried in the earth. The round stone from which I made the spearcast will be found, and east of it will be found the iron head of the spear, buried in the earth; and the cairn of Fothadh Airgtheach will be found a short distance [further] to the east. There is a chest of stone (*comrar chloich*) about

him in the earth. There are his two rings of silver, his two *bunne doat* (bracelets?) and his torque of silver on his chest; and there is a pillar stone at his cairn, and an oghmuís (Ogham inscription) on the end of the pillar stone, which is in the earth and that which is on it is

'Eochaid Airgtheach here' "

Again, the discovery of several silver bracteate coins, in the base of the round tower of Kildare, has given Mr. Petrie occasion, in showing the inconsistency of this discovery with any very early, much less pagan foundation of that tower, to enter into a very learned and valuable dissertation on the origin of coined money in Ireland. The discovery of these silent witnesses to the comparatively modern foundation of this tower, was made by the Rev. Mr. Browne, the rector, who, on examining the interior again search of sepulchral interments, found, "instead of human bones, as expected, five or six ancient coins; and, from their position under flags, which appeared to form the original floor of the tower, there is every reason to believe that they must have been deposited there at its original foundation." The coins are of that kind called *bracteates*, being thin plates of silver struck on one side. They exhibit no legend—only radiated lines round a cross. The introduction of this species of money is generally supposed not to have preceded the twelfth century; but Mr. Petrie, by a train of new authorities, which numismatists throughout Europe will accept as a most welcome addition to their store of facts, carries back the use of the silver *pingin* in Ireland to a period anterior to the Danish invasion, and gives cogent reasons to show that so far from our having borrowed our mintage from the Danes or Saxons, both these nations adopted the art of striking money, if not from our example, at least some considerable time after it had been commonly practised here.

This dissertation affords a striking example of the characteristic caution and candour with which the whole inquiry is conducted. One of the ordinary fry of dissertators would have seized at once on the current opinion that bracteates were not known till the twelfth century, and would have proclaimed the discovery by Mr. Browne as a conclusive proof that the tower of

Kildare must have been erected subsequent to A.D. 1100, a conclusion with which the style of its highly ornamented doorway, exhibiting the zig-zag moulding so long supposed to be peculiar to Anglo-Norman architecture, might very well agree. But Mr. Petrie finds other bracteates of the ninth century, resembling the coins in question in several of their details, and even doubts whether the tower may not be of cotemporaneous date with the era of Cogitosus, who describes the church of Kildare as being in his time—and, he alleges, as being in the time of Brigid herself—adorned with a decorated doorway, a sort of ornament, as we shall see, very rare in the primitive Irish churches, but the earliest specimens of which exhibit some of the characteristic ornaments still remaining on the supposed Anglo-Norman doorway of the tower. The zig-zag ornament in particular, which British antiquaries would hitherto have supposed conclusive evidence of a Saxon or Anglo-Norman origin, appears not only on the doorway of the round tower of Kildare, but on that of Timahoe. All the details of the latter, particularly the capitals and bases of its columns, with their interlaced tracery, human heads, and singular bulbous bases, are identical in style with remaining portions of the once famous, though long forgotten, church of Rahin—one of those seats of early Irish learning to which crowds of Saxon and Frank students resorted during the ninth and tenth centuries, and the site of which Mr. Petrie has now, for the first time since the middle ages, identified. The ruins here cannot be of a later date than the ninth century, and exhibit one of the most remarkable and beautiful characteristic features of the supposed Anglo-Norman style anywhere extant; a round window, decorated with the zig-zag moulding, and otherwise richly carved, borrowed no doubt from a continental pattern, but probably itself a pattern for those to whose example, in times long subsequent, we have hitherto been supposed indebted for our architecture, as well as every other art; for so great was the resort to this little-known seminary, that there were in the adjoining town of Cell Belaigh, in the eighth century, no fewer than seven streets inhabited by foreign students.

Considering how prevalent is the idea that, prior to the Anglo-Norman invasion, the Irish had no general knowledge of stone and lime building, we regard this volume, abounding as it does with the details of so great a variety of stone edifices, many of them erected long before the Norman name had even sprung into historic existence, and all of them of a date anterior to the time of Strongbow, as the completest and most legitimate vindication of the claims of the Irish to a native civilization that has ever been produced. We except neither Ware nor Ussher. We well know how much each achieved in his own day and in his own department; but both left the claims of the Irish to any independent progress in the arts of life, problematical, if not prejudiced by a timid and reluctant advocacy; for it was already fashionable to deny all such pretensions. It gratified the vanity and was foolishly supposed to conduce to the interests of the dominant race to depreciate the claims of the native people of the country to any art or civilization which they had not imported with their new masters. Ware was too candid an inquirer to be actuated by a motive so unworthy; but the feeling breaks out undisguisedly in the repetition of his mistake so insolently insisted on by subsequent writers. "There is at this day," says Sir William Petty, "no monument or real argument that, when the Irish were first invaded, they had any stone housing at all, any money, any foreign trade, nor any learning, but the legends of the saints, missals, rituals, &c., viz., no geometry, astronomy, anatomy, architecture, engineering, painting, carving, or any kind of manufacture, nor the least use of navigation or the art military"; and Cox, with a still blinder ignorance, and more insulting folly, declares that till their conquest they were so barbarous as not even to be able to exchange the common civilities of life in their own language, arguing, from the similarity of the Irish and English equivalent words, that they had neither doors to their houses, nor coats to their backs, before being, as he terms it, "beholden to the English for being conquered by them;" as, indeed, he might as reasonably, on the same grounds, have insisted that, before that event, they had neither fathers nor mo-

thers, the Irish and English words representing these relations being equally identical.

However, when the insulting hostility that had prompted Cox to these absurdities—that had made him, when relating the martyrdom of King Charles, exclaim—"Would that I could say they were Irishmen that did that abominable fact!"—had begun to apply generally to the new generations born here, and who naturally felt their own honour identified with that of the land in which their lot, and the lot of their children, had been cast for good or evil, these spleenetic revilings fell into disrepute, and it was by degrees allowed, that doors, and coats, and "God save ye's," were not necessarily Anglo-Norman importations: but still, that the Irish had any better habitation for themselves or clergy, or other covering for their worship, than huts of wattles and plaster, was an extent of concession to the conquered race that was never dreamt of till our own time. Whatever disposition to more rational investigation, and to views more worthy of generous and patriotic minds, grew into existence among our educated classes, during the exciting events which distinguished the era of 1782, was unfortunately counteracted by the malign influence of the school of Ledwich. It had been discovered—it was undeniable—that numerous remains of architecture, of sculpture, and of literature, not referrible to English or to Anglo-Norman origins, existed throughout the country. To wrest these from the natives now became the favourite exercise of Anglo-Irish learning; and as there were no other claimants at hand but the Danes and Easterlings—the very men who had first reduced them to ruin—to these barbarians they were accordingly ascribed. The Irish Trinitarian symbols of the seventh century became Runic knots of the tenth; the mystic dove grew a raven; the symbolical beast of the Revelations a wolf of Odin; everything indicative of thought or of civilization in the country that was not English was Danish. Let us, however, do Ledwich the justice to say, that the pretensions of the mere Irish antiquarians, on the other side, were such as would naturally prejudice their cause in any but the most cautious and dispassionate minds.

Nothing had more mischievously contributed to keep up the contempt for everything Irish than the sort of use that had hitherto been made of our early historical remains. Rude and simple in themselves, they had become, in the hands of vulgar writers, ridiculous and puerile. Those who could decypher the originals were too often pedants of no ability or culture—boastful, dishonest—desirous of making it appear that they only gave a slight sketch or abstract of the original, when, in point of fact, they almost invariably overstated their authorities. These writers, from a meagre notice or two of the events of a reign, would affect to pronounce on the character of a monarch; on the changes of his ministry, if well or ill advised; on the political skill displayed in his diplomatic relations, and the stratagetic ability manifested in his wars; and all this side by side with the most jejune and childish incidents, related in a manner fit only for the nursery; so that it was no wonder that readers of ordinary observation, taking up such a farrago of incongruous pretension and imbecility, should conceive an equal contempt for the writers and for the subject. Thus the excesses of each party provoked the exaggerations of the other. Lucretia and Tarquin could hardly have escaped becoming ridiculous in the hands of the incompetent pedants and sycophantic caricaturists by whom every Irish topic was thus alternately extolled and vilified. If Herodotus had been an Irish writer, his garrulous anecdotes would have been set forth with sock and buskin by the one set, as matters of historic life and death; by the others they would have been converted into ribald burlesques, and held up as specimens of barbarous ignorance and hereditary Celtic folly. Such have been our Dermot O'Connors on the one hand; our Coxes and Ledwiches on the other. The originals, whether good or bad, these writers either could not, or would not communicate. You saw vague, ambitious references to the Book of Lecan, the Book of Ballymote, the Psalter of Tara and of Cashel; but an original extract from any of these except occasionally a distich or a quatrain ridiculously Englished in the translated Keating, never presented itself to the eye

of candour or of curiosity. Such was the condition in which Ledwich left our antiquities, and such the state in which they have been taken up by Mr. Petrie.

Fortunately for his subject, Mr. Petrie is neither a clergyman, like Ledwich and Leland, nor a lawyer, like Cox—for, next to polemical influences, none are more injurious to the historian than the common-law superstitions of the mere disciples of Coke. His original profession of a painter, making him personally familiar with every local remnant of antiquity, has more effectually than probably any other course of preparation could have done, conspired with his subsequent scholastic pursuits, enabling him to identify a multitude of localities hitherto unknown, as well as to transfer to his text the most accurate and elaborate representations of his subjects. He is also the first who has submitted his original authorities from the Irish text, vouchers never adduced by any other writer, but as abundant in Mr. Petrie's essays as are his own comments. And, which is a still greater excellence, Mr. Petrie has brought to his enquiry extreme caution, pure candour, and all the temperateness of an accurate and calm scholar.

Opening the work, and observing the multitude of drawings representing buildings of such considerable elegance, all of Irish origin and structure, and of an antiquity greatly superior to the few similar monuments remaining in Great Britain, even the best-informed architectural critic will be filled with astonishment and admiration. These bee-hive houses—these oratories passing from the orbicular pagan cashel to the angular Christian temple—these cyclopean-built churches, with their massive splayed doorways—these recessed and duplicated arches, with their zig-zag ornaments—these columns with their grotesque capitals of human heads and tracery of interlacing *gills* and *cooluns*—these symbolical emblems of the Trinity—these triquetras and crosses, realising in stone the characteristic ornaments of the earliest illuminated manuscripts and most ancient personal relics of the Irish apostolic times, the emblematic embossed work of the satchels and thecas, in which the first copies of the Gospels have been handed down from

the fifth century, repeated on these old edifices, now disintombbed, as it were, from the sepulture of their lone vallies and islands, after a solitude of a thousand years—all this, so new, so strange, so suggestive of stirring and solemn considerations, affects one with a surprise doubly pleasing, because the title of the work, and the nature of the original question, have prepared the mind for an investigation which, in comparison with the present enquiry, we cannot but consider limited and empirical.

Is it true, then—will be one of the first questions that the sight of these cyclopean doorways will suggest to the reader at all acquainted with Irish traditionary lore—that the builders of the circular cahirs and cashiols, which we here see passing into the angular Christian cells of the fifth and sixth centuries, drew the origin of their arts, as their old bards and poets consistently assert, from Greece? Is it true that in the tombs described by Pausanias and in the gate of Mycenæ, we have not only the types but the parent models of these characteristic works of the same family of men? Have our annalists, indeed, drawn a true distinction between the dark-complexioned Firvoig, expelled from Bœotia, bringing hither the arts of early Greece, and furnishing to successive generations their architects and artificers, and the light-haired conquering Scotti, with their Scythic contempt for the manual arts, and their characteristic preference for the earthen rath to the stone castle? Here we have, in the seventh century, the art of building still preserved as peculiar to one of the races, in the person of St. Gobban—the Gobban Saor of Irish tradition—the architect whose name still remains in connection with so many of the works of that period. Those who have been used to regard the Gobban Saor of tradition as a mystical personage, and chief of the Cabiri, will be surprised to find that not only is his period well ascertained, but that many of his undoubted works can still be identified, and that his birth-place was at Turvy, now, and for many centuries back, the estate of the noble family of Barnewall, in this county. Traigh Tuirbhi, it appears, took its name from Turbi, the father of Gobban, who dwelt beside that beautiful strand, and was himself cele-

brated for his skill as an artificer in wood. The tract from which Mr. Petrie draws this information—the *Diinacenchus*, preserved in the Book of Ballymote—goes on to say, after describing Turbi as a man of dark complexion—"His exact pedigree is not known, unless it be that he was one of [of the same race with] those missing people, who went off with the polytechnic *Sub*"—or, as the rude verses cited by the ancient tract-writer as his authority, have it, "unless he was of the goody dark race who went from Tara with the Heroic Lugh," to wit Lewy of the Long Hand, one of the race who preceded the Scoti in their occupation of our island. On this singular passage Mr. Petrie remarks:—

"It is not, of course, intended to offer the preceding extract as strictly historical: in such ancient documents we must be content to look for the substratum of truth beneath the covering of fable, with which it is usually encumbered, and not reject the one on account of the improbability of the other: and, viewed in this way, the passage may be regarded as in many respects of interest and value, for it shews that the artist spoken of was not one of the Scoti, or dominant race in Ireland, who are always referred to as light-haired; and further, from the supposition, grounded on the blackness of his hair, and his skill in arts, that he might have been of the race of the people that went with Lughaidh Lamhfhada from Tara, that is, of the *Taatha De Dannan* race, who are always referred to as superior to the Scoti in the knowledge of the arts—we learn that, in the traditions of the Irish, the *Tuatha De Dannans* were no less distinguished from their conquerors in their personal than in their mental characteristics."

Leaving the question of these characteristic differences of race to Mr. Petrie, to whom we would refer some of our London contemporaries, whose ideas of the physical type of the Celt are sadly erroneous—thinking, as they do, that the possession of a xanthous complexion is sufficient to set the sordidest and feeblest among them physically and intellectually above the whole native people of this country—we revert to the various trains of inquiry, which the contemplation of these remains is calculated to excite in speculative minds.

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And, probably, one of the first speculations of an intelligent reader would be this:—Is it from these early Irish ecclesiastics, whose names we here see inscribed on their monumental stones, in so-called Saxon characters, while we do not find their Christianity among either Saxons or Anglo-Saxons for several centuries after, that the latter have derived their characters and art of writing? Unquestionably there is no difference between the ordinary Anglo-Saxon alphabet, and that still legible on the tombstones of contemporaries of Patrick, here given by Mr. Petrie; and it appears from a variety of proofs adduced by Mr. Petrie, that the resort of Saxon and Anglo-Saxon students to Ireland for education was very great. Among other instances of close connection between the Irish and Anglo-Saxons of the ninth century, we would mention the mission of Suibhne Mac Mailehumai to the court of the great Alfred. The death of this distinguished ecclesiastic and scholar is recorded by all the chief annalists of both countries, and Mr. Petrie has given a representation of his tombstone with his name inscribed, from the great cemetery of Clonmacnoise.

But again, looking at these strange forms of Christian ornament and Christian symbology, grafted on the rude stock of pagan cyclopean masonry in these architectural remains of the early Irish church, the inquiring mind will ask whence, when, how, came these mysterious exponents of the abstract dogmas of faith among us, and why have those dogmas been clothed in such emblematical forms of birds, beasts, fishes, and mathematical figures of an apparently religious freemasonry, if they were intended for the instruction and use of the people at large? These crosses, with their orbicular arms; these circles, divided into quadrants; these triangles; these labyrinthine combinations of the limbs and tails of the symbolic animals—for whose reading were these intended,—and do even we now know all that they were intended to convey to the initiated? Whether all of these questions are to receive an answer from the concluding part of Mr. Petrie's essay, we cannot at present divine; but to some of them relating to the date and origin of the peculiar styles of archi-

ture observable both on the churches and the towers, he promises a definite solution, which, we doubt not, we shall receive.

Then, considering the smallness of these early churches, the still more diminutive dimensions of the beehive huts inhabited by some of the western ecclesiastics, and the multitude of students and monks frequenting them, how, the reader will ask, could they possibly have found room for worship in the usual congregational mode? or what kind of life can they have led, cramped up in cells of fifteen feet by ten, or even in their parochial and cathedral churches, the largest class of which rarely exceeded forty feet in length? Yet, in these communities, as many as five, six, and eight hundred conventuals and students were often assembled. Of course the habitations of the great bulk of this population must have been of wood, and, as at Rahin, would appear to have formed a separate village. The immediate ecclesiastical structures are enumerated by Mr. Petrie under the heads of 1, Churches; 2, Oratories; 3, Belfries; 4, Houses; 5, Erdams; 6, Kitchens; 7, Cashels; and 8, Well-covers, Tombs, and Mills. The cashel surrounded the whole. Within this external rampart we may imagine the group of sacred edifices realising, on a somewhat enlarged and more sumptuous scale, the picture drawn by Bede of the first settlement of St. Cuthbert at Lindisfarne. The rampart was circular, four or five perches in diameter; its wall, on the outside, of the height of a man, but on the inside made higher by sinking the natural rock, to prevent the thoughts from rambling, by restraining the sight to the view of the heavens only. Within the enclosure, in the modest establishment of St. Cuthbert, were two edifices only; the one an oratory, the other a refectory; while a reception house for religious visitors stood outside the gate. Such was the general design of these primitive establishments destined to exercise so powerful an influence on Scottish, British, and European manners; for, from *canobia* little if at all more imposing in their arrangements than the modest retreat we have described, issued the men who either founded, or assisted in the foundation of, all the chief seminaries of learning in western Europe.

Such may have been the appearance of the larger class of early Irish monasteries: but we are not dependent on speculation merely for an idea of their minor hermitical establishments; of these, an almost perfect example still exists, and is thus described by Mr. Petrie, from notes made after a personal visit to the spot in 1820. We know of no recent account of any object of antiquity in our islands at all so interesting, and extract the passage entire:—

“Of such anachoretical establishments, one of the most interesting and best preserved in Ireland, or perhaps in Europe, is that of St. Fechin, on Ardollen, or High Island, an uninhabited and almost inaccessible island off the coast of Connemara, on the north-west of the coast of Galway. From its height, and the overhanging character of its cliff, it is only accessible in the calmest weather, and even then, the landing, which can be only made by springing on a shelving portion of the cliff from the boat, is not wholly free from danger: but the adventurer will be well rewarded for such risk; for, in addition to the singular antiquities which the island contains, it affords views of the Connemara and Mayo scenery, of insurpassable beauty. The church here is among the rudest of the ancient edifices which the fervour of the Christian religion raised on its introduction into Ireland. Its internal measurement, in length and breadth, is but twelve feet by ten, and in height ten feet. The doorway is two feet wide, and four feet six inches high, and its horizontal lintel is inscribed with a cross like that on the lintel of the doorway of St. Fechin's great church at Fore, and other doorways of the same period. The east window, which is the only one in the building, is semicircular-headed, and is but one foot high, and six inches wide. The altar still remains, and is covered with offerings, such as nails, buttons, and shells, but chiefly fishing-hooks, the most characteristic tributes of the calling of the votaries. On the east side of the chapel is an ancient stone sepulchre, like a pagan kistvaen, composed of large mica slates, with a cover of limestone. The stones at the ends are rudely sculptured with ornamental crosses and a human figure, and the covering slab was also carved, and probably was inscribed with the name of the saint for whom the tomb was designed, but its surface is now much effaced; and as this sepulchre appears to have been made at the same time as the

chapel, it seems probable that it is the tomb of the original founder of this religious establishment. The chapel was surrounded by a wall allowing a passage of four feet between them, and from this a covered passage, about fifteen feet long, by three feet wide, leads to a cell, which was probably the abbot's habitation. This cell, which is nearly circular and dome-roofed, is internally seven feet by six, and eight high. It is built, like those in Arran, without cement, and with much rude art. On the east side there is a larger cell, externally round, but internally a square of nine feet, and seven feet six inches in height. Could this have been a refectory? The doorways in these cells are two feet four inches in width, and but three feet six inches in height. On the other side of the chapel are a number of smaller cells, which were only large enough to contain each a single person. They are but six feet long, three feet wide, and four feet high, and most of them are now covered with rubbish. These formed a *Laura*, like the habitations of the Egyptian ascetics. There is also a covered gallery or passage, twenty-four feet long, four feet wide, and four feet six inches high, and its entrance doorway is but two feet three inches square. The use of this it is difficult to conjecture. Perhaps it was a storehouse for provisions.

"The monastery was surrounded by an uncemented stone wall, nearly circular, enclosing an area of one hundred and eight feet in diameter. The entrance into the enclosure is at the south-east side, and from it leads a stone passage, twenty-one feet in length, and three in width. At each side of this entrance, and outside the great circular wall, were circular buildings, probably intended for the use of pilgrims, but though what remains of them is of stone, they do not appear to have been roofed with that material. Within the enclosure are several rude stone crosses, probably sepulchral, and flags sculptured with rude crosses, but without letters. There is also a granite globe, about twenty-one inches in diameter."

"In the surrounding ground, there are several rude altars, or penitential stations, on which are small stone crosses, and on the south side of the enclosure there is a small lake, apparently artificial, from which an artificial outlet is formed, which turned a small mill; and along the west side of this lake there is an artificial stone path or causeway, two hundred and twenty yards in length, which leads to another stone cell or

house, of an oval form, at the south side of the valley in which the monastery is situated. This house is eighteen feet long, and nine wide, and there is a small walled enclosure joined to it, which was probably a garden. There is also adjoining to it, a stone altar surmounted by a cross, and a small lake, which, like that already noticed, seems to have been formed by art."

Of the *damhliags*, or stone churches, and their ornamented doorways we have already spoken. The word is pronounced *dulseek*, whence the little town of that name. The *duir-teachs*, or oratories, were of smaller dimensions, and sometimes built of wood, whence, according to some authorities, the name, "*duir-teach*," i. e., "wooden house," or, according to another, "tear-house," or "house of penance." The *erdamh* appears to have been a lateral chapel attached to the *damhliag*, and the *coicteach* or "cook-house" explains itself. A very singular extract is given by Mr. Petrie from the Brehon laws, prescribing the wages to be paid for the erection of those edifices to the *Ollamh Saor*, or master tradesman. According to the primitive manners of the times the price of each piece of work is rated in cows.

There remains another subsection of the well-covers, tombs, and mills which were attached to these Ecclesiastical *communes*, and which completes our view of the economy of an early Irish ecclesiastical establishment. From what we know of their legends and *acta sanctorum*, we have no desire to see the return of such times, or the restoration of such modes of life or manners; but we cannot repress a feeling of admiration in looking back on the patient zeal which endured so many privations for the sake of promulgating the messages of the Gospel, however encumbered with the superstitious additions of the time.

Having said so much of the Essay as the work of Mr. Petrie, we would now add a word regarding it as connected with the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. That learned body has not, since its foundation, given to the world so much valuable matter on all the topics of antiquity hitherto discussed in its Transactions, as is contained in this volume alone. This, it is true, is by no means as distinguished praise as

the work merits. As we took occasion to say some time since, it is not very long since the Academy was, in two of its departments, contemptible. It is but five or six years since it ceased to publish the most insane philological, or we should more correctly say misological, reveries. Since that period, however, its Transactions have been distinguished by several essays which have acquired an extended reputation on subjects of polite literature, numismatics, and antiquities, and they now have originated unquestionably the first work, on British antiquities, of the age. Within about the same time also the Academy has acquired a truly splendid Museum of Irish antiquities, and has greatly increased its Manuscript Library. An Archæological society, the most efficient association of the kind in existence, has also sprung into being—a child of the Academy, within the same time. If we ask who gave the impulse, who was the restorer of this judicious learning in the Transactions—who was the parent of the Museum, the active agent in getting together the manuscripts—the creator of that spirit which, animating other men of perhaps greater learning and activity, and certainly not inferior patriotism, has shown itself in the foundation of the Archæological Society?—we believe every one acquainted with these matters will answer, Mr. Petrie. These services to the Academy are services to the country; and it is on account of the just and legitimate national advancement to be achieved by such services, that

we here enumerate them, in order the more pointedly to express our regret that the government of the country has not placed at the disposal of the Academy, means sufficient to enable them to take advantage of these labours, without putting the writer, who so generously labours for their fame and for the legitimate advancement of his country, to the risk and expense of publishing on his own account; for we perceive that this volume, instead of being printed, as it ought to be, at the cost of the Academy, has been published by Mr. Petrie's private bookseller—the funds of the Academy not enabling that body to undertake a work necessarily so expensive. Certainly, the leading Literary Society of Ireland ought not to be left so ill provided. Three hundred pounds a year to such an institution, is by no means adequate to its legitimate wants. It is just one-hundredth part of the amount of public money annually granted to an institution, having nearly similar objects, in London. We do not grudge or repine at the liberality of the nation to the latter establishment—let the British Museum flourish as a repository of every thing that is worthy of the metropolis of the greatest empire of the world; but let not the *second city* of that empire be left so meanly supplied with those advantages, which her sons have shown themselves so able and willing to employ to the promotion of peaceful learning, and the advancement of the British name in the republic of letters.

POETICAL REMAINS OF THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY.—NO. I.

"Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
A voice not loud but deep;
The glorious bower of earth among,
How often didst thou weep!

"Where couldst thou fly on mortal ground
Thy tender thoughts and high?
Now peace the woman's heart hath found,
And joy the poet's eye."—

Mrs. HEMANS.

[We present our readers this month with the first of a ~~short~~ series of papers, in which we hope to comprise the chief literary remains of our late contributor, Mrs. James Gray. In the brief obituary sketch we gave in our last number, we were enabled to detail the main particulars of her literary life, with such other information as we conceived the public had a claim to. We have been pleased to find our sketch has attracted much kind notice to its lamented subject. The public press has given expression to but one feeling—that of sorrowful sympathy in the early removal of one so richly and so variously endowed; and the public voice, of which the press is the conductor, has repeated the lament over genius so soon hidden from our sight in a premature grave. We believe our readers will welcome, with a saddened pleasure, our proposed series of papers. Through the kindness of Mrs. Gray's friends, her unpublished MSS. have been committed to our keeping; and from time to time we shall select from them such of her poems as would have received her own sanction for publication. They will be, in their successive appearance, so many memorials—so many appeals to the public ear, not to be forgotten.

Among the striking features in the intellectual history of the present age, none is more remarkable than the unprecedented increase in the number of our female writers. Not only in works of imagination—which would seem their suited field—but also in history, biography, and even the severer departments of science, the gentler sex have of late come forward in considerable strength. We do not say but that at times they seem to us intruding where they should not. For mental analysis, and the patient process of abstract reasoning, the female mind is essentially ill-adapted; and for this cause, we are rather rejoiced in the direction of its efforts to the lighter departments of our literature. The absence of any such grave pretension was an attractive characteristic of Mrs. Gray's writings. She wrote to please, not to instruct. Her poetry was the spontaneous language of the heart, giving expression to its own varied impulses; and as these were revealed without effort, so were they set forth freely without affectation. In this way, her verse became the declaration of genuine thought; and, knowing this, her friends, who loved her well, can feel the force of *Corinne's* pleading—"O vous qui me survivrez, rappelez vous quelquefois mes vers: mon ame y est empreinté!"

The future position of Mrs. James Gray, as a writer, it is not our province to determine; but we feel assured, that, for the prodigality of intellectual wealth, and its conscientious use throughout her literary career, no mean place can be assigned to her by posterity. In the choice of her subjects she was no less happy than in her subsequent management of them. The gladness and beauty of Nature, the deep pathos of true-hearted affection, the fond yearning for human love, the reverential sense of religion, alike gave her themes by turns, and coloured her poetry. Her strains are thus at once exalted and tender; while an ear, most musically attuned, imparted to them all a melodious flow in which she had scarcely an equal. In Mrs. Gray's poetry we discover a fulness of feeling—which a man could not have revealed without falling into weakness—

and withal a deep tinge of mourning thought, unsoured by that querulous spirit which to one of the other sex would have been a snare. Religious feeling saved our poetess from the perilous questionings of unbelief; and enabled her, while reading the vanity of worldly delight, with its brief-lived and unsatisfying tendency, to lean with a trustful arm on the promises of God, and thus be safe.

We have permitted our pen to lead us into more than we had intended to say on first taking it up; and, instead of merely introducing our friend's poems, we find we have been playing critic. Enough then, kind reader, from ourselves; and the verses we now offer will, we know, sufficiently plead their own cause.]

1. — GHOSTS AND DREAMS.

"There are ghosts and dreams abroad."—

DARWBY RUDGE.

There are ghosts and dreams abroad
The inner eye may see;
The inner man be awed,
If such indeed may be.
Yes—ghosts of phantom form,
And dreams of presence fair,
Seen in the darkness of the storm
Or in the sunny air.

Call up, call up the past!
And it shall bring thee hosts
Of joys that would not last,
Now shadowed forth as ghosts.
Bid the bright future show
With what her bosom teems—
Those fairy forms thou well may'st know,
For they are hope's bright dreams.

And not a phantom pale
From memory may'st thou call,
But was a dream as frail
As it was beautiful.
And of those radiant dreams,
A few short years at most
From each shall sweep away the beams,
And turn it to a ghost.

There are ghosts and dreams abroad
Through all the poet's life—
Aye, whether listening crowds applaud,
Or shame and fear are rife.
Alternate light and shade
Upon his pathway cast,
From his own heart's creations made,
They haunt him to the last.

II.

Written while sitting on the grave of the Rev. Charles Wolfe.

No flower is here, no drooping tree o'er shades it !
 Only a low plain stone—a few short lines—
 Tell what most hallowed dust this place enshrines ;
 But oh ! a glory bright and pure pervades it !
 And while I sit upon the lowly tomb,
 Knowing what gifted heart beneath decays,
 My soul were sad, although the poet's bays
 Are green, while time shall be, in deathless bloom.
 But a yet holier spell is here—this dust
 Housed not alone the fire of genius ; light
 From heaven was there, making it doubly bright—
 Strengthening its wings with the true Christian's trust.
 I view this grave with thoughtfulness, not pride,
 Knowing the glorious shall be glorified !

III.—FRAGMENT.

Oh ! sweetest poesy !
 Come back to me again !
 How have I scared thee ?
 Beneath a darkened sky,
 'Midst floods of grief and pain,
 My spirit reared thee !
 Canst thou not bear the sunny light
 That bursts at last upon my sight ?

Whilst I was full of gloom,
 And my sad bosom dark,
 And my heart lonely,
 Thou on my path would'st come,
 Clear as a bright star's spark—
 'Twas thine only !
 Canst thou not, oh ! maiden, bear
 With rival comforters to share ?

Now love, with all his light,
 Brings the sweet blossoms back
 Whereof he bereft me ;
 Thou from my gladdened sight
 Fliest on a lonely track,
 And thou hast left me.
 Art thou like the rainbow's form,
 That brighteneth only in the storm ?

Well, bright and fair thou art—
 Dear is thy radiant smile,
 Though so unreal ;
 Yet if we thus must part,
 And me no more beguile
 Visions ideal,
 The love, whose presence thou dost flee,
 Brings balm even for the loss of thee !

IV.—GO FORTH INTO THE COUNTRY.

Go forth into the country,
 From a world of care and guile ;
 Go forth to the untainted air,
 And the sunshine's open smile.
 It shall clear thy clouded brow—
 It shall loose the worldly coil
 That binds thy heart too closely up,
 Thou man of care and toil !

Go forth into the country,
 Where gladsome sights and sounds
 Make the heart's pulses thrill and leap
 With fresher, quicker bounds.
 They shall wake fresh life within
 The mind's enchanted bower ;
 Go, student of the midnight lamp,
 And try their magic power !

Go forth into the country,
 With its songs of happy birds,
 Its fertile vales, its grassy hills,
 Alive with flocks and herds.
 Against the power of sadness
 Is its magic all arrayed—
 Go forth, and dream no idle dreams,
 Oh, visionary maid !

Go forth into the country,
 Where the nut's rich clusters grow,
 Where the strawberry nestles 'midst the furze,
 And the holly-berries glow.
 Each season hath its treasures,
 Like thee all free and wild—
 Who would keep thee from the country,
 Thou happy, artless child ?

Go forth into the country,
 It hath many a solemn grove,
 And many an altar on its hills,
 Sacred to peace and love.
 And whilst with grateful fervour
 Thine eyes its glories scan,
 Worship the God who made it all,
 Oh ! holy Christian man !

V.—LOST FEELINGS.

Return again ! ye that have left my heart
 To loneliness and pain ;
 Ye that of all my gladness made a part,
 Return again !

Oh! treasures of my bosom, pure and kind,
That reconciled me to my earthly lot,
How I have flung you on the chilly wind
That heeds you not.

Return again!—From whence?—From the deep sea
Of death where ye were flung?
From the thick clouds that o'er your memory
Are darkly hung?
Pearls of my soul, ye cannot! I have given
To those who heed them not, your priceless store!
Stars of my spirit, ye may shine in heaven—
On earth no more!

VI.—FLOWERS AND STARS.

Flowers! Oh, what crowds of flowers!
The primrose dewy pale, the violet blue—
How are they bending at these midnight hours,
The meekly beautiful, the bowed with dew!
Oh, flowers! ye world of lovely things and fair,
Why bend ye sadly there?

Methought a voice arose;
I stood as in a vision—every bud
Seemed speaking to my soul in that repose
That fell in moonlight on the ancient wood;
And the low, wordless voices whispered me
Their thoughts thus tenderly:

“We bow us here by night,
And wherefore not?—It is the solemn time
When there's a shade on hearts however light—
When trembleth the spirit bowed with crime.
We have no grief, no heavy guilt to own,
Yet bow we hither alone.

“We take our gifts of dew—
How can we show our humble gratitude
For that which gives us life and strength anew,
Save by thus bending in our native wood—
Save by thus meekly drooping as a sign
We bow to Power divine?

“We look up to the stars,
And 'tis not mournfully—we do not mourn
To think how winter our frail beauty mars,
While their glorious hosts for ever burn;
And we have pleasure, humble as we are,
In the glory of a star!

“We are but little flowers,
Yet we remember that the mighty hand
Which brought us hither with the summer hours
Hath framed above us that immortal band—
That all creation waiteth on his nod—
That all should praise their God!

"And wherefore do we bend?
 Trusting our fragrance, breathing thankfully,
 Even with that clear and glorious light shall blend
 In rising to his throne of majesty;
 For He who reigns o'er heaven's majestic powers,
 Regards the little flowers!"

 VII.

To a very little girl, who requested the author to "write a few lines" on her.

"Write a few lines on thee," thou pretty lisper!
 Who could refuse thee?—none who could behold
 Thy clear blue eyes, thy locks of silk, yet crisper—
 Turned by the sunshine into living gold—
 Thy chubby dimpled limbs, thy radiant smiles,
 Thy tears, thy songs, and all thy artless wiles!

Beauty is still the poet's inspiration,
 His heart leaps up to own its magic power;
 It thrills him with a holy adoration,
 In the rich softness of the twilight hour;
 The birds, the blossoms, and the bounding sea,
 Are spells to wake his soul to ecstasy.

And oh! if flowers may claim his gushing song,
 Surely, bright bud, one strain shall be thine own;
 If to the plummy tribes his lays belong,
 For thee, young bird, shall swell one heartfelt tone—
 To pray the leaves may open fresh and fair,
 The wings be strong the nursing to upbear.

Gems have been sung in minstrel measures oft;
 Thou art a gem to which the diamond's worth
 Is nought—nay even the burning stars aloft,
 Are less to that than are the dews of earth
 To them—for who may venture to control
 Th' uncounted value of one human soul?

Speak not of beauty!—thou art beautiful,
 And so are flowers—but lo! they fade and die!
 The brightest jewel may be flawed and dull,
 The free bird perish 'midst a sunny sky;
 Far more than these can boast is with thee now,
 Lighting thy changeful smile, and open brow.

Not such light fancies as in joyous feeling
 The poet gives to perishable things—
 Rainbows, birds, flowers—can be the true revealing
 Of the deep prayer that riseth in the springs
 Of the still spirit pondering upon thee,
 And all thou may'st, and all thou *may'st not* be.

A solemn strain should rise, a strain of prayer—
 May God be with thee on thine earthly way,
 Guarding thy youthful heart, and setting there
 His Spirit's seal, bidding thee watch and pray—
 So shalt thou walk, unharmed by worldly strife,
 Towards the clear fountains of eternal life!

VIII.—THE OUTCAST'S BIRTH-DAY SONG.

I remembered it when I waked at morn,
 When the early cock crew loud ;
 When the dew hung bright on the blossomed thorn,
 And the lark was in the cloud.
 I remembered this spring day brought again
 The close of another year—
 A link in the chain of deepening pain,
 Of weariness and fear.

I am far from the home that gave me birth,
 A blight is on my name ;
 It only brings to my father's hearth
 The memory of shame.
 Yet, oh ! do they think of me to-day,
 The loved ones lingering there ;
 Do they think of the outcast far away,
 And breathe for me a prayer ?

I mind me, when a happy child
 Amidst that household dear,
 That the birthday morning ever smiled
 The brightest of all the year.
 We hailed each other cheerfully,
 With many a wish of joy ;
 And our hoarded pence fond gifts would buy—
 Flowers, fruit, or curious toy.

And we made a feast 'neath the broad oak trees,
 And passed the gladsome hours,
 Singing amidst the birds and bees,
 Crowning our brows with flowers.
 'Twas a day of rest from slate and book,
 A day of cloudless mirth ;
 Though we knew not, as its joys we took,
 How much such joys are worth.

And then a kiss, in my little bed,
 From my mother, closed the day ;
 And I am longing now, instead,
 For a quiet couch of clay ;
 With a stilly, dreamless sleep to fold
 This aching heart and brain,
 With blankets of the rich, dark mould,
 And a daisy counterpane.

That early home I shall see no more,
 And I wish not there to go,
 For the happy past may nought restore—
 The future is but woe.
 But 'twould be a balm to my heavy heart
 Upon its dreary way,
 If I could think I have a part
 In the prayers of home to day !

IX.—THE USE OF POETS.

"I don't see the use of poetry!"—

Observation of a very wise Friend.

Ask why the flower is beautiful,
 Ask why the fields are green,
 Why sunset casts a lovelier glow
 Upon a common scene—
 Why the glad birds have pleasant songs
 To charm the listener's ear—
 Then say they have no use, no power
 The sons of earth to cheer.

The flowers might be but scentless things,
 Without one radiant hue;
 The sun might set without the glow
 That glorifies the view;
 Then wherefore are they beautiful?
 Oh! beauty is a gift,
 From the dull things of earth, to heaven
 The gazer's thoughts to lift!

And most the poet's throbbing heart
 Its influence must find,
 As the Eolian lyre gives back
 Each whisper to the wind.
 If the free wood-bird's song hath power
 To glad the weary heart,
 May not the poet's soul-poured strains
 A loftier joy impart?

What, though his days be passed in dreams,
 His nights in vigils lone;
 He hath a mighty recompense
 To worldly minds unknown—
 He knows that manly souls shall glow,
 That gentle eyes shall fill,
 And throbbing hearts his influence feel,
 Even when his own is still.

As sunshine penetrates the depths
 Of some dim forest dell;
 As winds from some still mountain lake
 A murmur may conpel;
 So may his song with hope pervade
 Some darkly shadowed mind—
 So even amidst the dull and cold
 An echo it may find!

And many a noble thought, that else
 In silence might have died,
 Shall, on the wings of his wild song,
 Be wafted far and wide;
 And many a deed of olden days,
 That makes the young heart thrill,
 Shall, in the poets lays, be shrined
 For our example still.

If fragrant flowers, unblamed be clothed
 In such surpassing dyes ;
 If sunshine be a lovely thing,
 Allowed to common skies ;
 If birds and fountains have a voice
 Man's passions to subdue—
 May not the mind's wide region have
 Its flowers and music too ?

X.—THE SIBYL.

A twilight softness veils the skies,
 Where the pale moon hangs low ;
 The darkness of the cavern lies
 Around those limbs of snow ;
 Yet with their own essential light,
 They fill the raptured gazer's sight.

Is it a jewel or a star
 That sparkles on her brow ?
 Whence comes the light that sheds afar
 Its mystic radiance so ?
 Is there no sympathy between
 Those eyes and that pale starry sheen ?

If 'tis a star, her magic art
 Hath drawn it down from heaven !
 Perhaps it once might be a part
 Of the harmonious seven—
 The bright, lost Pleiad—charmed to lie
 Upon that forehead fair and high !

Or if a gem, it hath been brought
 From some deep virgin mine,
 And one pure sun-ray hath been taught
 Concentrated and divine,
 In softened radiancy to dwell
 For ever in that crystal cell.

The fire burns dimly at her foot,
 Her hand is on the scroll,
 Her beauteous lips are closed and mute,
 And yet her speaking soul,
 With high resolve and purpose stern,
 Doth in those eyes expressive burn.

Though scrolls of fate her hands have borne
 Unto the monarch's throne,
 She hath been met with doubt and scorn—
 That prophetess unknown ;
 And while her outraged feelings gail,
 What marvel if she burn them all ?

Yet one she keeps, and when at length
 To those decrees of heaven,
 Forced by her earnest spirit's strength,
 A heedful thought is given ;
 She asks, and wins with lofty pride,
 The whole vast price so oft denied.

Oh ! so doth genius young and warm
 Go forth on rapid wing,
 But meeteth soon the threatening storm
 To check its wandering :
 Thus where its visions should be prized,
 It finds them scorned, repelled, despised.

The finer feelings of the soul,
 That all of love should claim,
 Are scorched and withered like a scroll
 In the vexed spirit's flame ;
 And in the proud and lonely breast,
 Few are reserved to be expressed.

And when the minstrel, after years
 Of loneliness and shade,
 Finds that for all his pains and tears
 He now might be repaid ;
 Too late he feels, even where they sprung,
 His heart's best dreams have died unsung.

And all the wealth the world would give,
 Those records to regain,
 And bid them from the dust revive,
 Is impotent and vain ;
 A fragment win they, but no more,
 Like the one book preserved of yore.

XI.—"IMPLORA FACE."

Oh ! for one hour of rest ! Would I could feel
 A quiet, dreamless slumber falling on me,
 And yet be conscious that my strong appeal
 To heaven for mercy had that blessing won me,
 How could I love to know each limb was still !
 To have no sense except that I was sleeping,
 To feel I had no memory of past ill,
 No vision tinged with smile or weeping.
 Vain yearning ! Ever since the spirit came
 Into the bondage of this mortal frame,
 It hath been restless, sleepless, unsubdued,
 And ne'er hath known a moment's quietude !

How I have courted rest—rest for my soul !
 Flung by my books, and cast my pen away,
 And said—"No weary wave of thought shall roll,
 To lift my spirit from its calm to-day !"
 Then I have gone into the dim, green wood,
 And laid me down upon the mossy earth ;
 And straight a thousand shapes have risen and stood
 Around me, telling me they took their birth
 From my own soul ; and then farewell to rest !
 For if they're fair I woo them to my breast,
 And if they're dark they force them on my sight,
 Standing between my spirit and the light.

And I have gone, in the still twilight hour,
 And sate beneath the lindens, while the bee
 Was murmuring happily in some near flower ;
 But then I could not rest for ecstasy.
 And I have lain where the wide ocean heaveth ;
 But here no quiet sleeps my feverish head,
 For many a buried image my heart giveth
 At the low, spell-like moaning of the main,
 Like that great sea delivering up her dead.
 I may not wholly rest !—before my brain,
 When my eye closeth, flit a thousand dreams,
 Like insects hovering o'er tree-shadowed streams.

Alas ! there is no rest for One, whose heart
 Time with the changeful pulse of nature keepeth ;
 Who hath in every blossom's life a part,
 And for each leaf that Autumn seareth, weepeth !
 No rest for that wild soul that fits its tone
 To every harmony that nature maketh—
 • That saddens at her winter evening's moan,
 And like her at the voice of thunder quaketh,
 Nor may the spirit rest, while yet remain
 Unknown the mysteries that none attain
 In this dim world. Another state of being
 Shall make us, like to Him who made, all-seeing
 And then may rest the soul, when its calm eye
 At one view comprehends eternity !

XII.—THE ANNIVERSARY OF DEATH.

We keep an anniversary to-day !
 But not as those who mark with festal mirth
 The victories of ages passed away,
 Or sweet home-time of marriage, or of birth.
 We wear the mourner's robes, we hush our breath—
 Ours is an anniversary of death !

Oh ! how this day recalls the bitter past—
 This very day, our loved one's last of life !
 And this deep midnight hour—her very last—
 Wherein she slumbered from the final strife !
 Even now the death damps crept o'er every limb,
 Even now her gentle eye grew glazed and dim.

Methinks I see her yet—that fairest creature,
 Panting her very life in fever forth ;
 I see her yet, with every lovely feature
 Bearing the prophecy of "earth to earth,"
 Yet with her soft deep loving eyes, whose meekness
 Shone gratefully on us through all her weakness.

I see her yet, as on her death-bed laid,
 Her face all still—yet mutely eloquent ;
 A solemn twilight, that was scarce a shade,
 Showed on her lips the fulness of content
 The small white drooping hand, the braided hair,
 The stirless lip, the cheek so calmly fair !

One year ago this night, these hands for her
Performed the last sad offices of love ;
Still, 'midst my task, I dreamt her breath must stir—
My straining eyes saw those dark tresses move ;
But the white morning broke upon thy brow,
Beloved lovely one ! and where wert thou ?

A rigid corpse, a marble image, changed
From slumber's likeness to a sculptured form ;
A something, sadly from our dreams estranged,
That looked as though with life 'twas never warmed—
That seemed our hearts instinctively to draw,
Yet chilled them with a strange, mysterious awe.

Sweet One ! thou liest in thy lowly tomb,
We ask not of thy mortal relics now ;
They perished like the wild-flower's fragile bloom,
Yet are they garnered as the seed we sow,
From whose corruption God's great power shall bring
An incorruptible and holy thing !

Said I that we should mourn ? The thought I call
Back to my heart—we keep no *mournful* day ;
Let there be high and solemn festival,
As for the saints of old who passed away ;
The church of God marks each returning year
With joyful reverence and hopeful cheer !

We celebrate a victory o'er the earth,
Its tribulations, its decay, its sighs !
We celebrate a joyful day of birth—
An entrance on a life that never dies !
We keep a marriage feast—her darksome tomb
Is but the passage to the Bridegroom's home !

RAMBLING RECORDS OF PEOPLE AND PLACES.

NO. IV.—WALTER AND MABEL.

First love is a disease that none confess ;
 Second, 'tis a disease no leech can cure.

—The case occurs in every day
 That rises on us—only some are tough
 And will not die, let happen what there may ;
 These are not few : still there are left enough
 Too fragile to encounter storms so rough,
 That pine and pine away till health is flown
 And till life follows—a while some lying stuff
 Tells on their tombs, that rough or fever grown
 Triumphant o'er their strength, laid them beneath that stone.
 IRVINE—BY EDDY NORTHAMPTON.

THE storm of the 6th of January, 1839, will be long remembered in those parts where its fury raged. Picturesque old ruins, the pride and boast of the neighbourhood they adorned, whose sturdy gables and battlements had stood out bravely against many an assault, yielded that night and fell, a shapeless mass—the faithful ivy still clinging closely to the old gray stones and time-stained fragments. Grievous was the devastation in forest, park, and demesne ; their goodliest ornaments were laid low. The elm, as more brittle than other trees, and having less firm hold of the soil, especially suffered ; many, of great age, were either snapped across or torn up by the roots ; and sad to the aching eyes of their possessors, was the spectacle of their stately forms, mangled, crushed, and disfigured, lying about in wild confusion, encumbering what they had adorned, or stretched across the avenue of which they had been, from time immemorial, the guardians and the pride.

There is something, even to the most uninterested spectator, very moving in the sight of a noble tree lying prostrate—we are, ourselves, so puny and ephemeral in comparison, in stature, strength, and duration. Our little span of life with all its hopes, struggles, passions, and ambition, dwindles into such insignificance when we contemplate the patriarch of the forest, who has seen generation after generation of human beings spring up, flourish, and decay ; and who, in green vigour still, will yet look down upon fresh generations for long years after we have crumbled into dust. An irresistible feeling

of veneration fills the mind at the thought. And when we consider the length of time it takes to form the lusty trunk and giant limbs—the slow gradual growth—the spring showers, and summer suns, autumn dews and wintry storms, that have passed over its honoured head—the children that have sported beneath its shade—the cattle that have sought shelter from the blast—the innumerable birds, the countless myriads of shining insects, that have found a home and sustenance among its pleasant branches ; when we think of all this, it seems almost sacrilege to fell a fine old tree. The produce and the existence of ages demolished in a few hours ! A living, acting being, “done to death ;” its teeming bosom, giving sweet promise of buds, and leaves, and glorious verdure—or, still sadder sight, that verdure, in fresh and full luxuriance, doomed—from “dancing lightly on the topmost spray,” in the clear azure of heaven, and reflecting the sunbeams on every bright green silken leaf, to lie a crushed and withering mass, soiled and bedabbled in the mire.

Every dwelling-house, barn, and hay-rick, that lay in the course swept by the hurricane, suffered more or less that night. Roofs were blown off, windows forced in, and the terrified inmates spent the hours of repose in hurrying from room to room of their houses, barricading doors and windows, repairing breaches, and carrying their children and whatever was most precious in the way of ornamental china, clocks, and bijouterie, into a place of safety, where the storm had least effect.

I can never call to mind that night, which to so many suggests images of physical danger and alarm, of raging winds and struggling elements, without thinking of a mental conflict of which I was the witness, and, as far as regards sympathy, a sharer, during its hours; and, with the remembrance, there ever comes the conviction of how much more deeply we are affected by the contemplation of internal feelings and emotions than by any external event passing around us.

Our dwelling was comparatively sheltered from the storm; at least we did not suffer as much as many of our neighbours. No windows were blown in; and, by midnight, any damage done had been so far repaired, and the precautions taken pronounced so far effectual, that no more injuries were apprehended. The roar of the tempest, however, was awful. The house shook and rocked from top to bottom; not an eye within its walls was closed in sleep; no one even thought of retiring to rest.

But there was one among the watchers who paid little attention to the raging storm. I was the companion of her vigil; and, oh! how void of interest and importance seemed all the din outside compared to the struggle of contending feelings, the tumult and the strife in that poor human heart! Vain was the fury of the hurricane; we heard it not, engrossed in anxious counsel. The sheeted rain was driven against the windows in fierce and angry torrents; but within flowed the bitter "waters of the heart," wrung from wounded love and hope deferred to lead but to anguish and despair. Who could attend to jarring elements, however loud, when a conflict like this so deep, so all-absorbing, was going on?

There are many who disbelieve the doctrine of broken hearts, and laugh to scorn, as romantic and fanciful, the idea of dying of disappointed love. Could these sceptics have witnessed what I did that stormy night—had they followed, step by step, in all its sad passages, the narrative of her whose woe made me unmindful of all beside, they would have given up their cold theories. Alas! these cases are more common than we suppose. It is because they are unknown that they are disbelieved. There is no secret

shrouded with such jealous care within the breast of its possessor as that of wounded affection. Her nearest and her dearest know it not. Shrinking and sensitive, she struggles with its pangs; the breaking heart alone knows its own bitterness. And then, in the words already quoted as the heading of this chapter, these silent sufferers

Pine and pine away, till health is flown
And till life flows—while some lying stuff
Tells on their tomb that cough or fever, grown
Triumphant o'er their strength, laid them beneath
that stone. ●

To avoid initials, I shall call the heroine of this "ower true tale" Mabel, and her beloved one Walter. She was one of my earliest and dearest friends. I need not describe her, for the well-known print of Byron's "Maid of Athens" will convey a better idea of her appearance than any description my pen could attempt. Had she sat for the likeness of the Grecian girl, immortalized by poet and artist, the resemblance could not have been more perfect. The same gracefully bending figure, full throat, and classical contour of head. The same rounded cheek, intellectual forehead, and arched brow delicately pencilled. And then her eyes! so dark, so large, so soft, so rich, so *velouté*; so full of deep tender meaning, so intensely affectionate in their expression! I never saw eyes through which the warm heart beamed so lovingly; and, as if to add to their melting softness, the eye-lids, with their long dark fringes, came gently drooping over the full orbs, shading and imparting to them a peculiar fascination. Dear Mabel! who that has felt the thrilling glance of those earnest affectionate eyes, can ever forget it!

It may well be supposed that Mabel had many admirers. There was something irresistibly winning in her manners; arch, and playful, and full of lively repartee, with a vein, at times, of deep feeling and tenderness. But, though often wooed, it was long ere she was won. Those sensitive and fastidious natures, capable of a love too exalted and fervent, too holy and abiding, to be lightly bestowed, are not prone to yield to passing impressions. Love with them is not that hackneyed thing that dwells on every careless lip;

talked of jestingly, transferred easily—the mere flutterings of gratified vanity; but a divine passion, solemn, spiritual, all-absorbing; pervading every thought, and throbbing in every pulse; colouring life itself with a bliss so exalted and refined, as to proclaim at once its divine essence and heavenly source; exerting over the heart it fills the beneficent influence that the sun in the firmament has on our earth, by calling into being all that is generous and unselfish, noble and pure!

“A cuore di difficile accesso, so alfin pur v'entra amore quanto rovina!” The hour came when Mabel owned the “soft impeachment;” and she gave her heart frankly and warmly—for she was superior to the arts of coquetry—to him who had gained and was worthy to possess it.

The attachment of Walter and Mabel was sanctioned by their friends, and their union looked forward to with joy by the families of both. A year passed away in the delightful interchange of mutual affection. Those who understood the disposition of Mabel could well realize the depth and intensity of a feeling thus for the first time awakened. Amid many suitors she had at last met the object on whom the treasures of a love as warm as it was constant were to be lavished. To one of her peculiarly affectionate nature, great was the happiness of loving and being loved; and, blest with the approval of her parents, she gave herself up to its full enjoyment.

There is perhaps no position so endearing in a woman's eyes as that which her betrothed holds with respect to her. In him she views the companion of her future life, the arbiter, so to speak, of her destiny, eternal as well as temporal, to whom she will henceforth look up for guidance and protection. His happiness, which her affection renders dearer to her than her own, is about to be committed into her keeping, and a trembling anxiety mingles with her joy in accepting the precious trust. What interest, what importance is attached to all his little likes and dislikes; to habits, and fancies, and peculiarities, that in another would be utterly disregarded! How eagerly the fond heart treasures up and observes all these as a means of conferring pleasure

or avoiding pain or irritation; for, after all, it is upon such trifles that every-day happiness depends, and here that woman's tact and affection can best show themselves. So bright is the halo that surrounds everything connected with those we love, so unspeakable the interest which all belonging to them has in our eyes, that this endearing study increases affection a thousand-fold. She who, while dwelling on them, imagines she is only becoming acquainted with the tastes and predilections of her future husband is, unconsciously perhaps, weaving still more closely round her, and strengthening the tender ties that bind him to her.

So it was with Mabel; and thus she went on “growing fonder and fonder” as month after month passed away.

It may be imagined how rude was the shock that awakened her from this dream of happiness, and the anguish of her affectionate heart, at finding that there had arisen obstacles to the union with Walter, which caused her friends to withdraw their consent, and to forbid all communication between them.

Fortunately for Mabel she knew where to turn for consolation. She felt that every occurrence in her life was by the appointment of Him to whom she daily committed her way, and this trial could not have befallen her without his divine will. Religion, that gilds and brightens every joy, is not really felt in all its value until the dark night of affliction overshadows the soul. Separated from the beloved one who had for so long a time shared her every thought, she was not quite alone while able to pour out her sorrows before the Being to whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets, however shrouded from human eye, are hid. Another unspeakable source of comfort to poor Mabel was the devoted and passionate attachment of Walter. Every obstacle to their union seemed only to call forth, in renewed vigour, the energies of his ardent nature. Though all direct intercourse between them was interrupted, she was still in correspondence with some of the members of his family, and through them, as well as in other ways—for love is ever fertile in devices—he conveyed

to her continued assurances of his unchangeable affection.

But notwithstanding these, and her submission to the divine will, the cruel blow to her hopes and affections began to take effect upon Mabel. Her health gradually gave way. Her friends, who were little aware of the depth of her feelings, imagined that change of air and scene would restore her. They were anxious to remove her from a neighbourhood where occasional meetings with the connections of her lover kept up, as they fancied, his remembrance. Various excursions, therefore, were planned for Mabel; she was hurried from one scene of excitement to another, but her cheek was still pale, and her dark eyes languid. The same object was present to her thoughts wherever she went; surrounded by gay and unsympathizing companions, understood by none, her heart sank beneath the dreary sickness of deferred hope, and brooded inwardly over its sorrows.

Things had been in this state for upwards of two years, when, in the winter of 1839, our friend became a guest under our roof. Here she found the balm of sympathy; and the "*besoin de s'épancher*," that weighs like a night-mare on the soul, no longer oppressed her with its burden. We had never met the object of her affection, and listened with interest to her descriptions of him. How her cheeks glowed, and her eyes were lit up with emotion, when overcoming that reserve which a woman always feels in naming her beloved, even to those most intimate, Mabel spoke of his generous qualities, his frank, ardent disposition; his refined taste and cultivated mind, the union of "*les petits soins*" with manly pursuits, which is so endearing in a maiden's eyes; his graceful figure and handsome intelligent countenance! And how the glowing cheek grew pale again, the lip quivered, the soft eye filled with tears, as with faltering voice she went on to speak of his devotion to her—of their long and hopeless attachment.

The arrival of the post was always a most anxious moment to Mabel. She looked forward to getting a letter from some quarter or other which might perchance contain tidings of Walter; and sometimes there came a newspaper directed by his hand, the

sight of which made her heart throb and her eyes glisten, and on which, as on a treasure, she would feast for weeks. The hand-writing of an absent friend is so very precious! One morning the letters were later than usual, and expected, too, with more than usual anxiety; for many weeks had elapsed, and nothing had been heard of Walter; no paper had been received, and day after day heart-sinking disappointment succeeded to the moments of keen suspense, which grew more and more breathless at the approach of post-hour.

Who is there that has not, at one time or other, experienced this sudden fall in the thermometer of the feelings? when the feverish flush of anxiety and hope sinks down into the blank wretchedness of disappointment; when we feel so utterly depressed, dispirited, and good-for-nothing; all our energies gone—hope itself dead!

This was the 6th of January; a fair morning, with no symptoms of the coming memorable storm. We were all equipped for a drive, Mabel, my sister, and myself, and only awaited the arrival of the letters to set out. At length they came. With a cry of joy our friend sprang forward to receive one in which, even at a distance, the quick eye of affection had instantly recognised the way of folding, the seal, the hand-writing of Walter. There was also a letter for me, and its contents occupied me for some minutes, so that I did not notice my companion.

When at last I looked up, what a sight smote my eyes! I will not attempt to describe it; for no words can convey an idea of the intense agony I beheld. Her delicate frame shook with agitation, while her face had that glazed and ghastly appearance that is produced by strong bodily pain. The veins in her forehead were swollen—every feature quivered; her large eyes were dilated and full of—oh! such unutterable anguish! May I never look on the like again!

I flew to her side: her white lips moved, and she motioned me away with one hand—the other was convulsively clutching the letter, and pressing it to her panting bosom. She was, indeed, not in a state to hear words even of the tenderest sympathy. I drew back to an adjoining sofa, and sat gazing at her with dismay. My sister, who had

left the room before the arrival of the letters, returned at that moment and was struck dumb at seeing the condition of our friend.

When poor Mabel was able to speak she faltered out an earnest wish to be alone, and implored us to leave her, and to proceed on our drive. It would have been ill-judged kindness to oppose her request at such a moment. In a few minutes she was in her own room, prostrate before that throne where the best help is to be found in every time of need; and we, with sorrowful hearts, that yearned to be near her, took our departure.

On our return she came to greet us, composed, with a struggling smile, and an attempt at cheerfulness that was very touching. She looked like a "rain-beaten violet"—so meek, so tender and subdued, and with such tearful eyes. It was plain to see that the conflict had been severe; but she had conquered, and the abundant tears she shed had relieved her full heart. No allusion was made to the letter; and in the evening when all were assembled for dinner, the gathering storm and prognostications of the awful night that was coming, engrossed every one's attention, so that poor Mabel's wan looks and dejected appearance escaped notice.

The "witching time o' night" has always been the choice hour for confidence. How many things are revealed over the midnight fire in that sanctum, "one's own room," that would never be told at any other time or place! What a pleasant and privileged half-hour it is! and how hard it is sometimes to have to say "Good night!" and break off such sweet and confidential communion!

I have already alluded to my visit to Mabel's room that night. The storm furnished us with an excuse for prolonging our conference, as the alarm was so great that no one in the house went to bed. But it was not the external elements that occupied us, as I said before, but the agitation of a mind rent with contending emotions. The anguish and distress of my companion were indescribable. She showed me the fatal letter. It was from Walter—renouncing her! All was now over, he said, between them; and he begged that, on her return home, she would collect his let-

ters, and every token and souvenir of him in her possession, and return them all. He expressed his resolution to do the same on his part, and spoke with affected calmness of forgetting all that was past, and forming new ties. With this were mingled despairing regrets, and altogether the letter was most strange and incoherent.

Deeply and earnestly we pondered it over. Mabel could take but one view of the matter. "I see it all," she said, with a fresh burst of woe—"he is weary of this long, hopeless, wretched suspense. He has found some one whom he can love and be happy with—I am forgotten!"

I could not agree with her. The language of the letter was not that of one who had grown cold or forgetful; it seemed to breathe anything but indifference in its wild and unconnected expressions. But Mabel refused to be comforted; it was perhaps natural that, in her weak state of health, and after all she had suffered, she should incline to the dark side of the picture. She had no means of clearing up the mystery; for all correspondence with Walter had been forbidden by her family, who imagined that she had long since ceased to think of him; and her delicacy revolted at the idea of employing any circuitous means of discovering the cause of his changed feelings towards her.

I may as well mention here that which did not come to our friend's knowledge until she was lying on the brink of the grave, and which accounted for the fatal letter. One of those reports, uttered in thoughtlessness and propagated by love of gossip, that so often wring the heart of some breathless listener, and cause anguish little dreamt of by the heedless retailer of news—one of those mischievous reports reached the ears of Walter. He heard that Mabel was going to be married. Love is susceptible and jealous; and a slight thing will excite either fear or hope when the feelings are deeply engaged. To all his enquiries in various quarters, Walter received replies which confirmed the rumour; and as the world never arranges these matters by halves, but settles and decides on the minutest particulars with marvellous precision and sagacity, Walter could not doubt the truth of what he heard. He knew

that Mabel had been mixing much in society of late, and was well aware that, wherever she went, her attractions brought admirers round her. Stung with the idea that she had accepted the addresses of another, maddened at the prospect of losing her, he had despatched the letter; and his wretchedness in writing it was fully as great as that caused by the perusal. Oh! what misery would a few words of explanation have saved to two loving hearts, thus robbed of their only solace, the belief in each others' constancy.

Her last prop taken away, our poor friend sank rapidly. "Life's farce went on;" but, to finish the quotation,

" — Within that breast 'twould scarce the hold
To see the springs at work when peace was down;
A harrowing spectacle, reserved for heaven alone!"

It was, indeed, a grievous sight! — to see the hollow, joyless smile, the effort to seem cheerful, the forced air of interest in every-day things, the painfully-sustained conversation; and to know, that, beneath all this mockery of happiness, there was a breaking heart! To hear her sing—that was a trial. Mabel's musical talents were celebrated; her brilliancy and skill as an instrumental performer were great; and her exquisite voice, so rich and melodious—the deep feeling she imparted to whatever she sang, joined to a highly cultivated taste—made her a vocalist of first-rate quality. It was natural that her musical powers should be in great request; and as she accomplished with ease and pleasure what to others, less gifted, would have been an exertion, she was always ready to gratify her friends. But now, when she was so miserable, to require of her a song!—melody in her heaviness! Often did the words of Moore rise into my mind—

"Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!"

One night—I shall never forget it—she was asked to sing one of those beautiful Irish melodies, so full of tender pathos, in which she excelled. She began, and gave in thrilling tones the first few bars. But it would not do; her spirits gave way; she could not sing any longer. The guitar fell from her hands, and she burst into an agony of tears. They were ac-

counted for by her evidently broken health, the heat of the room, the touching words of the song. Who could suspect the sad truth?—who ever does suspect it in these, alas! too frequent cases?

A struggle like this could not last long; the suffering mind finds ready sympathy in its frail bodily companion. Symptoms so alarming set in, that it became necessary for Mabel to return to her home, and be placed under the care of the kind family physician, who had before recommended her leaving it for change of scene. He knew nothing of the "secret woe" that his dear patient carried about with her; and he was now shocked, at the sad alteration he saw. Active measures were resorted to; but the sufferer grew no better, and was soon confined entirely to her room. The effects of that worm, which for so long a time had been gnawing, unseen, at her happiness and peace, were not to be conquered; for, as Madame de Staël truly observes, "Une peine dont personne ne vous parle, une peine qui n'éprouve pas le moindre changement, ni par les jours, ni par les années, et n'est susceptible d'aucun événement, d'aucune vicissitude, fait encore plus de mal que la diversité des impressions douloureuses. Il n'y a point d'oubli pour les personnes d'une imagination forte."

The grief of Mabel's family may be imagined. Additional medical aid was called in; but the result of the consultation only confirmed their worst apprehensions. At length it became the painful duty of their friend and physician to communicate to them the awful tidings that there was no hope. Oh! what a sentence is that, when heard by the pale and anxious group gathered round the physician, and reading in his concerned and solemn looks their doom, before it has passed his lips. Yes, though anticipated ever so tremblingly, though uttered ever so feelingly, when it comes it is a fearful sound! How the breath stops, and the ears tingle, and the heart grows sick and chill—"No hope!"

In the desolate household, thus filled with lamentation, the only one who maintained composure and calmness was the dying Mabel. When the world was brightest to her, her affections were never engrossed by it so as to exclude thoughts of eternity;

and now she felt the approach of death without alarm. She expressed a wish to make some pecuniary arrangements, by which a portion that had been bequeathed to her should be secured to her sisters, and a lawyer was sent for to make her will. This was a trying day to the afflicted family. While she was engaged in dictating her last wishes, many a stifled sob and burst of bitter weeping were in the drawing-rooms beneath her sick chamber—those rooms that had so often re-echoed with the full rich tones of her melodious voice. How solemn and sad a stillness pervades the house over which the angel of death has flung the dark shadow of his wing!

After the lawyer's visit, Mabel seemed to take no further interest in the things of this world. Her debility increased, and she saw no one except her physician, and the clergyman who came daily to read and pray with her.

Among the many anxious enquirers who called to learn the state of the invalid at this time, an unexpected visitor one morning presented herself. It was the sister of Walter. She had come to town on business, and hearing of the danger of her friend, flew to the house to gain fuller tidings. A slight estrangement had subsisted between the families since the breaking off of the marriage, but now all was forgotten, and Walter's sister mingled her tears with those of the sorrowing circle. They had a long and earnest conversation. Before its close, Mabel's family were informed of what I have already mentioned—Walter's belief in the reported marriage of his beloved, his despair, and the letter he had addressed to her.

Suspensions of the real state of things began to enter the minds of the party; and on the next visit of the physician, whose feelings towards his patient were as much those of a father and friend as a medical adviser, all was communicated to him. A gleam of hope flashed across the countenance of the kind doctor as he listened.

"This is very important," he said; "where the mind is deeply engaged, the case differs widely from one of mere bodily disease. Had we known all this before; but now"—and again a grave and anxious expression overspread his face—"the symptoms have

gone beyond our control. It is, I fear, too late. Indeed, I question whether in her reduced state it might be prudent even to name the subject to her."

Mabel was truly in the most delicate condition. The lamp of life seemed flickering in its socket, like the last fitful rays of an expiring taper—a breath would suffice to quench the light for ever. It was an anxious task, even for sisterly affection, to bring before her at such a time, an agitating topic; to name a name that, at the first breathing of it, vibrated through every fibre of her shattered frame, and shook it with an emotion that threatened fatal consequences. Cautiously, and with tender care, as she was able to bear it, was the subject renewed; and at length, by slow and gradual degrees, she was put in possession of the whole enrapturing truth—that her adored Walter had never wavered in his devotion to her, and that if her life were spared she might still be his, with her parents' free consent and blessing.

Hope and joy, what blessed elixirs ye are! Where is the medicine in the whole pharmacopœia can boast the life-giving, exhilarating virtues ye possess? The reviving news that Walter loved her still, and that the obstacles which separated them had vanished, were to the fainting soul of Mabel like oil to the dying lamp. The expiring ray gleamed forth again, though the spark was feeble and uncertain. For a long time the event was doubtful, and she hung suspended between life and death; youth and hope struggling hard against bodily disease and exhausted nature; while parents, brothers, sisters, friends, and he who united in himself the anxious tenderness of all, stood looking on at the contest.

* * * * *

It was a bright day in bright September. The skies were clear and cloudless, and the sun shone out, gilding with its pleasant beams a wedding train. The ceremony had just been performed within the walls of a country church, and now, surrounded by their friends, came forth the gallant bridegroom, supporting the trembling steps of the palest, the most delicate, most fragile looking of brides. The lovely face of nature smiled in sym-

pathy with the gladness of the group, among whom a deeper feeling of thankful joy seemed to prevail than is even usual on such happy occasions. It was the bridal day of Walter and Mabel!

When next I saw our dear friend, she was seated beside her husband, just a year after that bright September morning. He must have been but a poor physiognomist who could not read a tale of surpassing happiness and love in the countenances of both. There was indeed a rare and happy lot—one that I believe falls to the share of few in our conventional existence—that of marrying the object of the heart's affection. I had not seen Mabel since she had departed from our home, a poor stricken sufferer in mind and body; and the sight of her now

was deeply affecting. There she sat, radiant with happiness, and with but one drawback—the want of health: for our wise Creator seldom fills to the brim our cup of blessings, lest we should forget that we are only strangers and pilgrims here below.

When I looked at her, the quaint lines of Spencer rose to my mind:—

One loving hour
For many years of sorrow can dispense:
A draught of sweet is worth a pound of sour."

She was happy now. But how nearly had she sunk beneath the trial whose effects she may probably never wholly recover! How nearly had she justified my belief in that sad theory—the dying of a broken heart!

M. F. D.

MISS MARTIN'S ST. ETIENNE.*

BUILDING castles in the air is one of the pleasantest occupations in the world; and if you will only take the trouble to build with your pen in your hand, your work may possibly turn out a permanent dwelling for multitudes of other minds to resort to for instruction and delight, and your name as an intellectual architect may never die. But, once your bookseller has delivered over possession to the public, your *chateau en Espagne* becomes as much their property as yours; and when edifices built by the Scotts, the Sues, the Dickens's, and the Bulwers, stand all around, with their porticos, their peristyles, their donjon-keeps, their mullioned windows and latticed casements, their halls of mystery and saloons of splendour, you must not expect that those who happen to enter your gates will abstain from making trying comparisons; and if, in the very vestibule, they find arrangements ill-ordered, or an uninviting aspect of bare walls, you will

hardly have any right to complain if they should retire without inspecting your grand gallery. It is thus, on taking up Miss Martin's novel, you pass through a long approach of ill-assorted and disproportionate details—"large windows that exclude the light, and passages that lead to nothing"—and feel inclined to throw the work down, without enquiring to what end those devious *ambages* are designed to conduct you. But if you have faith, and will go on trusting to the indications of genius that meet you from time to time through the first half of the story, you will presently find yourself surrounded by an interest which, having once seized you, carries you onward with power and feeling to the catastrophe, and you will retire from the final scenes of "St. Etienne" with as much regret as you felt indifference in entering on the introductory ones. In this respect, the story resembles Griffin's tale of the Collegians: in the beginning languid, dilatory, oblique,

* St. Etienne, a Nèvel. By Miss Martin. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Newby. 1845.

tortuous, operose—expecting the reader to divine what the writer appears unable to communicate, dragging through weary lengths of objectless dialogue and irrelevant description; then, tending to a point—a point designated by the relations of the parties; by their passions, their interests—by the instinctive fears of the reader; and, that point passed, bursting away with triumphant energy, and hurrying you onward, without stop or pause, through reiterated agitations of every most tumultuous passion, to the close. But the likeness lies only in the mechanical progress of the tales—the agencies and the actors are of different classes in each. In Griffin's story we deal with a small circle of private society—with ambition, crime, and remorse, in the breasts of a few individuals of middle and humble rank, involved in one dark deed of violence: in Miss Martin's novel, at least in the successful part of it, we have to do with the great events and impulses that agitated a whole family of mankind during the greatest social convulsion of modern times, affecting the fortunes and lives of a large number of powerful, distinguished, and high-born personages, operating more through public opinion and public frenzy, than through the characteristic passions of the parties, and so—so far as, in general merit, it is comparable at all—in capable of bearing any detailed comparison with Griffin's potent developments of individual character. So far, indeed, as Miss Martin aims at carrying on the action of the story, through the agencies of characteristic individual traits and passions, she fails; as who could well expect any thing else than failure in the attempt of, we believe, a very young lady, to pull all the wires of passion, of thought, of humour, and sentiment, necessary for setting in action a stage crowded with heroes of romance, loyal nobles, knaves, profligates, voluptuaries, and warriors, to say nothing of the three heroines, besides *filles-de-chambre* and their respective lovers! Vivid reflections of the minds and consciences of characters like some of these cannot be expected but from a breast that has mirrored the storms as well as the sunshine and tranquillity of life; and this, too, conspiring with a long observation and experience of

society in aspects inaccessible to the young and pure. These are the scenes which we set out with the purpose to decry. A profligate marquis, attended by a plotting secretary and eavesdropping *valet de-chambre*, comes, just before the Vendean insurrection, to the chateau of a loyalist noble of the Bocage, whose daughter's hand he has demanded in marriage for the sake of her portion; and to coerce her assent, in the event of his personal accomplishments failing to win it, busies himself to discover the retreat of her brother, a proscribed refugee, who lurks in the neighbouring woods. The captain of the republican corps in the neighbouring town becomes the rival of this base marquis, wins the young lady's heart, and takes the brother, for better safeguard, as a recruit into his own corps, to which the young refugee submits with the better grace, because he is in principle himself a republican. In the meantime, some chance revolution of the wheel of fortune makes the daughter's portion no longer an object to the marquis, and, using his knowledge of the son's disguise to second his infamous designs, he transfers his attentions to the still blooming mother, whose maternal solicitude compels her to endure his odious advances, pending the organization of the royalist revolt, in which her husband is actively engaged; but before the arrangements are complete, the ardour of the marquis precipitates a scene, and an indignant repulse sends him off disappointed, furious, and breathing vengeance against the chevalier.

This is the substance of the first half of Miss Martin's tale, which, by a multiplicity of incidents, is spread over the greater part of the three thick volumes of which "St. Etienne" consists. The marquis's villainies, the adventures in the forest, the visits to the cave of the refugee, the serenades of the gallant captain, and the conflict in his breast between love for Ida and some extravagant notion that his sister, a nun, has been dishonoured by the chevalier, in whose possession he has seen a locket bearing her miniature, furnish material for the various encounters, rencontres, and *contre temps*, that constitute, so far, the *farrago libelli*.

However, from this point, the action,

hitherto made up of petty parts, ill-adjusted and contrariant, merges in the current of great events that swept through the tide of the Revolution during the Vendean insurrection, and acquiring direction and impetus from its new accessories, rushes onward, in the midst of rapid and momentous changes, swiftly and with accumulating progress, to the end.

This power of dealing with great events—of looking on the ongoings of life in the mass—tracing the passions which agitate the heart of a nation, and making a reader sympathise in the fortunes of an army, a province, or an empire, is, in literature, much like the faculty of the astronomer, who deals with systems, governed by few but sublime laws. A community cannot have the hopes, fears, jealousies, loves, hatreds, and humours of an individual. The distinctions of man and man are lost in contrasting the feelings and conduct of nations placed in similar circumstances; but as the characteristic features become fewer, they grow more imposing, just as we behold the law of gravitation, liberated from the multitude of countervailing influences which are at work immediately around us, alone controlling the motions of the heavenly bodies. In this one contemplation mankind take a sublimer pleasure than in all the minute manifestations of life, though the latter are infinitely nearer and dearer. Thus it is with the historian, on the one hand, and the depicter of individual character on the other. We rise with warmed or agitated hearts from Scott; with expanded minds from Gibbon or Alison. Which is the nobler pursuit—the telescope, or the microscope—the great distant whole, or the immediate throbbing, thinking, feeling, sympathising part, we do not pretend to decide. Enough for us that God, in his distribution of the gifts of life, gives to some the intellect to embrace generals—to others the ability to paint particulars—to a few, the genius that comprehends and equalizes all. But we do not here speak of the great poets and creators, but of one who will be well content to sit at the feet of De Stael, and of the other women of large minds, who have, from time to time, shown themselves able to sit apart, and see how mankind play the great game of life; for this is manifestly Miss Martin's forte, and

it is almost wholly by virtue of this power that she has drawn the events of her story into that progress and interest which undoubtedly surround them towards the close. The faculty is a very rare one in the female mind, and, united as it is in Miss Martin, with powers of depicting character, at least equal to those of most of our lady novel-writers, gives her book a peculiar claim to consideration. Whether a novel, even of high class merit, would be the most desirable vehicle for its development, may be well doubted; but in a first effort we can hardly expect that it should have been otherwise, since to every young and ardent imagination the delight of romance writing is irresistible. There is, perhaps, no other occupation so charming as that of the writer who writes simply for the pleasure of creating. The gentleman farmer, who can afford to spend his time and money in amateur agriculture, enjoys a delightful pleasure when he paces along his fields, covered with the first tender shoots of the rising crop, or yellowing for the sickle—when he sees his calves, his lambs, his young pigs, his slender foals—increase of food for man and beast—increase of life and wealth over all the face of the teeming land. But not even the gentleman farmer, marking the braird burst through the clods of his ploughed lands on a morning in spring, enjoys the sense of power, the pride of producing, that distends the breast of the young writer, who, conscious of the creative faculty, sits down to embody the conceptions of the imagination in verse or prose. No potentate exercises so absolute a tyranny, or so harmlessly enjoys the exercise of irresponsible power. The issues of life and death, of joy and woe, of love and hatred, are in your hand. You hold the pen suspended, and say—shall I put this one to death, or shall I suffer him to live?—shall I unite these lovers, or sever them for ever? This knave, whose villainies I have used, to make the virtues of my hero or heroine more illustrious, shall I punish, or shall I reclaim him?—or shall I, in the wantonness of my will, leave the knave prosperous, the lovers severed, the hero's virtues unrewarded? While the pen remains in air, all is possible. Dungeons may have closed on your hero; the bolts will fall—the walls will fly

asunder, if you desire, in the twinkling of an eye. He may have fallen in battle; it is death, or a flesh wound, at your pleasure. Has your imagination painted an ideal of perfection to your own heart? Here you may embody your dream, and need not blush to communicate the whole secret to the candid breast of the page. Fancy him as brave, as good, as handsome, as noble, as generous—her, as beautiful, as tender, as modest, as affectionate, as faithful as your heart on its own account may desire, or ever did desire, or dream of desiring—you may safely indulge the delightful hallucination; for your reader—whenever a reader is allotted to you from among the young and ardent, for whom you write—will find your brightest picture no more than a faint reflection of the image which, sooner or later, occupies every youthful breast; and, instead of triumphing in having penetrated your thoughts, will only wonder at finding the exposition of his own. The elements obey you. Would you make a brave young man stretch forth his vigorous arm to snatch drowning beauty from the flood? The clouds gather at your call, and the hills re-echo with the voices of a thousand streams. Do you desire moonlight for your lovers walking at eve, sunshine for their morning rambles, or rain to drive them to the shelter of the woodland cottage?—or would you have black night and tempest to cloak horrid deeds that make the reader at midnight fear to raise his eyes from the dreadful page. The heavenly bodies, and all the powers of the air are at your beck. You sit alone—you thunder and lighten. It is impossible that a young writer should abstain from exercises so fascinating. It is only when we look back after long years, and see that our moral machinery is all out of gear, our clouds of passion flying against the wind, and our streams of pathos running up hill, that we begin to feel how little the mere apparatus of scenery, of situation, or even of incident, can, of itself, effect towards the production of a real work of genius.

We, therefore, reconcile ourselves to these accessories of romance, with which Miss Martin's claims to the character of a distinguished writer are so encumbered, as well from the sense that the thing was inevitable, as from the reflection that, at all events, the

incumbrances are as good as other matters of that kind usually are. But we must cease to talk in this light strain when we approach the topics, in dealing with which Miss Martin is at home. Here we recognize a mind which needs none of our admonitions—a great clear intellect, piercing through the external aspects of affairs, to the dominant impulses which move large sections of society—a power of attention which can follow, without confusion or hesitation, the progress and combinations of complex events—a prompt ability for the clear and succinct statements of facts; and what will, perhaps, appear the power we should least expect among the gifts of a young lady, whose romance we have treated so roughly, a positive faculty—a commanding genius for great strategical operations. These are powers which demand consideration, no matter through what frippery of romance they present themselves; and when we consider with what force and clearness they have developed themselves under all the disadvantages of their associations here, we cannot but feel that a great intellect is at work among us, and look forward to Miss Martin's accomplishing something that may place her name beside those of women of renown, and help to raise her native land in the intellectual scale of nations. *

Mark, then, first, the talent for politics:—

“The horrors of the Reign of Terror merely illustrate the law of nature, that the action and re-action must always be proportionate to each other. For ages the country had been inhabited by two nations—the nation of nobles and the nation of peasants; they lived in a state of antagonism; they were actuated by different interests. On one side were privileges, power, wealth, and honours; on the other side poverty, degradation, and slavery in all but the name. What wonder, then, if when the hour of change came, the people hailed it with delight, and mistook revenge for justice? First came anarchy, and then the iron despotism of the *Comité du Salut Public*. The establishment of the latter was the most important measure of the Convention; it was the first return to social organization—the first apparent recognition of the distinctions of functions in a government—and the first fruits of their dear-bought knowledge, that the

people cannot at the same moment make the laws, execute the laws, and obey the laws. When it was instituted, France stood on the verge of annihilation; the army had been driven from the entrenched camp at Fumars by the Austrians, the northern frontier towns were invested, the garrison of Mayence had capitulated, and a Spanish army occupied the country round Bayonne.—Against this host of disasters the Convention was called to make head; and the fierce energy with which it addressed itself to the task soon proved that it possessed powers equal to the crisis. It was cruel and blood-thirsty, but determined, and perhaps better fitted for the time than a milder and more scrupulous government. Reserving to itself the legislative functions, it imparted unity to the executive by the institution of the *comité*, and, by enforcing the *levée en masse* of the nation, it drove the invaders from the violated soil of France."

Next, the aptitude for business:—

"Monsieur Fontanier, the father of Stanislas, was the grandson of the first Corsican immigrant who had established his household gods in Lyons. Partly by inheritance, partly by his own purchases, he became the proprietor of a valuable estate; but valuable rather from the nature of its products, than from its extent. Wine and silk were the commodities it afforded; they were the sources of Monsieur Fontanier's wealth, and also the means of his subsequent ruin.

"Some manufactures can only be carried on advantageously in two modes—by the small domestic industry of the peasant's family by their own fire-side, when their petty branch of trade is added, as a source of humble but sure emolument to their agricultural and housewifery avocations; or in manufactories, where an immense expenditure of capital produces a treble immense return of wealth. In this, as in many things, extremes meet. Fontanier being possessed by the spirit of speculation—the commercial adventurousness which his Corsican forefathers might have inherited from their Carthaginian masters—in an evil hour resolved to set up a silk manufactory. His capital was not large enough to embark on the largest scale of operation, and his education and restless temper unfitted him for that constant personal vigilance necessary to the master of a manufacturing establishment, where every thing is done by manual labour. Where the machinery is composed of human beings, this watchfulness is, even more neces-

sary than where their place is supplied by a steam-engine; the latter neither wastes, embezzles, nor loiters. The commercial panics, the distrust, the bankruptcies, and consequent overthrow of mercantile interests, which immediately preceded the revolution, like the agitated swell of the sea which announces a tempest, was fatal to many of the Lyonesse speculators. Fontanier, among others, received the fiat of his ruin, in the first great failure in his native city."

Now, let us give a sample of Miss Martin's extraordinary faculty for the clear and rapid narration of military events. We are here in the thick of the battle of Torfou:—

"As yet the artillery had taken no share in the action. It had been a regular steel and lead affair, for the Vendean park had not arrived, and Kleber's field-pieces had remained in his rear, engaged in a deep narrow road, from which he could not disengage them. At length, after three hours of incessant conflict, Charrette pushed out a party to seize the pieces which were guarded by a battalion of the national guard of Nièvre; they were unsteady raw recruits, and they gave way. Kleber fell back to protect his battery. His columns instantly choked the narrow roads, they became unmanageable, and were so separated that they were singly and unsupported exposed to the Vendéens' attack. Lescaure's band rushed on, cut down the cannoneers, and turned the pieces on the Mayengais.

"The day was won; the Mayengais retreated, but it was only Kleber's skill and obstinate valour which caused the rout to become a retreat. Slowly he retreated, facing about and extending wherever the ground permitted, and still holding his conquerors at bay. The Vendean cavalry hung on his rear like hounds on the boar at his last struggle; three times they charged along his whole line, and as often were repulsed with loss. The *tirailleurs*, crouched in the grass, took their aim at five paces, with such fatal certainty, that a train of dead marked Kleber's road; but all was ineffectual. For nine miles he continued his masterly retreat; but he knew that human nerve could not long carry his soldiers through the ordeal, and therefore he halted on the bridge of Boussay, and unlimbering two eight-pounders, saved with difficulty, he pointed them on the Vendéens, and, summoning Colonel Chouardin, he said,

'Farewell, my friend, you and your battalion must die here!'

"'Yes, general, adieu!' said the devoted hero as he wrung Kleber's hand. The Mayonais crossed the bridge and filed off on the road to Clisson at quick stop, while Chouardin prepared to die. The Vendéens were so near that, concealed by a hedge, Larocheiroire heard all this short colloquy. It excited his warmest sympathy. The Vendéen army closed on the bridge. Lescure ordered Larocheiroire to charge Chouardin's battalion. He obeyed; the eight-pounders cut lances through his band, yet he rushed on under the fusillade, and was met by the crossed bayonets of the gallant defenders of the pass. Again he urged his band to the assault, and was again driven back. Both parties paused for breath, and observed each other with the respect men feel for brave enemies.

"'You cannot drive us from our position, chief!' cried Chouardin to Larocheiroire.

"'I can only do what you would do, colonel, were you in my place!' replied Larocheiroire. He made another effort and failed.

"'Lescure,' he said, as he retired from the pass, 'some one else must butcher those brave men—I cannot do it.'

"He retreated, and Lescure's *tirailleurs* soon laid the last of the gallant battalion dead on the bridge. But their end was gained—Kleber was safe at Clisson before the pursuers could pass over their bodies. Such was the celebrated battle of Torfou."

It is in the tide of events like these that the scattered incidents of Miss Martin's story are drawn, as we have observed, into uniformity of tendency, and begin swimmingly at last to bear the interest of the reader forward. Let us hurry down the accelerating stream which, as we sweep onward towards the close, grows more and more turbid with the horrors of the time. The Vendéen army has crossed the Loire; has fought forward into Brittany—has reeled back shattered and demoralised from Angers—has haunted the right bank of the Loire for a week, like a ghost, stretching its arms in vain across that impassable Acheron. The last rally of expiring freedom and manhood has been made on the marsh of Savenay—the insurrection is at an end, and Carrier has now to discharge the duties of Republican justice. Larocheiroire, his wife and daughter, await their doom,

their only consolation being that they are guarded by Fontanier. The Marquis de Pomenars, ignorant of their contiguity, as they of his, groans in captivity in another cell. The fatal morning has come—Larocheiroire has the death of a soldier vouchsafed him, and falls by a volley from the company of his friend. Dreadful office of friendship, to be able only to protect those you love from outrage in death, by assisting at their execution! Such is the task of Fontanier; he must see the sentence of the revolutionary tribunal carried into effect. Revolting duty!—death with them would be preferable; but then who would remain to protect their daughter—and Ida is not included in the sentence? You see, therefore, the situation of the parties; and now we place you in the hands of Miss Martin:—

"The victim was hurried down to the court, followed by Fontanier, whose brain was become almost dizzy from what he had seen and suffered. Nothing but the dreadful necessity of sustaining himself for the sake of others could have preserved his reason through the horrors of that morning.

"One of those long low carts then used to convey the victims to execution was waiting, drawn by a black horse, and surrounded by a crowd of the lowest and most brutalized populace of Nantes, who gathered, hooting and shouting, to witness the execution of the wife, as they had just witnessed the death of the husband. A murmur ran through the mob as she appeared. Her beauty and her courage touched the most hardened.

"The jailer assisted her to mount the cart. She looked round to discover the cause of the delay which took place.

"'Get out the rest of your load, jailer!' cried the carter; 'I have work to do at the other prison—a fine batch of priests.'

"'Here they are,' replied the jailer, as four turnkeys issued from the prison; leading forth Josephine's companions in death. She looked at them, and recognised the Marquis de Pomenars and the venerable priest, the curé Allard.

"'Oh, mon père, do we meet here? It is indeed a blessing to meet, that I can receive your holy exhortations.'

"'Daughter, grieve not—my day of toil is over, I am about to receive my hire, and to enter into everlasting rest.'

"She bent her head, and received the old man's blessing. When he entered the cart, De Pomenars shrank from her

glance. She turned to him and said gently—"I forgive you—I will pray for you—you may yet be pardoned on high."

"The cart proceeded towards the river, to the fatal place of embarkation, where several boats were moored at the quay. In one of them four boatmen sat holding their oars upright. The rabble still surrounded the vehicle; they had forgotten their transitory spasm of better feelings, and now stared at their victims indifferently and jested among themselves.

" 'Let us marry them, I say,' cried one ruffian; 'they will make a handsome couple.'

"He drew from his pocket a long strap which he had often used to couple two prisoners before they were launched into the water. This cruelty the demons who invented it called a republican marriage.

" 'Yes,' cried another, 'and we will make the old raven croak out the ceremony in his kitchen Latin—come along.'

" 'I will give the bride away,' shouted a third fellow.

"The cart stopped at the verge of the Loire. The prisoners were ordered to descend. They obeyed, and stood together silently waiting the pleasure of their executioners.

"He felt as if the scene which he beheld were rather a frightful phantasmagoria than a reality.

"That murky sky, from which a pale, bleached, watery light fell scantily on the white snow-clad hills—that dark, tomb-like, silent town—that turbid, muddy river, covered along its shores, and in every cove where the water rested, with sheets of greenish ice, from which the middle of the river was kept free by the motion of the current, and by the passing of the many boats plying night and day. He looked sickening and shuddering at all this. A pestilential exhalation hung over the river; troops of dogs, run wild, roamed howling along the shore, seeking their horrible prey, the body of some victim of the preceding night: and over a shallow near an island a cloud of ravens hovered, sometimes settling on some object which lay in the water, and then, as the wave washed over it, rising with hoarse screams, waiting till the retreating wave allowed them to pounce again on their quarry.

"The boat floated slowly down the stream, and the boatmen lay on their oars reserving themselves for the pull up the river. Fontanier could not speak, and scarcely could he smother his sobs. De Pomenars maintained his

stern resolution even to the last. His long regretful gaze on the earth and sky, his compressed mouth and gloomy brow, alone betrayed his feelings.

" 'Yonder is the place,' said one of the boatmen, pointing across the nearest headland to a reach of the river, which spread broad and deep like a lake. They glided on. Fontanier's agonizing sensations were similar to those we experience in a feverish dream, when we fancy that we are hurried along with irresistible velocity towards some dreadful abyss. The old man suddenly raised his voice, in the solemn chant ordained for the burial service. His voice was feeble, but the strength of his hopes and resignation aided him, and it gathered firmness as he proceeded to chant that inspired outpouring of confidence in the midst of trouble—of rejoicing in the midst of adversity—the psalm *de profundis*. Josephine joined him in thus chanting their own funeral service. As the last words died on their lips, the boat lay drifting slowly on the surface of the lake-like river. The appalling moment was come.

"De Pomenars rose; as the corporal advanced to him—"Begone!" he exclaimed, proudly waiving him away. He gave one long, last look to the wintry landscape, and one shorter glance to his companions.

" 'Adieu, my friends! farewell life!' he exclaimed, and folding his arms on his breast, he sprang into the Loire. The water closed over his head. The boat, spurned by his foot, darted back for a space, and then returning floated over the faint circles which marked his watery grave. He rose no more, his iron resolution enabling him to refrain from the instinctive struggles of that horrible death.

" 'Heaven have mercy upon his soul, and upon ours,' said the priest fervently.

"The corporal seized him, pushed him off the gunwale of the boat, and the whirling waters smothered his prayers. He rose once and sunk for ever.

"Josephine took Fontanier's hand. 'Comfort Ida, watch over Romain—my last prayers are for them.' Her voice was choked, her glance became wild, her lips quivered, the horrors of her doom seemed now for the first time present to her. The corporal assisted her to mount on the gunwale.

" 'Henri, I come! Lord, receive my spirit!'

"The soldiers pushed her in. She sank—rose again. Stanislas sprang forward, and would have plunged in to

save her. The soldiers seized him—he was pinioned in their grasp. He clasped his hands over his eyes in agony.

“It is all over; you may look up now, Monsieur,” said the corporal.

“Stanislas looked up fearfully. He could not see clearly; the grey water seemed stationary and immovable, while the livid sky and earth appeared to swim before him; he thought the boat was whirling round rapidly, and then a sickness came over him—he fainted.”

This is undoubtedly painted with great power and feeling. But De Pomenars would have been another man in the hands of a Sue or Bulwer; yet neither of these could have arranged a situation more calculated to give full scope to his best powers of depicting character. The scene, the relations of the parties, and the business of the moment, are all striking, affecting, terrible, and novel. It is a grand and able piece of painting; and looking at it again, with its simplicity and directness, and considering the variety of emotions, either directly appealed to or called up by necessary suggestion, in contemplating the end of so many human passions, kept alive to the last, we begin to extend our appreciation of Miss Martin, from the province in which we have hitherto regarded her as properly at home, to the region of imagination and fancy, in which, while “St. Etienne” exhibits a thousand miscarriages, this particular scene must be allowed to have established for itself a place of very considerable distinction.

Genius is a gift hard to guide. The possessor is the best judge of how best to use it. None but himself can hit on his vein. The best we can do is to say—Child of grace, be not disheartened. Trust yourself: search your own breast: whatever you do, be yourself. The strong promptings that throb round your heart will find a way and a voice when perchance least expected. In the meanwhile, no more dreams. Life is short. Our mother, Erin, needs all that we can do to help and comfort her. Her own children can alone perform the pious duty: for her they must labour with hands and minds: for her they must gather fame from every domain of the intellect; from the boundaries of the universe, now opening for the first time on human eye in the towers of Birr, and from the varied fields of life and manners surrounding, and accessible to us all. Among these noble and illustrious labourers, a place has been reserved for you also. You have only to succeed in finding the implement that is fitted to your hand. Search! Try! Persevere! It takes a long while to turn over the store-houses of nature. The next effort may put you in possession of the instrument with which you are destined to achieve your peculiar work. To Miss Martin, especially, we would say—Think nothing of what you have done, excellent as much of it is: be satisfied with nothing short of excellence in every thing.

SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Bonnie Mary Leslie, thou art a lassie fair,
I like thee for thy smiling face, and gentle winsome air;
By glen, or glade, or flowery braes, where simmer breezes blaw,
‘Mang a’ the bonnie lassies fair, thou’rt fairest o’ them a’!

When coomes the Spring wi’ joyous smile, and woodlands waving green,
Or, rising frae its grassy bed, the primrose gay is seen,
An’ birdies learn their simmer sangs on ilka leafy tree,
Then, bonnie Mary Leslie—oh! I will sing of thee!

And when in bloom is ilka flower, we’ll wander down the glen,
And I will seek a shady bower that ne’er a ane sall ken,
And there we’ll spend the live-lang day, in bliss without alloy,
For, as I fancy nane but thee, sae thou art a’ my joy.

And when the winter comes in storms, thy peace sall be my care,
And round the canty fire at e’en, thou shalt be lady there!
For as the sun to opening flower, or honey to the bee,
Sae, bonnie Mary Leslie—oh! thou art a’ to me!

THE ITALIAN POETS.

FIRST ARTICLE—BERNARDO TASSO.

WE have often thought of seeking to interest our readers by a series of articles on the Italian poets. Of all poets, of whatever age or country, Dante is perhaps the greatest, and is certainly the poet whose stupendous work most entirely chains down the almost reluctant imagination of the reader. Prometheus bound to his rock, and struggling against oppression and alien power, is almost an inadequate type of the reader's mind in this strange captivity. In the drama of *Æschylus* there are hymns of the nymphs of ocean and earth evermore seeking to console and appease the suffering son of Titan. A music of divine humanity, more heart-thrilling than the imagination of the Grecian poet has given to these beautiful impersonations, breathes in every line of Dante; but still it is long before the thought of the possibility of a perfect reconciliation comes; and the perfect triumph of the poet is measured by our struggle against it. Of this great poet it is our wish to write, but we must postpone the accomplishment of the wish for a little while. Of *Petrarch* too, we feel that we have much to say; of *Ariosto* too, and *Tasso*, who, if not the greatest poet, has certainly produced the most perfect and most truly beautiful poem of modern literature.

At this moment, however, we are writing at a distance from books and can do little more than communicate to our readers our intention of future papers on the Italian poets. We had, indeed, intended at once to draw our readers' attention to the life and writings of *Tasso*, but this must be for a little while delayed, as it would be scarce possible to give an intelligible account of his early life without some mention of *Bernardo Tasso*, whose fortunes and whose studies influenced in a very remarkable manner those of his son.

A little book lately published in America has just reached us, which we at first had some thoughts of reviewing. It is entitled "*Conjectures and Researches on the Love, Madness,*

and Imprisonment of *Torquato Tasso*, by *Richard Henry Wilde*." At present we shall say nothing more of the book than that we opened the volumes with expectations which have been altogether disappointed. We may again advert to it.

The subject which *Mr. Wilde* has discussed is an interesting one, and we wish that we could lead some true poet to the study of *Tasso's* letters and shorter poems, which have not been yet sufficiently examined. *Mr. Wiffen* has done something to illustrate the most obscure parts of *Tasso's* life, with, however, too strong disposition to deny, as far as possible, the fact of *Tasso's* insanity. *Dr. Black* dwells on his insanity, as if it alone were sufficient to account for all his sufferings. *Serassi* is throughout the apologist of the House of *Ferrara*, whose descendants, it could seem, after three centuries, still resent what they call the treason of *Tasso*. Of this a curious instance is told in the *Memoirs of Rossini*, by *Count Stendhal*. "In the year 1816, I was," says *Stendhal*, "in one of the largest cities of Lombardy. Some rich amateurs, who had established a citizens' theatre there, splendidly decorated, conceived the idea of celebrating the arrival within their walls of the Princess *Beatrice d'Este*, the mother-in-law of the Emperor *Francis*. They caused an entirely new opera, both words and music, to be prepared in her honor, which is the greatest compliment that can be paid to any one in Italy. The poet founded the opera on a comedy by *Goldoni*, called *Torquato Tasso*. On the evening before the performance, the princess's chamberlain called on some of the distinguished citizens who intended to do themselves the honour of singing before her, and told them that it was not very respectful to recall, in the presence of a princess of the House of *Este*, the name of *Tasso*, a man who had behaved so ill to that illustrious family. The lady's sensibility was respected, and the name of *Lope de Vega* substituted for that of

Tasso." To this fastidious lady the work of Serassi was dedicated, and the inference is not an unreasonable one, that the narrative of Tasso's life was coloured by the biographer, so as to suit the prejudices of his patroness. Of all Tasso's biographers, Ginguene appears to us the best. The romantic love of Tasso for the princess Leonora seems to us as distinctly proved, as any such fact can be, where the evidence is of the kind that includes love verses, and such other manifestations of a "perturbed spirit." There is no doubt, more reason to give credit to Tasso's poems as true records of real events, than to such compositions in ordinary circumstances, but yet we own we think his strongest assertions of his poems being inspired by real passion, give small support to those who would gather from them the actual story of his life. The sonnet with which Vasilini's collection commences, opens with a statement which is the foundation of Rossini's theories.

"Vere fur queste gioie et questi ardori,
Ond' io pianal et cantai, con vario carme."

"True were the loves and transports which I sung,
And over which I wept in varied rhyme."

How much, and how little can be made out of such things, the English reader can judge, who has ever examined the narratives built out of Shakespeare's sonnets. What is the chance of our *now* making out what they sought to disguise? The *truth* of poetry is a truth not inconsistent with fiction, and if Rossetti's theories have any plausibility, it altogether depends on poetical truth being not alone different in kind, but actually contrasted with veracity. The language of Tasso is not inconsistent with any of the theories which have been suggested, and in spite of all that has been of late years done, we think the story of his loves, as told by his friend Manso, just as probable as any other later speculations on the subject.

The circumstances of Bernardo Tasso's life influenced in a remarkable degree those of Torquato. The family were of respectable rank, but the earliest notices in which they were mentioned by the name of *Tassi* being but of the twelfth century, the heralds of the

day sought to identify them with the Torriani, Lords of Milan, and Manso, who was followed by most of the Italian writers, adopts the flattering account. The fable is disproved by Serassi with more anxiety than such a thing is worth, for families as well as nations must be permitted to have their fables. The locality in which the *Tassi* were first known was Almenno, on the river Brembo, about five miles from Bergamo. Cornello, a mountain fastness on the Brembo, was their chief residence, and they were known as wealthy and powerful lords. Omedeo Tasso is recorded as the first inventor of regular posts, and his descendants were the postmasters-general of Italy, Flanders, Germany, and Spain. In Spain and Flanders, individuals of the *Tassi* were ennobled and became the founders of great families. In Germany they attained the rank of sovereign princes.

Bergamo was, as we have said, the birth place of the tribe; and here was born Bernardo Tasso the father of the great poet. His parents died during his earliest infancy, and he, with two sisters were left dependant on the care of his maternal uncle, Luigi Tasso, Bishop of Recanati. The uncle was a good man and faithful to the duties which Providence had thus imposed on him; but the times were unsettled, and the bishop was murdered during a visit to a country villa. Young Bernardo Tasso, destitute and distressed, left his country at the age of seventeen, in search of employment. Bernardo was a poet, and in love with a lady, who had the honour of being celebrated by Ariosto-Ginevra Malatesta. Bernardo was a poet, however, after the manner of Petrarch, and as Laura was clothed under the image of a laurel, Ginevra suggested to her admirer the juniper tree. Ginevra, however, married another, and Bernardo bewailed the calamity in a Platonic sonnet.

Bernardo, however, had to make out the means of life, and literature even then gave the means of existence; miserable, no doubt, and precarious, with all the fluctuations and uncertainties of constant dependance. The number of small courts, in the several

states into which Italy was divided, which kept up a continued communication with each other, gave employment to literary men in the capacity sometimes of ambassadors, sometimes of secretaries. Bernardo's first employment was in the service of Count Guido Rangone, General of the Pontifical Forces. As secretary to this nobleman, he was sent to Paris to urge Francis the First to hasten his army into Italy, for the purpose of liberating the pope who was imprisoned by the Imperialists. We next find him in the service of the Duchess of Ferrara; and, soon after, his wandering life led him from her service to Padua and thence to Venice, in one temporary occupation or another. At Venice he collected and printed his poems, and dedicated them to his old flame, Genevra Malatesta. Dr. Black enables us to give our readers a specimen of his poems, and the way in which he consoled himself for her marriage.

Since the great ruler, whom the fates
obey,

To other arms resigns thy fleeting
bloom;

Since to a happier youth he pleased to
doom

That form, which, though so fair, is yet
but clay;

Oh, still, Genevra! still permit to stay
With me thy soul, to cheer this cheer-
less gloom;

Leave that blessed soul, which shall
survive the tomb,

And pure return to unpolluted day.

'Twas this I loved—'twas not the mortal
frame;

Or, if I loved that peerless frame of
thine,

'Twas as the mind's attire it raised my
flame.

Oh, then, to me, to me the soul re-
sign;

His be its veil—for higher is the claim,
Than mortal recompense of love like
mine.

Never were the rights of husband and lover more amicably adjusted, and the Platonic sonnet was the subject of universal admiration. That his mistress has married another has, perhaps, before Bernardo's time, and since, been felt by many a lover as no small relief; still, to lose the mortal and imperfect part of the body, and to have for ever before the intellectual vision the image of the pure and celestial soul, has seldom

been so distinctly described as a very great comfort. The sonnet got at once into fashion: Rucellai tells us that every body of distinction had it by heart. It was repeated by the adventurous lover to the object of his adoration, when uncertain how his addresses might be received. Genevra, however, was in no great danger, as her lover lived, for the most part, at safe distance from the home where the frail and perishable part, which was confided to her husband's care, was preserved. The volume of poems came into the hands of Sanseverino, Prince of Salerno, and Bernardo became his secretary. The prince and his wife were fond of poetry, and Bernardo, under the inspiration of their patronage and praise, published another volume of verses.

In 1535 Bernardo accompanied the prince to Tunis, in the expedition of Charles the Fifth to Africa, and in two years after to Spain. On his return he again published a volume of poems, and the diplomatic services on which he was engaged had procured him the means of comparative independence. In 1539, in the forty-sixth year of his age, he married Porzia Rossi. This marriage connected him with many of the principal families of Italy; he was promised with his wife a considerable dowry.

Soon after his marriage he withdrew from active life, and retired to Sorrento. His letters describe the scenes among which he lived as of great beauty. "Sorrento," says he, "is so delightful, that it was feigned by the poets to have been the residence of the syrens. I call this city delicious, not because it abounds with pleasures which entice to voluptuousness, but with such as are suitable to the health and pleasure of the mind and body. Here I have recalled my mind, which was wont to be hurried from one business to another, as a bird from bough to bough; I have recalled it to studies in such a manner that I hope a birth will be produced, which will soon come to light, to ornament, and to embellish itself by the mirror of your judgment." Alas! for the dreams of poets—the "Amadis," on which he hoped to build an imperishable name, still, indeed, exists; but who has read it?

Never perhaps was man more happy than Bernardo, at this period of his

life. His wife was a woman who enjoyed, and who deserved his love. His first child, Cornelia, was already born, and was, in her infancy, remarkable for beauty and intelligence. His home was in the most delightful climate on earth, and in the midst of the most beautiful scenery. His language, in speaking of himself and his happiness, is that of a man intoxicated with delight. He was a religious man too; and while his letters often tell us of muses, and syrens, and the gods and demigods of Parnassus, we find that his language is not inconsistent with a Christian temper of thought. The metaphors of heathenism are natural in a land where classical literature and classical feeling never altogether ceased. In the correspondence of learned men with each other, the classical writers supplied not alone the forms of expression, but the very substance of thought. The letters on the business of familiar life were free from this pedantry, and we find Bernardo, in one to his sister, thus describing his family. "My daughter is very beautiful, and affords me great hopes that she will lead a virtuous and honourable life. My infant son is before God, our Creator, and prays for your salvation. My Porzia is within two months of her confinement; whether a son or daughter, it shall be supremely dear to me: only may God, who gives it me, grant that it may be born with his fear: pray, together with the holy nuns, that the Almighty may preserve the mother, who in this world is my highest joy."

Torquato Tasso, the child who was thus welcomed into the world with expectation and prayer, was born at Sorrento, on the 11th of March, 1544. A few days before his birth, his father was summoned from his retreat at Sorrento. In the preceding year, the fortress of Carignan, in Piedmont, had been taken by the Imperial forces, and was now invested by the forces of Francis the First, commanded by the Count D'Enguien.

The Prince of Salerno, as General of the Italian Infantry, joined the Spanish army, and with him went his secretary, Bernardo.

The Imperialists were defeated, but the Prince of Salerno distinguished himself in the battle, and still more in the retreat. In the next year Ber-

nardo returned home to behold his wonderful child, of whose genius a thousand incredible stories had reached him. At six months old, it was said, he spoke distinctly, and with considerable fluency; a gift which, however, did not prevent his stuttering in after life. Nothing but the infantine voice told of the infant. He reasoned acutely, explained his thoughts lucidly, and answered every question that was put to him. He rarely wept, and was never seen to laugh; he announced by his conduct, from the dawn of life, that he was destined for something great. Alas, for the future happiness of children, in whom there is the determination to see, and to cultivate in childhood other powers than those of the mere animal brain! In this unhappy hot-bed nurture are the seeds of all disease; early death is the best result that can come of such treatment, but evils more than death are more frequently the consequence. The child was, at an early age, sent to a school, taught by the Society of Jesuits, near Naples. To this school the young Torquato was sent: his mother frequently sent him before daybreak, with a lantern carried before him, to show him the road. From his seventh to his tenth year, he continued under their care. He perfectly learned Latin, and made great progress in Greek, and in his tenth year recited, in public, verses and orations which were heard with admiration.

While this part of his education was in progress, Bernardo was, for the most part, absent from his family. The conduct of his master, the Prince of Salerno, it is not quite easy to explain. The position of an independent Italian prince, is one of those anomalies which, even in peaceful times, is apt to baffle all conjecture as to either the proper rights or the duties of the person so placed; but with Italy as the battle-ground, and in wars such as those of Charles the Fifth and Francis, the difficulties may well be imagined such as to make us hesitate to pronounce or to form an opinion on conduct which, in any view, is scarcely reconcilable with our notions of fidelity. The independence of small states is at all times a fiction; and though we freely admit that actual allegiance may not have been due from the Prince of Salerno to either

of the great contending powers, yet we feel it impossible not to regard his change of sides, as convenience seemed to make one or the other the more desirable, a somewhat shabby sort of behaviour. We have said that he distinguished himself in the unsuccessful defence of Carignan.

After this, he went to the imperial court, attended by Bernardo. Soon after, Bernardo was allowed to return to his family. In the year 1547, incidents occurred fatal to Sanseverino's interests. Don Pedro de Toledo was Viceroy of Naples, a lover of the fine arts—zealous, earnest, impatient of all opposition. He was resisted by the principal families of Naples; and to aid himself in crushing their opposition, he sought—under pretence of preventing the spread of Luther's opinions—to introduce the inquisition. The emperor and the pope favoured his views. An embassy was sent from the people and the nobles of Naples; each appointed an ambassador; and Sanseverino represented the nobles. On the prince's arrival at Nuremberg, he found that Don Pedro had already told the story in his own way. His brother ambassador was sent home with admonitions to the people to be quiet and obedient. They rose in indignation—made violent speeches—committed a few murders—cried craven—and delivered up their arms to the viceroy. Meantime Sanseverino was detained at Nuremberg, which he was forbidden to leave on pain of death. Bernardo soon joined him there. After a year's delay he was permitted to return. Referring the insulting treatment which he had met at the imperial court to the artifices of the viceroy, he now conducted himself to him with overbearing haughtiness. In Italy, insult is seldom unavenged, and an attempt was made to assassinate the prince, which, he had no doubt, was the act of the viceroy. Sanseverino sent his complaints to the emperor, which were disregarded. He was represented as a favourer of rebellion and heresy. He felt himself unsafe, and determined to transfer himself and his fortunes to the King of France. His secretary followed his fortunes; or, to speak it more truly, shared his ruin.

The news of the defection of the Prince of Salerno was followed at Na-

ples by a decree declaring him a rebel, depriving him of his estates, and subjecting him, if taken, to the penalty of death; the property of his attendants was also confiscated, and thus every thing was lost to Bernardo. His wife remained in Naples and the neighbourhood, scrambling with dishonest brothers for her dowry, which they sought to avoid paying, on pretence of her husband's joining in rebellion. Bernardo with difficulty obtained leave to return to Italy, and found temporary shelter in apartments assigned him in his palace by Cardinal Ippolito II., d'Este. Tasso was soon after sent for to Rome by his father. The hope of being again able to reunite his family under the same roof, cheered Bernardo, when Caraffa, whom he had known, became pope. But what are human calculations? In the very hour when this hope seemed not unreasonable, the news arrived of Porzia's death. Bernardo believed that she was poisoned by her brothers. It is more probable that she died of a broken heart—though such a termination of her life would be far from acquitting, in any moral sense, of murder, those brothers who, for the purpose of depriving her and her children of their inheritance, not only relied on the circumstance of her husband's being a rebel, and a banished man, but actually instituted a suit against the young Torquato, insisting that his going to his father to Rome must be regarded as the act of one sharing in his father's guilt. The child was little more than two years old when sentence of banishment was pronounced against the father, and was not twelve when this dishonest plea was insisted on.

Bernardo, amid all his difficulties, did not abandon or forget his poem of *Amadis*. The loss of his wife was attended with the consolation that he might now take orders, and he applied for benefices to the King of France, and to Margaret of Valois, whom he had celebrated in many a sonnet and canzonet. His supplications were disregarded—his interest, in fact, lay with persons of rank too high to be able to serve him at the time. The pope was fighting for existence with a prince who, in the name of the pope, was taking possession of the papal territory. All was confusion. Rome itself, where Bernardo was with

his son, was threatened, and the expectant abbot had to fly, with his son in one hand, and two shirts and Amadis in the other.

It is not very easy to realize to ourselves the strange and vagabond life of a poor fellow like Bernardo at such a time. Living with princes on terms of distressing familiarity, yet dependant on their bounty for the means of livelihood—a fixed amount of payment being stipulated for their services, but that secured by nothing but the good will or good temper of their masters; the reward of service always precarious, and the dismissal of the retainer being an incident not unlikely to occur at any moment; while his seeking to change his master was regarded as a sort of domestic treason;—it was, in truth, a miserable life, and Bernardo deeply felt it; a gentleman, in every thing, except in birth, superior to his masters, and in birth their equal. The Duke of Urbino now invited Bernardo to Pesaro, and assigned him a house, “extremely fit,” says Bernardo, “for inspiring a poet.” With him he seems to have remained for two years. His secretary, of course, while he continued to serve, followed the fortunes of his temporary master; and in April, 1558, the Duke of Urbino, being appointed Captain-General of the King of Spain, imagined he might obtain Bernardo’s pardon, and recover his property. He suggested to Bernardo the fitness of dedicating the *Amadis* to Philip II. This involved a hundred changes in the poem, and seems to have vexed poor Bernardo as much as Tonson’s complimentary change of *Æneas*’s nose, in the prints, to Virgil, irritated Dryden, when he saw the printer’s object was to propitiate King William. *Amadis* had been intended to appear with a dedication to the King of France. There were, besides numbers of sly lines here and there, long and ambitious episodes, praising the members of that royal House. These must all go. *Amadis* himself, who was of the right royal House of France, was now made anew of the blood-royal of Spain, as if poor Bernardo had the rights absolute of Lion King-at-Arms, or Clarendieux, and was dealing with a new-baked baronet. Bernardo made the necessary changes in the pedigree of *Amadis*, and went to Venice to superintend the

printing of the poem. Here he was nominated secretary of the Academy of Venice, with a house, salary, and appointments; and here his son, now of the age of fifteen, joined him.

The *Amadis* was now the great occupation of father and son. Torquato transcribed the poem for the press. The sheets were sent to Sperone, a famous critic of the day, who had begun his literary life with poetry, but failure had damped him into a temper proper for a critic. Changes were made both in what may be called the structural plan of *Amadis*, and in all its details, to accommodate it to the proud position it was intended to occupy. Sperone spoke of the poem with admiration, which might be well felt as ominous, if the author whom he praised chose to remember that the critic had already written voluminous essays to prove that Virgil had but slender claims to the rank of poet, and that Ariosto ought rather be called a gander than a swan. The *Amadis* had merits, however, which the critic was more competent to judge of than of either Virgil’s poem or Ariosto’s. The *Amadis*, considered as a romance, had a variety of subject which was wanting in Ariosto; considered as an epic, the reader was not distracted by irrelevant episodes. It stood on the debateable ground between the romantic and classical, and the critic predicted for it a fame higher than romance or heroic song had yet attained. Bernardo, with a happy heart, at the command of the Duchess of Urbino, read a canto aloud each day among a circle of learned men. Courtiers crowded to hear. In vain did he tell of the despair of *Amadis*, and the jealousy of Oriana. In vain was the attendance of maids of honour and pages commanded to hear the mighty minstrel. Each morning, for the first few days, the apartments were crowded with gentlemen, eager to listen, all of whom, before he ended, had disappeared. Bernardo found it at first hard to account for this; but he soon satisfied himself of the cause, and noted down, as the only inference to be deduced from the circumstance, that unity of action in its nature yields little delight, since he could not accuse himself of having failed in any one rule of art. The story of *Amadis* extended to an

hundred cantos ; the plan of the poet was, to suppose the tale recited from day to day, to a circle of admiring dames and cavaliers. Each canto was to open with a description of morning, calling less happy men to the cares of daily life, and summoning the gayer party to hear the poet's narrative of old romance.— Each evening was to bring its natural pause, and was to be honoured with a due description. Bernardo was, against his will, overpersuaded to omit these descriptions from several of the cantos, and substitute the sort of moral reflections with which Ariosto and Spenser are in the habit of opening and concluding the divisions of their poems, and which have been in our own time so gracefully imitated by Scott, and the authoress of *Psyche*. Some fifty or sixty descriptions, however, of morning remain in the *Amadis*, and it is wonderful with what skill the poet contrives to create something of variety in what would seem well calculated to secure a wearisome monotony. After numberless rehearsals, and alterations to meet the objections of critics, learned and unlearned, the *Amadis* at last appeared to attract the attention of no one, and to disappoint all its author's hopes. One hundred and fifty copies were sent to lords and ladies celebrated in the work, from whom Bernardo complains that he received nothing but thanks and praise. The copy sent to Philip the Second, was never even acknowledged. Had Bernardo followed the impulse of his own wishes and inscribed the poem to the King of France, or to Margaret of Valois, how different, in all probability, would have been the event ! The Princes of Spain, and of Austria, have at all times neglected the claims of literature, and resented every manifestation of genius, as if it threatened an invasion of the rights of their privileged orders, —with what ruinous effects on the fortunes of both Austria and Spain, it is not necessary to detail.

The genius of his son precluded Bernardo from obtaining in after times, the fame which, under other circumstances must have been his reward. His lustre, his very name, is eclipsed in the light of the greater Tasso. To the formation, however, of his son's tastes, at a very critical period of life, the father's favourite

studies must have greatly contributed. The subject of narrative poetry, and the construction of a poem, which, without violating the laws of Aristotle, should possess the charm of romantic fiction, was the constant topic of Bernardo's thoughts,—was introduced in every conversation, and in every private letter written or received by Bernardo. Whatever the topics of official correspondence might have been, which the secretary of Sanseverino and Urbino had to clothe in formal words, there can be no doubt that, though he is said to have been an excellent man of business, the subject to which his mind most often recurred was the story which, from an early period of life, he bore with him in peace and in war—in travel and in retirement. This was, to the poet, the true business of life. His official duties were but what supplied the means of living—means so precarious and dependent, that it is not wonderful to find him often speaking of them with disgust. Ariosto was the subject of his unbounded admiration. It does one's heart good to see with what admiration true poets think of each other. "Do you not hear," says Bernardo, in a letter dated from Venice, "do you not hear, every day, the passengers in the streets, the sailors in their boats, the youthful virgins in their chambers, singing for their disport the verses of Ariosto?" He appears even disposed to renounce his faith in the infallibility of Aristotle when he thinks of Ariosto. "I know not," says he, "but if Aristotle were born in this age and could read the delightful poem of Ariosto, if he could observe what rapture it universally inspires, I know not but he would change his opinion, and consent that an heroic poem may be composed of many actions. His wonderful learning and judgment would lead him, perhaps, to hold up a different mode from what he had done, and to prescribe new laws. For if the end which a good poet ought to propose be instruction and delight, it is easily seen that both these ends have been in a supreme degree attained by Ariosto. There is neither learned man, nor artisan, no youth, no maid, no old man, who can be satisfied with a single perusal of his poems. Are not his stanzas the solace of the weary traveller, who deceives, by singing

them, the tediousness of the way? Hear you not how, every day, they are sung, and by every person, in the streets and in the fields?

While Bernardo was thus occupied himself in the pursuits of poetical fame, he little knew how he was preparing the way for his son's passing a life of the same colour as his own. Few things could have grieved Bernardo more than to anticipate his son's abandoning the pleasant paths of preferment for the enchanted gardens of poetry. The study of the civil law suggested to the anxious father a hope of independence for his son, less precarious than the service of princes. Like Petrarch and Ariosto, the young Tasso was sent to study law, and he, too, like Petrarch and Ariosto, was won away from the pursuit by the charm of poetry. He can be scarcely described as having commenced the study, for in the very year after he had gone to Padua for the purpose, he wrote his poem of *Rinaldo*—a work wonderful, when his age, at the time of its publication, is considered. The *Rinaldo* in a very remarkable manner, anticipates the *Jerusalem Delivered*. The miraculous bark that conveys the knights from the Palace of Courtesy, is the same which bears Ubaldo and Charles to the enchanted gardens in the *Fortunate Islands*. The escape of *Rinaldo* from *Floriana*, in the juvenile poem, resembles that of the escape of the *Rinaldo* of the *Jerusalem* from *Armida*. The sepulchre raised by magic to receive the knight of the tomb, is a fiction common to both the *Rinaldo* and the *Jerusalem*. The consummate beauty of the correspondent passages in the *Jerusalem*, have probably made the *Rinaldo* but little read. When Tasso's father was told of the work, and asked to permit its publication, he consented, but with grief. He felt it in vain to struggle against the torrent of his son's inclinations, and the poem was printed before

Tasso, or Tassino, as they were fond of calling him, attained his eighteenth year. Tasso passed from Padua to the academy of Bologna, where his studies were to have been chiefly directed to philosophy and poetry; and here he commenced the *Jerusalem*. In 1564 he was appointed one of the attendants of Cardinal Lewis, of Este; and in the next year, the twenty-first of his age, we find him fixed at Ferrara.

It was a moment of high hope. The House of Ferrara was, even in a period of princely magnificence, distinguished for its surpassing splendour. To Tasso's imagination it was sacred on a thousand accounts, but most of all, from its associations with the name of Boiardo and of Ariosto. How far the hopes of the young Tasso were realized must be the subject of another essay.

Bernardo Tasso continued to live for a few years more. He endeavoured to recall the *Amadis* to the minds of the great people to whom he had presented it, but in vain. He then occupied himself in another epic poem, and amused himself by balancing the respective merits of himself and his son, "I am," said he, "the sweeter poet—Torquato the more learned;" and thus he dreamed on till his seventy-sixth year. He died at Mantua, where he had some appointment of a magisterial nature. Torquato arrived in time to receive his last breath. The houses of poets are not more sacred than those of kings, and though his son found him living, yet he found that all the property in his house, and the very furniture of the chamber of death, was already stolen by his servants.

Death came to his relief on the 6th of September, 1569, and a monument was raised to him in Mantua, with the words "*Ossa BERNARDI TASSI.*"

THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN—A TALE OF 1760.

CHAPTER XXX.—A CONFERENCE AT TINK CASTLE.

——— I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate they point upon.

Cicero.—Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time;

Julius Cæsar.

Macmorris.—It is no time to discourse—the day is hot, and the weather, and the war, and the king, and the duke. The trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk an I do nothing—'tis shame for us all—'tis shame to stand still—and there's throats to be cut—and work to be done.—*King Henry the 5th.*

THE houses of parliament having voted addresses of acknowledgment to the lord-lieutenant, to whose wisdom and determination they ascribed the suppression of the riots of the memorable third of December, his excellency got through the fatigue of receiving this mark of respect in a spirit of laudable endurance. The ceremonial was over, lords and commons had retired, and the relieved duke felt it safe to yawn.

But the day's fatigue was not over. The severest of its labours was yet to come. A suitor whose importunity was not to be resisted, Sir Thomas Brasier, after some solicitation, had obtained the promise of an audience, and at half-past four o'clock, the interview was to take place. The duke was, evidently, not much at his ease. The part he had recently enacted was a mere form—a form in which the habits of his life satisfied him he could not go wrong. The discussion which he had reason to anticipate was matter of a wholly different description—the apprehension of it disturbed and hurried him.

"I wish 'twere over," said the duke, to a person of bold and strongly-marked features, though of a good-humoured expression, and of a somewhat rubicund visage, who sat at the opposite side of a round table placed near the fire; "I wish, Rigby, 'twere well over; though it cannot last longer than the half hour at farthest."

"I ventured to think your grace might be satisfied with half the hour, and have made arrangements that the aid-de-camp in waiting shall deliver, fifteen minutes after the Tipperary baronet's entrance, a message that will cut short the conference, unless your excellency see some reason to prolong it."

"You were cautious, I hope, in taking such a step as this. You had better retrace it. Countermand the order—Sir Thomas Brasier must not be affronted or disobliged. 'He may be somewhat too exacting; but he is a thorough Protestant, and has never been deficient in civility or respect towards me.'"

"Not he; he will fail in no point of politeness, unless he find it more to his purpose, or more in his humour to be rude. You may be certain he will press you close to-day."

"I hope, to be prepared for him. But, I must say, his views, so far as I understand them, are not irrational. You seem to be, yourself, persuaded that the riots of Monday were not a mere city tumult. Do you not say that emissaries and incendiaries from remote parts of the country, were seen in the crowd. I have reason to believe that even Jesuit agency has been at work; and if we do not look to the state of the rural districts with more vigilance and circumspection, we may have reason to regret our supineness before long. Hand me that letter of Dr. Connor, I should like to look it over again."

Rigby bowed, and handed the letter.

"There is a good half hour yet," concluded his excellency, glancing at the time piece, as lights were set upon the table at his side, and he began to read.

The silence which ensued we would turn to account, by availing ourselves of the interruption, and relating some of the circumstances to which the letter owed its origin. If they were not essential to the interests of our story, they were characteristic of a time when movements of some importance were making changes in the character

and condition of the people, and were unobserved or overlooked by those who had the power to arrest them.

Dr. Connor had, on a day in the preceding summer, outstaid the other guests at Aylmer Castle; and, after their departure, was engaged in grave discussion with his host. The interest of the subject had beguiled both, the nobleman impressed by having religious truths presented to him in a manner which rendered them apprehensible—the divine rejoicing in the opportunity afforded him of labouring in his master's service—and thus it was, that, before their conference ended, night had mingled with morning. There is a kind of intellectual feverishness induced by argument or debate, from which slumber holds itself no less estranged than from a febrile affection of the body. Dr. Connor felt that the night's discussion had thus left its power upon him; and when, in the retirement of his chamber, he compared the contending invitations of a luxurious couch, and of a fair demesne, over whose majestic and motionless groves the first faint power of rayless light was spreading, he felt that the attractions abroad were the stronger, and yielded to them. The windows of his chamber opened on a terrace, which conducted to an enclosed pleasure-ground, and he descended to taste the freshness of the season, before he lay down to sleep.

He had not been many seconds in the open air, when he became aware of sounds, which gave a new direction to his thoughts. He could not account for them, nor could he set his mind at rest, by thinking them of ordinary occurrence. After proceeding some time in the direction from which they came, he was arrested by a piece of water, which bounded the pleasure grounds on that side. The boat was not in the little creek where it was usually moored, and he was neither of the age nor the adventurous habit, for the mere satisfaction of curiosity, to cross the lake by swimming. Yet he was loath to depart; and, as the noises became more and more distinct, he began even to entertain the idea of returning to the exploits of boyhood again, so unwilling was he to retire with the enigma unsolved, and so circuitous the landward route, by which he must have reached the opposite shore

of the lake. While he deliberated, he heard the dash of oars, and, taking his place behind a tree, saw a boat with a single passenger, turn round by a little island, which had before concealed it, and shoot rapidly into its accustomed harbour. Recognising the man to be a gamekeeper of Lord Aylmer's, he approached him, and was spared the necessity of making a direct inquiry, by the promptitude and frankness with which inquiry was anticipated.

"Can it be Dr. Connor?" said the man. "Did your reverence hear them?"

"Hear what, Edwards? Do you know what is the meaning of this noise?"

"They're out to-night, sir."

"They! Who are out?"

"The papists, sir, or Romans, or rapparees, or whatever devil's name—begging your reverence's pardon—they call themselves. Isn't it a poor case, sir, that his lordship will trust a fellow like Slattery? They are in a field outside the barbican gate; and, to my certain knowledge, this is the third night of their meeting, and every time Slattery sends his family, wife, children, and the maid, into the village, to stay with the wife's mother. I kept awake when I heard that they went this evening; and sure enough, you may hear the gentlemen now at their amusement."

"Would it be possible to get nearer—to come in sight of this assemblage?"

"Possible and easy, sir, if you don't mind a bit of a walk, and will cross the little lake with me—the tower near the barbican gate is the place."

Doctor Connor soon reached the post of watch, where his guide pointed out a flight of steps by which he could ascend the tower; and advising him to keep carefully under cover, said that he would himself lounge about to meet Slattery, in the event of his making his appearance.

"There's his house, sir," said he, "and my lord takes his report that there's nothing mischievous doing in this quarter. I heard 'em a week ago, but when I spoke of it, his lordship said I was dreaming, for Slattery would hear if there was any thing of the kind. You'll see for yourself now, sir—I'll stay here, and if Slattery

comes out, I'll bring him down with me, to help me with some snares I'm making.

Dr. Connor ascended, and when he looked over the field below him, he could scarcely credit his eyes, or believe it possible that such a tableau as he looked upon could be real, so great the multitudes that covered the plain, and so little interrupted the silence in which their various evolutions were accomplished.

A field of considerable extent seemed covered with men, not crowded or scattered with the careless freedom of a disorderly multitude, but arranged into compact and regular masses. The ground was chequered—here a space, and there an organized body—but the vacancies were much less extensive than the portions which were occupied. Parties were in motion over other parts of the plain; but, nearly under the post where Dr. Connor was stationed, there was a halt. There he discerned a group standing together, of not more than six persons; a body, consisting of about a hundred, stood before them. It was evident they regarded the keeper, who had the adjacent part of the demesne in charge, as one who was faithful to them, rather than to his master.

Dr. Connor could see that the party which had halted was undergoing an inspection. Muskets, pistols, swords, scythes, even pitchforks and clubs, were passed in review. When the weapons, of whatever description they were, had been examined, the company or detachment marched on in military array; another took its place and sustained a similar scrutiny.

It was not long before the review, of which, perhaps, the principal part had taken place previously, was concluded. After a very brief delay, the whole body was formed into a hollow square, the group which had conducted the inspection taking post in the centre. If the military part of the spectacle was such as to awaken surprise, the judicial, which followed, furnished matter for still more serious reflection. Various disputes between contending parties seemed to be adjusted, complaints heard, sentences pronounced, in some instances inflicted upon the spot, and endured with a submission which indicated habits of obedience.

By two cases of this description Dr. Connor was strongly affected and

shocked. A man, his arms fastened behind, was placed opposite the central group, of which all fell back a little, except one, who was, it might be supposed, of highest authority. This person spoke at some length to the manacled culprit, who appeared as if endeavouring to defend or excuse himself. The attempt was vain. The man's shoulders were bared, and he was tied, in a stooping posture, to a stump of a tree. A murmur passed round the ranks, low, but loud enough for Dr. Connor to hear "for thieving." An executioner approached the tree, and at a signal, the first heavy blow fell. Blood sprang from under the lash, and the sufferer shook, but did not groan. Dr. Connor closed his eyes, but he heard the repetition of the sharp, heavy lash, interrupted by no other sound from either sufferer or spectators. At last the dreadful punishment was over—the sounds of torture ceased—the sufferer was removed and given in charge to one who seemed attending to his wounds.

Another man was now brought forward, whose crime, Dr. Connor could collect, was the refusal to harbour a brother wounded, under pursuit, and in danger of being taken. This act of churlishness, it would appear, the guilty party ascribed to the evil disposition of his wife, against whom he was received as an accuser, although he was not permitted to evade thus the charge against himself. The termagant wife was placed beside her too submissive partner. At first it seemed as if they were both to undergo the same punishment. Through respect, perhaps, for the gentler sex, the sentence was changed, and the woman's portion of the chastisement was to be that of witnessing her husband's. She was held fast and gagged. The male offender was tied as his predecessor had been. The first blow extorted a cry from him, and his wretched wife made an attempt to deliver herself from her captors, so sudden and vehement that she liberated one arm; but it was only for an instant; she was again seized and secured, and had the horror of witnessing the continuance of her husband's agony, who was effectually prevented from repeating again an audible demonstration of his sufferings.

To the incidents of this night, the letter alluded to by his grace the lord lieutenant, owed its origin. Dr. Connor, although not eminent in position, had access, through his well-earned reputation, to some who were highest in power, and he felt that it would be a culpable omission of duty, were he not to apprise the government of the very alarming occurrences which had fallen under his observation. After narrating the circumstances which appeared to him most worthy of notice, he proceeded thus—

“My purpose in troubling your excellency with these details, is to remind you of a truth which you have, with your habitual condescension, more than once endured from me when I was honoured with a private audience—that there exists in Ireland, a nation, of which the government and legislature take little thought, but which is not thus neglected by persons who may engage it in enterprises disastrous to the best interests of the empire. I urge upon you the claims of this great nation. It exceeds in numbers more than five-fold the colony over which you are set in authority, and if well governed, will repay in more than that proportion the cares honestly bestowed upon it. Believe me, my lord, it may do, if not cared for, irreparable injury. Reflect, I beseech you, on the incidents I have had the honor to bring under your consideration. The government of lawless authority must be very secure, when it can adventure on punishment of such a nature as I have described. It must be very acceptable to those over whom its force is exerted, when they will actually become instruments and agents for it in inflicting a chastisement against which the best affections of the human heart would seem to revolt. The authority which can venture safely on inflicting stripes upon man, and public shame on woman, must be firmly seated. Your excellency has a rival and antagonist—do not think too meanly of him.”

“Many a time, my lord, I have listened with astonishment, no less than mortification, to the discussions of your great political leaders and partisans, when I have been for a time admitted into your world of Dublin. To maintain the English interest, the cry of one party; to ad-

vance the Irish interest, that of another; and both thinking of nothing more than of that fraction, small fraction, of the people of this country who can exercise influence in the discussion of great political questions, both forgetting that five times that number stand, as it were, without and remote; both forgetting that the people thus separated will make out political plots, as they are not destitute of political interests, for themselves. It is, indeed, a fearful thing to govern for a fifth or sixth of the people, and to expect that however the remaining portion may be affected they will be satisfied, because their superiors are so.

“To maintain the English interest! And how? By distributing places and pensions to men of English birth, or English by descent, and taking care that none of these good things pamper the passions or swell the pride of those whose origin is more equivocal. To maintain the English interest by devoting the army, the law, and the church, to the cupidity of its partizans, as if wisdom, goodness, power to captivate and instruct were all unmeet to be agencies in upholding or extending the power of England, or as if such agencies could not be engaged in her service when she had once taken up the resolution of governing well!

“But this is a digression. All I would now observe, is, that these two parties, the English and the Irish interests, as they most absurdly stile themselves, are prosecuting their petty quarrels, blindly, in the presence of a third party, which they seem determined not to see, although it is making preparations to devour them both. They make laws prohibiting this great party to be, and then, satisfied with the effort of legislation which applies to things not seen, the old principle, *de non apparentibus*, they turn passionately to their wretched squabbles for power and place, with as mad a security as if they had not left the great party, which they prohibit existing, organised; and with leaders better and abler than the best and ablest among themselves.

“Your excellency will see that I am frank in my observations. Had it not been for the encouragement you have condescended to give to me, I

might be censured for being too daring and unceremonious. I do not ask you to forgive a freedom which you have yourself emboldened me to exercise, and in which I beseech you to remember that there is more of Ireland than the Castle and the parliament house; and that the population is more extensive than the portion of it which is permitted to exert a direct influence upon political measures. To the unfranchised part of it I would entreat the most serious attention of your government. I do not wish you to bestow upon it any privileges which would be incompatible with the true interests of the country, and the security of the House of Brunswick; but I would have the whole population of Ireland regarded as capable of being reclaimed to loyalty, and rendered worthy of freedom. If the privileges of citizenship must be withheld from a portion of the people, I would leave upon them, rather than upon the government, the odium of the distinction, and all those who have proved themselves unworthy of power, I would watch over, with as much vigilance and jealousy, as over those, who, on strong grounds, are suspected of treason."

The Duke of Bedford read over the whole letter from which the preceding extract has been given, and asked,—
"How was this letter answered?"

"With your excellency's permission, I can fetch you, in a few minutes, a copy of the reply."

Mr. Rigby, late secretary, still confidential friend and adviser of the duke, speedily returned.

"I have the answer, my lord. Dr. Connor's letter reached the Castle while you were in England, and remained for some time unanswered. On your return an answer was sent. Your grace dictated its substance, and signed it. It is here:—

"Never, make excuses to me for

any communication you are so good to send me. There are few men living to whom I would speak as I have spoken to you. Those with whom I have been so confidential need not fear that I will take offence when they do not mean to give it.

"But you must make allowance for my difficulties. You ask me to remember that there is a country, or a world, or something of the kind, outside Dublin. It is hard, believe me, for those whose occupations lie within it, and are of the nature of mine, to think of anything but the conflict which engages them. In a naval engagement, the smallest frigate, during the heat of the action, will be all the world to its captain. The Irish parliament is such a ship to me.

"Do not, however, suppose me unthankful for your tidings of the night gambols you were permitted to witness. If these fellows abuse their liberty so, Puck, and Oberon, and Titania (at least, so says the Duchess,) will have no chance.

"My acknowledgments would have had an earlier date but for my absence in England. Excuse the seeming tardiness, and believe me, with unaltered regard and esteem,

"Your friend,

"BEDFORD."

"It appears to me, Rigby, that this was somewhat too flippant a reply.* We shall hear no further tidings from that quarter."

"That was my hope and design, I must confess it."

"And yet, Rigby, there is, I should be disposed to say, good sense in the letter. As for the writer, he is quite a respectable person, whose statements, I am persuaded, might be relied on."

"No doubt, no doubt, my lord; but could they be acted on? That is the question. Do you imagine that the advice hinted, very discernibly, by the person, will correspond with the dicta-

* We agree with his grace, and think the note much more likely to have been the secretary's, than the viceroy's. We find, further, that it does not appear in the Bedford correspondence, recently published by Lord John Russell, and would gladly give the duke the benefit of this negative testimony, were it not that other omissions deprive this one of authority. It is a very striking fact, and one which does not seem to admit of an agreeable explanation, that the Duke of Bedford's account of the disturbances in Dublin, on December 3rd, has been omitted or suppressed—suppressed, we should be disposed to infer, in the absence of all explanation from the noble editor.

tion of this Tipperary baronet and his friends? Which do you imagine will it be necessary for you to follow? You have not come over here to govern in Utopian fashion. To keep things as they are so long as you condescend to hold the viceroyalty, must be the bounds of your reasonable ambition. Things must jog (*quero*, job) on. Your excellency is far too wise to incur the responsibility of making any important change. Why should you be disturbed with complaints and remonstrances such as these," said he, touching Dr. Cowur's letter. "Your course will be much plainer without them."

In this strain the viceroy and the secretary conversed until the time arrived for admitting Sir Thomas Brazier, who had been, for a few minutes previously, in waiting. Whatever may have been the anxiety in the mind of the viceroy, there was no intimation of trouble or embarrassment in his countenance or manner, as he received the unwelcome visit. Sir Thomas was less careful to govern his looks, which showed something like distrust; and a resolution, also, not to be duped or discomfited. He appeared as the representative of a considerable number of the gentry of Munster, who very strongly disapproved of the policy on which government had been, for some time acting, in that part of Ireland, and who resolutely demanded, indeed, it might be said, insisted on, a change of measures. Their first intention was to have waited on the lord-lieutenant in a body, with their list of grievances: but, finally, they had been induced to commit their cause, with a view to avoid too great an *eclat*, to one individual, and had confided this important trust to Sir Thomas Brasier.

How their delegate discharged his duty, and of what nature it was, may be gathered from the brief notice we can afford to give of his conference with the viceroy.

"Our requests are set down, my lord," said Brasier, "in this paper. You will find that they are in substance limited to two. The military in the district you see traced in this map to be doubled, with an addition of some troops of light cavalry, from four to eight; the gentlemen of the country to be consulted in the disposi-

tion of them. And we require also the permission to make it known that a special commission will be granted by the government, whenever the grand inquest of the county think it expedient to apply for it."

"These are high demands. In the event of its being found inexpedient or impossible to grant them, are you prepared to say what follows?"

"Yes, my lord, with all plainness. The noblemen and gentlemen, whose names you read in this list, accompany me to London, to lay the statement of our grievances before the throne. We have not decided on any further course, because we cannot anticipate that his majesty will refuse us justice."

"Should his majesty be advised to regard your demands as excessive, you cannot say what course you would adopt?"

"We could not think of imagining any such answer from the throne. If, contrary to our reasonable and loyal anticipations, it were returned, I apprehend we should petition for the removal of ministers who had given pernicious advice to the sovereign, and can have no fear that a very decided majority in the Irish Parliament would subscribe the petition. And, I may add, my lord duke, would give effect to it."

"What should you think, Rigby, of a movement of this description," said the viceroy, addressing the man of business, and thus giving him an opportunity to take a part in the conference.

"Its inconveniences, I should think, my lord, are too manifest to demand, or even admit of, exposure. It would have many of the effects of a declaration of war on the part of the Irish Parliament, and would force the British government to call out into exertion a dormant authority, which it would be far better to leave latent, as it is at present."

"Better," no doubt," answered Sir Thomas; "and therefore we hold it impossible that a British cabinet can force matters to such an extremity, by refusing to accede to our most natural and moderate requests. We want to keep this country for England, and we do not think our application for aid to do so should be disregarded, simply because the defence of our own lives

and properties is one among the objects we contemplate."

"Sir Thomas will pardon me," said Mr. Rigby, "if I venture to say that the measures he proposes are not the only measures which may prove beneficial to the country. It has been sometimes suggested to the government—indeed, here is a letter (with your excellency's permission, I would show it to Sir Thomas Brasier,) from a respectable individual in the south of Ireland, who seems to recommend a policy differing from yours. The primate, too, entertains a somewhat different opinion."

Sir Thomas glanced at the letter.

"It is," said he, "from a good man and a wise—Dr. Connor. I am aware of his views, and have no doubt that if they were effectually carried out, they might tend to the public good; but I know you have no intention of acting on them. I speak frankly, my lord. The duty I am discharging requires that I should do so. You had this letter, before your last important communication to parliament was made. If you had any thought of acting on it, you would hardly have expressed your opinion of the Roman Catholics so plainly and so unfavourably. We want no more than that the policy you observe towards us be consistent. If you think the Roman Catholics can be made good subjects by granting them privileges, try your experiment fairly. If you continue to think, as your excellency has recently intimated, that it is upon the Protestants of Ireland exclusively the crown and government must depend, then hear the appeal of these Protestants; and if it be reasonable, do not refuse it. Remember the dangers to which we are continually exposing ourselves, in discharging the duties of loyal subjects, and let us have some frank acknowledgement of our services."

"Some men say," said Rigby, "that you have what you ask for."

"What have we, sir?"

"The acknowledgement you claim."

"As how, Mr. Secretary Rigby? I beg pardon—Master of the Rolls."

"In your estates, Sir Thomas, your large domains, high station, and privileges."

"Are those what you call acknowledgments?—the lands our ancestors bought with their blood, and made valuable by their industry! You misunderstand the matter altogether. The upstart scribe of a lord lieutenant, who has never had a higher claim on his superiors (and no claim on the public) than obsequiousness and buffoonery can supply, has had more abundant favours heaped upon him than men of the best blood in the land, and who had rendered to their country the noblest services. Remember, my lord duke, how many noblemen and gentlemen, having vast possessions in Ireland, have their residence in England: remember how we, who reside here, by our unceasing vigilance and exertions, and at the constant peril of our lives, in the midst of a population classed in your public declaration with enemies to the British throne, maintain the connection with England. Will you think it right to aid us? Or, will you supply us with an argument for abandoning a post of danger, in which England forsakes us, and making our case in all respects the same with that of the absentees?"

Why should we continue our report? Sir Thomas Brasier addressed his impetuous remonstrances to men who had no fixed principles of political justice or political expediency; at least, no such knowledge as would enable them to apply their principles to the wants of Ireland; and the discussion ended in a promise that the ultimatum, an ultimatum in unison, although he did not say so, with his grace's preconceptions, of the subscribing Munster gentry, should be recommended to the favourable consideration of the British ministers.

CHAPTER XXXI.—CLONMEL AGAIN.

And westward thurgh the gates under mart
Aroise, and oke the hundred of his part,
With banner red, is entred right anon.

CHAUCER.

That man—enamoured of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness !

BYRON.

SOME months have elapsed, during which we leave our story to the labours of the public historian, and the imagination of the reader. The descent of a foreign enemy on the coast of Ireland, anticipated at the close of the past year, had been effected; and Thurot, the naval commander, whose genius had been rebuked before the educated incapacity of a superior, who thwarted him in his daring enterprise, and to whom he was constrained to submit, had found in a warrior's death the only consolation of which his defeat was susceptible. Arrangements, too, had been made, on an extended scale, for the defence of the country; and Neville, in some sort the hero of our story, had had his fortune decided for him, by the incidents of the time, and by the prevailing influence of a military spirit, ever most generous when it is called up to meet a menace of invasion. The toga melted from his visions when he believed his country in peril, and he braced on the harness of battle. Lord Drogheda, with whom he had made acquaintance under circumstances of so much excitement, had raised a regiment of horse, and Neville had accepted a captain's commission. His prospects of being reinstated in his ancestral rights were somewhat fairer. One of his principal witnesses, Dr. Agar, it is true, was still concealed; but the other, Brasil, by a shock which might have caused his death, but which had its effect in the restoration of his reason, had become capable of bearing testimony. Without further introduction, we resume the thread of our story:—

On the afternoon of a summer day, bright, warm, and serene, a division of cavalry, after a long and dusty march, rode through the long irregular street called Irishtown, lying beyond what were then the town walls, and passing under the archway and tower of the West-gate, emerged into the main street of Clonmel.

Wearied as were the horses, and covered with dust as were the visages and habiliments of the riders, it was not difficult to discern, in the general appearance of the party, something which might be termed an air of superiority. The horses, evidently, were not provided by contract, and the riders seemed worthy of the vigorous beasts they bestrode. The people of Clonmel appeared not insensible to the merits of the spectacle. A word had gone abroad that Drogheda's light horse were entering the town, and crowds were ready in the streets to receive them with a vociferous welcome; while, as the trumpets, after the gate was passed, rung out a lively flourish, and the troops halted, many open windows were filled with fair occupants in gay attire, to receive and return the salutes of the young soldiers.

As the troops drew up before the door of a house from which billets were to be distributed, a second detachment passed through the gate, and arranged itself in order behind the cavalry soldiers. It was composed of a number of servants, in various liveries, mounted on powerful horses, and some holding led hunters by the rein. Such were the circumstances of many private soldiers in Drogheda's light horse, that they were attended by servants, and provided with hunters for their amusement, as well as with their regimental chargers. The corps, to a great extent, was composed of young men, cadets of families numbered amongst the gentry of the country, who relieved the tedium of inactive life, and, as the expression was, sought their fortunes, by serving for a limited time in a regiment where the society of many like themselves dignified a position in which otherwise they might have felt degraded.

This military array was not the only spectacle with which the idlers of the town were entertained. On the side of the street, opposite to that where

the cavalry were drawn up, there was a wooden stage, elevated about five feet above the ground, in front of which figured a harlequin, wearing a black mask, while in the distance, under a tent of narrow dimensions, but gorgeous decorations, a form could be discerned seated at a small table, upon which some vials, containing liquors of different colors, were displayed, and a ponderous book was open. The table cover was an ample purple velvet cloth, richly fringed with gold, and its occupant, whose pallid visage was rendered more remarkable by a scarlet robe and a towering black cap, sat silent, and except for the movement of his large lustrous eyes, motionless behind it.

The drama of the temporary stage had suffered interruption, but it was not the intention of the performers that it should be discontinued. As soon as attention to the military party began to flag, harlequin exerted himself to recover possession of it.

Imitating with his voice the sound of a trumpet, and pouring forth in rapid succession the notes of various birds, ending with the clearness of a black-bird's whistle, he induced a large portion of the crowd to return to their first entertainment; then preluding his speech by sundry somersets, as an actor would preface an address to the audience with a bow, he harangued the multitude. We pass over the facetious and elaborate oration, as well as the various reflections on the part of the crowd. The rivalry between the mountebank and the auditory continued long without any more important result than that of eliciting quips, and cranks, and repartees, delivered amidst the cheers and laughter of an exorable populace.

At last there was a movement in the crowd that seemed to promise acceptance of harlequin's invitations. Two persons of air and dress superior to the multitude, the one young and of a rakish though not disagreeable appearance, the other middle-aged, had been for some time conversing in tones denoting excitement, and with looks and gestures which seemed to intimate that the pale mystic within the tent, was their subject. The conversation ceased, and one of them, the younger, approached the stage, the crowd making way before him. He was a well-made young fel-

low, and one whom a gold-laced hat and embroidered waistcoat, although to say truth, there was a tarnish over his finery, showed to be a person of some pretension. He was evidently a favorite with the people, who, as he advanced, raised a "Huzza for Buck Farrell! three cheers for him!"

Harlequin pointed to the ladder by which applicants were to ascend, but Mr. Farrell was not in the mood to avail himself of so prosaic an accommodation.

"Room there," said he; and as the people fell back, he bounded two or three times in the vacant space, as if to satisfy himself that he was in force; then running a few steps, sprang lightly on the stage, without placing a hand on it.

"Well done, Buck Farrell," shouted the crowd, a voice adding, "It's aisy seen that it isn't the gout you want to be cured of." While the Buck stood elaborately constraining himself not to let it appear that his exertion would solace itself by a little panting, harlequin, throwing a somerset over his head, and descending perfectly à plomb on his feet, took his hand and led him forward to the tent, of which the covering was drawn closely so soon as he had entered.

When the secret conference commenced, harlequin resumed his occupation; now throwing out a drollery, now exhibiting a feat of activity or strength, occasionally lauding their wonderful elixir which contained, within the enclosure of a little phial, life, and knowledge, and good fortune. The tent at length was opened—the sage, his countenance impassive as before, was seen seated at his table; while the Buck paced the stage with an air and aspect somewhat changed from the careless vivacity with which he had approached the tent. He was no longer smiling or confident, but, with an aspect in which care, and alarm, and surprise were visible—(let artists speak as they will, the human face is capable of exhibiting complication of emotion)—walked slowly to the front of the stage and sprang down to rejoin his companion, who, after a moment's hesitation, ascended the ladder almost unnoticed by the crowd, so intently were they occupied in scanning the countenance of the querist who had returned.

It was not long before the second postulant reappeared, his appearance so changed as to fix all eyes upon him. He had been able to get up a vacant smile and something of a contemptuous manner as he pursued his way towards the tent. The fashion of his countenance, as he returned, was as of one who could never smile more. The ruddiness of his visage was displaced by a cadaverous pallor; his eyes were cast down, his step was unsteady, and his whole air and manner betokened a feeling not less oppressive than consternation. All this time harlequin pursued his antics, pirouetting with the same *insouciance* as before; and they who looked with troubled hearts to the tent, awful as the cave of Trophonius, beheld the sage, on whom they now gazed with increased doubt and disquiet, seated motionless as a statue, and with the unaltered aspect which seemed to denote not only absence of all concern for the effects he had produced, but an estrangement from all human sympathies.

The commander of the cavalry division, no other than Edward Marmaduke Neville, had been an observer of these incidents as they passed, and felt himself, more deeply interested in them than he thought he could have been by such occurrences. He had, however, other duties now to divert his attention. The billets for his detachment were distributed, and having dismissed the men under his command to their respective quarters, it was time that he should retire to the apartments provided for himself, and prepare for joining the regimental mess in the town to which he had received the customary invitation, and which was held at the Spread Eagle, the hotel where our story commenced, and where Neville had made his first acquaintance with the town of Clonmel.

"Merciful to his beast," the young officer, before proceeding to the mess room, visited the stable, and saw that his horses were duly cared for. He was in the act of leaving the stable-yard, when some voices, raised, as it seemed, in passionate altercation, induced him to turn round the corner of a row of stables, and thus drew him to be witness of a scene such as he would have shuddered to anticipate among the incidents of his military experience in Ireland.

In the middle of a small court, his arm tied to a pump, and partially sustaining the weight of a large and robust frame, a man, in the dress of a peasant, was undergoing, or had undergone, an extreme torture. The weight of his body had been supported partially—and, from the strained and swollen muscles, it was evident, painfully—on the one arm; the other was strapped by a broad leathern belt to his waist. The remainder of the weight had a far more torturing support. The unhappy man was drawn up to a height of about six inches from the ground, and one naked foot rested on a stake of that height, fastened in the earth, and of about half an inch in diameter.

"He's in a faint," said a voice, as Carleton entered the little court. "Blast the fellow's soul, what a tender skin he has! Let him down, and pump him."

The rope was loosed, and the wretched sufferer, slipping from the careless hands which should have held him, fell heavily to the ground. For the first moment he seemed dead, but revived to a consciousness of pain under the deluge of cold water, with which he was copiously drenched. Neville's first thought, on witnessing his condition, had been to send for a surgeon, and he now waited the slow recovery of the victim.

"Has the captain," said one of the soldiers who was loitering about the yard, "any fancy for our mode of getting at secrets? We'll have him ready for you soon, sir," added he, approaching Carleton with a military salute, and with an aroma somewhat too pungent of strong waters. "They are often very stout, sir, and close at first, but the third or fourth trial commonly gets the better of them. No way like the picket, sir, for coming at the truth. Some say that truth lies at the bottom of a well. I am an ignorant man, and never could understand what truth could find there that was worth stopping for. Indeed, if there was a punchoon or two of rum let loose into the water, I could understand the moral of the story. But, sir, I maintain that this little stalk here"—pointing to the stake—"that grows, as your honour sees, by the well side, is the truth—the thing that coaxes many a stubborn fellow to confess."

"Take the man," said Neville, "to the guard-room."

"If you desire it, captain," said an officer, who had been hitherto reclining on a bench, and now came forward; "but all that has been done here is in pursuance of orders."

"I shall report the affair to the commanding-officer," said Neville. "I beg that the poor man may be now removed."

When he entered the mess-room, the company were assembled for dinner. A few civilians were added to the military party, and among them, as he glanced around the group, Neville distinguished the marked features and handsome presence of his uncle. Scarcely had he seen him, when Colonel Manners, the commanding-officer in the district, led him apart, and, entering with him into a window recess, expressed his annoyance and regret at a meeting which could scarcely be other than disagreeable. It was but the moment before Neville's entrance he had received a letter from Lord Drogheda, apprising him of matters, with which, till then, he had been wholly unacquainted. Mr. Neville, who had recently returned to the neighbourhood, was sojourning at the inn, and had thus become their guest for the day. Neville received this explanation in the same courteous spirit in which it was offered. He would have been better pleased not to sit at table with his uncle and enemy; but the evil was unavoidable, and he must not make it worse by seeming to shrink under it.

Garret Neville appeared to feel still more distressed than his nephew; but it was dejection, rather than embarrassment, he laboured under. Once or twice the young man found his uncle's eyes fixed upon him, and in their expression thought he could discern more of sorrow than of anger. He thought, also, there was a disorder in the expression of his countenance, scarcely to be explained by the altered prospects with which the day of trial was approaching. At least, he was not so sanguine in his expectations, from the improved state of his affairs, as to think that it could alarm a man of his uncle's reputed nerve and knowledge of the world into an exposure of fear or weakness.

Meanwhile, conversation was frank

and voluble at the board, although not much characterized or illuminated by wisdom, or by a high tone of moral feeling. Neville was somewhat disappointed to meet with so little sympathy, when he told of the punishment he had witnessed in the stable-yard. Of this he could not speak without a shudder, while his recital was received with slight manifestations of pain, or even disapproval.

"You'll harden to these things," said the colonel, "when you are better aware of the necessity. At the same time, I must confess, they are the main drawbacks on the pleasures of our service here. Starkey, pass the bottle. What, between the amusement of field sports, adventures in scouring the country for rapparees and outlaws, good cheer, gay balls, and pleasant parties, it is hard to find better quarters than ours. If we had not some stern duties thrown upon us, we should be alarmingly happy. We must offer our resignation to them, as a kind of tribute in which we give fortune her revenge."

"When Captain Neville knows the mercies these little severities make answer for," said an officer, "he will think less unfavourably of them. We were actually patrolling," continued he, addressing Neville, "in the immediate neighbourhood of a place where a man was murdered last night. Poor wretch—he never had done the fellows harm—had never given information against them; but he had said something that brought us on their track. He was condemned by the villains. Not only did they murder him, but, although they must have known we were near at hand, they took time—the butchers!—to dress out the dead body. We found him extended on a grave in the church-yard, where they slaughtered him; his tongue torn out, and lying by the side of his head, with a knife driven through, fastening it down into the sod, and attaching a label to it, with inscriptions in Irish and English. The English was—'Punishment of an unruly member.' The kind soul you commiserate, Captain Neville, was one of the gang. We apprehended him, after a sharp chase, and hope yet to wring some truth out of him."

"Starkey," said a young officer, "There's a new report, that the offence

of the murdered man was not precisely what you say."

"It was something of the kind, you may be sure."

"Yes; but not exactly. You remember the body that was recently dug up in the peat-moss. It is said, that this unfortunate man recognized the spurs, or something in the dress, and said he knew the person they belonged to—servant to a gentleman of property, who disappeared some years since. It is for this—so runs rumour the last—he was put out of the way."

"There is a report, Mr. Neville," said Colonel Manners, "that the unhappy man was a servant or dependant of yours."

"He was," replied Garret Neville, whose voice was now, for the first time, audible—and audible with a cadence of melancholy which might be thought to do much credit to the sensibility of his disposition. "He was; but it is some time since. He lost his wife and children, by a malignant fever, and was for several months in a state of derangement."

Neville listened with an alarmed interest, and yet could not, although it might put a period to his suspense, ask the name of the murdered man. The conversation continued—

"It was, I am told, a case of more than ordinary interest," said the regimental surgeon—"one for my department—a case of mental disorder, cured by a shock to the nervous system."

"Yes," said Garret Neville, raising a large brimmer of strong wine to his lips; and after he had set it down empty, continuing, in a low voice, and with much rapidity of utterance—"The body found in the bog he believed to be that of his brother; how he provoked his end can only be known when his murderers are apprehended. This alone is certain, that he was tracked by some villains to his wife's grave, and murdered on it."

"It was his habit," said a gentleman not in uniform, "to visit this grave whenever he could get permission from the people who had him in charge. They used to accompany him; but it was his desire to go there alone. Poor fellow! he called it his home. At last, he escaped to it in the night, (he must have been narrowly watched by his enemies; if his

keepers tell truth, they swear that he never got out in the night before), and he was murdered with the brutality you have heard described."

"I should like to make a note of the case," said the surgeon; "will any gentleman favour me with the name and age of this poor man? I should like to make further enquiries concerning him."

"His age," said Garret Neville, "must have been somewhat about seventy; his name was"—and he paused, and suffered his eyes to rest for a moment on his nephew's pallid face—"William Brasil."

Young Neville betrayed no such emotion as his uncle might have expected. The name only confirmed the apprehensions which the tenor of the conversation had already produced. It was not with himself or his cause he was occupied in this moment of strong feeling. His thoughts were not upon the approaching trial, and of the witness snatched from him—he was in the church-yard of Garryricken. The man whom he had assisted to rise from beside the grave, where he had laid the partner of his joys and sorrows for fifty years, was before him. Taken up by this remembrance out of life and its conventions, the young man forgot the circumstances in which he was placed—the reserve essential to his position—all that otherwise would have been in his thoughts—and, returning passionately the look which had been, as it were, launched against him, he cried—

"Uncle, it was an inhuman deed!"

With admirable alertness and presence of mind, Colonel Manners broke in on the youth's impetuous exclamation, before it could be productive of irreparable evil. The thunder-cloud which suddenly showed itself on Garret Neville's brow, would not disperse at a word; but the young man was restored to common sense, and when the colonel followed up his first call upon him, by requesting an account of the tumult in which his interposition had rendered such service to Lord Drogheda, he was able to collect his faculties, and give an intelligible account of the day's proceedings. Before it was ended, the exclamation, interrupted by Colonel Manners, was forgotten, and the conversation returned to its ordinary channel.

"Pray, Colonel Manners," said Garret Neville, who made an effort to speak, "do you find that your exertions to restore peace to the country are effectual to any such extent as you had anticipated?"

"To be frank with you, I should be disposed to say no. We make prisoners—we prevent crimes sometimes, but very rarely. Our exertions are without influence on the hearts or the habits of the half-civilized hordes who keep the country in disorder."

"Every one has his scheme for producing peace, Colonel Manners," said Mr. Starkey; "and why may not a subaltern make his proposal? If I were in power, I would adopt short measures. I'd wage war with these disturbers, as they do on tigers—root them out of their dens, or roast them within them. What a sight it would be now, after these three weeks' drought, to try the rascals with fire. In a couple of hours, you would have whole forests in a blaze. I'd just try one wood, if I had the power; and if it were necessary, I would go over every plantation in the district. Not a stick would I leave. No—not if there wasn't to be a fox-cover or a fox remaining. To be sure, there are persons who might object; but I don't think any man has a right to value his diversion too high. Here's the case: Will you have rapparees and murderers infesting the country, and have your field sports as usual—or, will you give up hunting or shooting for the sake of rooting out nests of villains, whom there's nothing bad enough on earth for? That's the question."

"Not the whole question, Starkey," said Colonel Manners. "In the first place, you must destroy more than cock and fox-covers. The landlords of this country have the weakness to set a kind of value on their property, and forests are worth money. In the next place, it is not alone the villains you speak of that your conflagration would consume. There are women and children also in their shelters—and for every man really deserving death by fire, to be found in those devoted woods, there are perhaps four human beings to whom even you would be merciful."

"Apropos, Starkey," drawled out a lady-like young lord in military costume; "can you manage to ensure

your new flame against the hazards of this sylvan conflagration? She's a papist—ain't she?"

"Has she told you so?"

"Not she. I never enjoyed the ineffable felicity of hearing her voice. She has not condescended to appear in any place where I visit; nor have I heard of her visiting, except at that very sapient and majestic gentleman's who refuses to keep a good horse in his stable; because, when the Pretender's adherents want power to smooth the way for him, our legislature says it would rather not bestow it."

"Who are you speaking of, Lord Flowerdale?" said Colonel Manners.

"Of a lady, sir; one whom Starkey fell in love with yesterday, while he was undergoing conversion."

"And who seemed to punish him," said another voice, "by giving her whole thoughts to nothing but the methodist. What a scene it was! Did you think well, colonel, of that preacher?"

"Which of them do you mean, Mr. Cranston?"

"Oh! the second, of course."

"That was John Wesley. I congratulate you all, gentlemen, that you are likely to have an opportunity of hearing him. I have myself a passion for hearing orators of distinction, and can assure you, that in comparison with those of highest eminence, Wesley would not appear to disadvantage. As he spoke yesterday, it was a thing to be heard but once in a life. But, to come back to Starkey's proposal, Mr. Neville. What do you think of his ordeal by fire? I have observed that you are generally more rigid in your notions of judgment here, than we who sojourn among you. Starkey, an Irishman, pronounces sentence of extermination, and I, an Englishman, move for mitigation of punishment. How is this? Is it that you are better acquainted with the amount of the evil to be corrected, or that your feelings are engaged, and you magnify it?"

"Both, perhaps," said Garret Neville. "You are not in the best condition for judging of the evil; for the truth is, the very worst disturbers have good points about them, which take your fancy. To you, and such as you, the fellows show themselves in their best. They put no restraint on

themselves in their relation with us. Still I would not approve of Mr. Starkey's method. I am only too well convinced that the men most to be dreaded are not the wretches that lurk in our woods and glens. No, Colonel Manners. You may have in your house—ay, at your table—the man that plans the evil. It is at the head we ought to aim—the hands will do little harm without it."

We regret to say that the information given by Mr. Neville, or by any

other of the assembled guests, has not enabled us to pronounce who these heads of mischief were, and how they were to be detected. We proceed no further with the dinner conversation—which soon became, we must confess, somewhat desultory and disorderly, under the influence of oft-repeated potations; and, imitating young Neville's example, who contrived to leave the mess-table before the general dispersion of the company, we too shall take our leave of it.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE ROSICRUCIAN REVEALED.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar ;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

WORDSWORTH.

This mirror like, that I have in mine hand,
Hath swich a might, that men may in it see,
When ther shall falle any adversitee
Unto your regne, or to yourself also,
And openly, who is your friend or fo.

CHAUCER.

It was late when Neville returned to his lodgings—but even then he did not immediately sink to sleep. The fatigues of a long march under a broiling sun might well have disposed him for slumber, had not the stirring incidents of the day counteracted such an inclination. After lying for some time feverishly on his bed, he arose, and, throwing on a dressing gown, approached the open window of his chamber. It looked out upon a small garden, trimmed with something of English neatness, and sloping down to the noble river by which the town was watered. There was no moon, and the stars were but faintly shining, yet the night was not dark. Colour was withdrawn from earth, but the forms of objects were visible; and the water, which, at some distance, with a slight fall, passed over a bed of stone,

"And all night long a lulling murmur made,"

only served to render the stillness of nature and the hush of all human activities felt more sensibly. The flowers and shrubs of the garden sent up faint odours, and every thing, even to the dimness of the air, which was not darkness, was

favourable to contemplation. Not unlike the night, which seemed to retain no trace of occurrences recently past, was now the mind of Neville. The excitements of the day were allayed—every agitating topic—every new speculation—party politics—county interests—rights and sufferings of rich and poor—all faded into more than the dimness of the night—all were hushed into deeper stillness than that of the slumbering town. Not the full-orbed moon, were she to come forth upon the night heavens with all the splendour of the climes in which she shines brightest, could reign with a more absolute majesty in the world abroad, than the fond influence to which Neville surrendered himself exercised over his thoughts and feelings. At first it was an influence rather than a mere definite impression—a sense of his love, deep, tender, and unhappy, possessed him; then came the thought—and it was much to know, although he knew no more—that he was not separated by seas from the fair being whose image arose before him. Perhaps she breathed the same air. Perhaps she gazed upon the night as he and thought of him.

the question—did she not love?—and the train of recollections that followed, as if to answer, from the first timid glance which betrayed interest, even in the eager haste with which it was withdrawn, to the fond and sorrowful farewell which revealed a love

"Hidden and hid in vain."

All tender remembrances crowded upon his soul, and shaped themselves into visions which beguiled him of his unhappiness.

But, however soul may raise above bodily impressions, it is often forced to acknowledge them; and, however vivid may be the raptures through which fancy leads the willing spirit, a shock of earthly realities will often make itself felt through them. The sound of voices at an adjacent window disturbed his visions—one was of a female. It said—

"But how can I give credit to the word of a man, that life can be preserved for ever, when the Word of God so plainly tells me that we must all die?"

So much Neville might have heard mechanically, but the answer was returned in a voice that thrilled through his whole frame, and reclaimed him at once to a wakeful consciousness of realities.

"Die, madam?" it said, "die? Do you know clearly what the Scripture means when it speaks of death? That greatest, as well as first, of historians, who gave laws to God's people, Israel, narrates, that it was appointed to man to die, even in the day when he tasted of the fruit prohibited—'In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.' Did Adam die in that day? He did, madam, even in that day he died. It is true there is a death recorded of him many a long century after, but there is a life which is death. That which you call death, what is it? Something which occasions wide separation between the departed and the survivor. You interchange no afterthoughts of love with those whom you term the dead. They are unconscious, at least you know not that they are conscious of your love for them—of your sorrow after them. The dead may have communings of love and thought with others; to you they are dead, when nature has effected what in this world you esteem a final separa-

tion. Before sin came, man was brother to pure intelligences of a more elevated nature than his own. He shared in their knowledge, was admitted to communion with them, lived in spirit, and conversed with spiritual beings. This communing was interrupted—life in the spirit ceased—the eye of sense opened—and the discernments of the more ethereal faculties waxed dim. Such was the first death—the death we are living now;—the dissolution which ordinarily comes to mortals, is that in which this grosser death has its extinction. Doubt not, madam, that the life of the spirit may become so exalted by heavenly converse with beings of the upper and purer regions that the earthly part of our existence shall be elevated as that of Adam was when God breathed the breath of life into his nostrils, and he 'became a living soul.'"

It was the Rosicrucian who spoke. The voice once heard—heard, too, on an occasion like that in which Neville once, and only once, before heard it—was never to be forgotten.

Signor Barbarini was in Ireland. It needed not his presence to give the past and the distant power over Neville's yielded faculties.

The town clock tolling the hour of one, with a voice which the deep stillness of the night rendered solemn, aroused him, and at the same instant he became aware of the plash of oars, and discerned a boat approaching. It was moored nearly opposite his window, and departed after a short delay, containing evidently a form more than it had conveyed to land. Neville soon found the imprisonment of his chamber intolerable, and, betaking himself to the open air, continued to pace the little garden beneath his window, until darkness melted into the grey dawn of a fair morning. Suddenly he found that he was not alone. As he turned in the narrow limits of his promenade, a form was visible at the verge of the garden, at the water side. It did not retire or change place as he approached, and showed, when he drew near enough to discern, the stature and face of the Rosicrucian, bearing a box of small dimensions in his hand, and standing motionless and silent under the one large tree by which the place was adorned. As soon as Neville became aware of his presence, he hastened to

accost him, and commenced an apology for his seeming breach of propriety in Paris; but the Rosicrucian interrupted him.

"Edward Marmaduke Neville," said he, "it is well. I have sought for you diligently, and in a good time found you. Receive this case, and guard it as you would guard the life you should hold dearest; it contains papers of much value, which, once lost, can never be replaced."

"For whom am I to guard them?" asked the youth.

"For the heir of the Nevilles," was the reply; "his they are of right, the usurper has been deprived of them."

"May I ask," said Neville, as he received the deposit, "to what am I indebted for the interest you appear to take in me and my fortunes. I have no consciousness of having merited such a favour, and only thanks to return for it."

"The time will come when you can make an honorable return by faithfully discharging your duties; meanwhile, let the sense of gratitude lie light on you. I but execute a trust confided to me by one whom I knew long—by your father, young man," said the Rosicrucian, his voice faltering a little as he spoke. "I was with him in his happier days—I shared his long captivity. It was his fond desire that I should find you if you were alive, and convey to you a father's blessing."

"Bless me in his name," said Neville, deeply moved, and he uncovered his head and knelt. The Rosicrucian stood for a moment without moving, then laid one hand on the young man's head, and raised the other towards heaven, sounds murmuring from his lips, not distinct or articulate enough to be arranged into words, but which were evidently the outpourings of a highly-wrought spirit. Neville felt the hand on his head tremble excessively, and before he arose from his kneeling posture the old man had stooped and kissed his forehead; then rising, after this escape of feeling, he stood impassive as before.

"Tell me of my father," said the youth. "Never to have known him has been my heavy calamity. If the departed know human hearts, he knows how deeply I revere him. Tell me of him, I implore you."

"I shall find a time," said the

signor, "to tell you of him, and of his sorrows. He was one who suffered much, but never had to endure dishonour. The time is not now; and you, too, poor youth, must seek repose. Guard well your deposit; it was faithfully kept by him from whom I have this night reclaimed it, but it would be safe with him no longer. I confide it to you, because there is danger around all others to whom I dare entrust it. But see, we must separate: the mountain tops are brightening—we may be seen. It was not my design to have delivered up my trust to you at an hour like this; but when from the boat I saw you in the garden I changed my purpose. Visit me to-morrow, before noon; come by the way you see me take, and strike three times on the door I enter."

Then, followed by Neville, he entered a path by the water side, bordering the little gardens which only hedge-rows separated, and, turning from it into a walk leading to a house next that in which Neville was lodged, speedily reached a door, waved to the young man an adieu, and disappeared.

The Rosicrucian was awakened after a brief slumber to receive an intimation by which he was much excited, and which influenced him to arrange his magic chamber with more than the accustomed carefulness. While employed in ordering and superintending the necessary adjustments, he was the theme of conversation to two of the parties who had consulted him on the preceding day, and who canvassed his conduct and character with little respect or reserve. These were Buck Farrell and his acquaintance Miles, who, agreeably to appointment, met at the tavern on the bridge, on the morning after their visit to the sage. The Buck's fortunes had pursued rather a downward course during the past year; traces of suffering endured, and anticipations of worse disasters to come, were discernible in his countenance and manner; but still he strove to keep up a reckless which he was pleased to term a bold heart, and lorded it over hosts and waiters pretty much as usual. We can afford, therefore, to spare the reader a *reflecimento* of his dialogue with old Savory, in which points of wit and epigram were much less discernible than the spirit of domineering. We

can pass by his criticisms on the viands and the cuisine, and will select from the conference between him and Miles, (when the two were left alone to the enjoyment of a tankard of claret, which they occasionally diversified and qualified by a sip of old cogniac,) such portions of the dialogue as are essential to our story:—

"I say, Buck," said Miles, "I do not like this fellow; he is not lucky."

"What fellow? Do you mean Savory?"

"Not I—you know very well I don't. You know whom I mean as well as I do myself. D—n him!"

"Come, boy, be abroad; don't be afraid to say who you mean. When you curse a man, tell out his name. It makes things regular."

"What do you or I know of the villain's name! D—n this signor—this conjuror!"

"Now you speak sense, my lad; let us drink the toast, and after, you can tell me why you hate him, and why you think of seeing him again to-day; but, first, you're to tell me what pleasant things passed between you and him yesterday."

Miles turned pale, and was for a moment silent. The Buck filled a small glass with brandy and held it towards him. He paid ready honour to its contents.

"You don't want to know" said he, "the fellow's nonsense and juggling before he came to the point? It was the same, I suppose, with both of us. At last he seemed as if he was going to speak—and foolish as I thought the whole thing, the fellow's face and manner had something in them that made me anxious to hear him. The first word he uttered was," and Miles's voice sunk, unconsciously to himself, to a hoarser bass than usual—"Blood, blood," said he, with that cursed unmerciful voice and look—'blood-shed in crime and cruelty—blood newly shed, else I could read through it.' All this he said, looking down at the book, and as if he never thought that I was near. He looked at me then like an evil spirit, as he did when I came. 'Come to me,' said he, 'tomorrow.'"

"What blood did he mean?" said the Buck, in a low voice, and with something of loathing in the expression.

"Blast you, Buck, for your question. Don't you know well that there are things that I know, and believe that you know too, and that they seem more terrible when one talks of them."

"Come, come, this won't do. You might lose your fine temper, if we were to stay diverting ourselves in discourse like this—let us go to the conjuror, he's a pleasanter fellow than either of us. Is it not in his private apartments you are to see him to-day?"

"I'm not so sure of that. I'm not to see him now, at any rate. There's a greater than you or me has him bespoke. What do you think of Mr. Neville?"

"Mr. Neville! Garret Neville?"

"The very same—he set upon me, with his cross questions, last night—he, and that imp of hell, Pearson—the rascal that sets him on, and draws him off, just by that treacherous squint of his. I'm d—d, but it's a kind of language—the devil's language—the kind of looks he gives; and the master, you'd think, was reading it. So, at last, he tells me that he must go himself in my place."

Buck Farrel and Miles were not the only persons whose interview with the Rosicrucian was postponed. Neville, who was ordered on duty at an early hour in the morning, experienced a similar disappointment, and with some difficulty, found time to apprise the signor of the circumstance which compelled him to fail in his engagement.

"You but anticipate me," said the Rosicrucian, "I would have warned you not to keep tryste with me to-day; work is to be done here, which, for the present, I have no desire that you should witness."

The apartments into which Garret Neville, and Pearson, his servant, entered, although prepared for their reception, had little of that species of display, which was thought, at the time, properly characteristic of a magician's chamber. A curtain of black cloth, on which some frightful and fantastic forms were depicted, suspended from a spacious arch, left it doubtful how much of the apartment was concealed. At the side of the archway, or alcove, between a pillar and the wall, there was a frame, about two feet square, and about four feet from the ground. A black curtain hung

before it, on which a death's-head was wrought in silver. In other respects there was nothing peculiar in what has been more recently styled "the physiognomy" of the apartment. When Garret Neville entered this chamber of unostentatious magic, its only occupant was a beautiful female child, of about twelve or fourteen years of age. She was attired in a tunic of yellow silk, loose white muslin trowsers, and her tiny feet cased in sandals. Her hair, raven black, was bound with a circlet of pearls, and hung down in long ringlets on her neck and shoulders—her form was small, and elegantly shaped—the expression of her countenance soft, and somewhat sad. At first, one would be at a loss to account for a peculiarity in this expression, but would end, perhaps, in ascribing it to an absence of hope. In every human countenance, not reflecting utter and unrelieved wretchedness, hope, directly, or indirectly, has some effect in modifying the character. In the beautiful face of the young girl who rose to salute Neville and his companion, the peculiarity was, that the absence of this expression did not cause a shade of more than pleasing sadness. It seemed as if hope had been extinguished in knowledge, not by sorrow—and although it was strange that one so young could have ceased to feel the influence of so enlivening a principle, yet the sweet resignation that followed it gave a charm of deeper interest to the rare beauty of her countenance.

"The Signor Dottore will receive you presently, gentlemen; be pleased to sit," said she.

Neville bowed, and motioned to Pearson to be seated. As neither spoke to the young lady, she resumed the book she had laid down when she rose to receive them.

The visitors remained for some time silent—Pearson, through a habit of respect—and Neville, from mental pre-occupation. Before either spoke, the black curtain drew partially back, with a silent, one would be disposed to say, a voluntary motion, and a deep alcove was disclosed, almost dark, its principal light being a lamp, or chafing-dish, which burned on the floor, and threw a quivering gleam on the eastern robes and monumental figure of the Rosicrucian.

When the curtain was withdrawn, the child glided into the alcove, and, returning into the outer apartment, said to Neville—

"The signor desires that you would write on this card what you demand of him."

Garret Neville seemed, at first, uncertain what to do, while the child waited patiently. At length, he took the offered card from her delicate hand, and wrote:

"A person, whose right to the property he holds is contested, desires to know what shall be the issue of the dispute. Valuable papers have been purloined from him. Who has taken them? How may they be recovered?"

With this writing the child entered the alcove, and, soon returning, said,

"The Signor Dottore desires you to know, that time moves in a mystic circle, and whoso looketh into the future, should be prepared therein to behold the past. He wills you to think if you are thus prepared, and desires your answer."

"Say we are prepared. He can say nothing we are unprepared to hear, nor show anything we dare not look upon," said Neville, a spark of his ancient spirit lighting up the courage for which he had once been distinguished.

There were now some moments of silence. The alcove became filled with a cloud of fragrance, and a sweet perfume filled the whole apartment. As the cloud disappeared, the Rosicrucian became visible, his head uplifted, as if he held conference, by spiritual instrumentality, with some unseen being. Neville, and even his companion, felt the subduing influence of suspense, and the child waited with the patience of one to whom things strange to mankind in general had become familiar. At last, a decisive moment seemed to have arrived. The heavy drapery before the alcove shook, as if a strong wind had waved it. One sharp, sudden sound was heard, followed by profound silence and stillness, and the smaller curtain, marked with the death's-head, was no longer to be seen. In its place there was a pannel traced all round with mysterious images and characters, but retaining one central spot, exempt from imagery.

"Zoe," said the magician; and the child glided to the pannel, where,

standing on a footstool, she set herself quietly to watch.

"Relate what you see, dear child," said he.

"A beauteous lady," said the child, "but how very pale and sad! is reclining in a chair, beside the fire, in a small chamber. Now, a nurse, with an infant in rich robes, stands near her—the lady has taken it in her arms. Alas! she is weeping, and the tears are falling on the baby's face. Now she is again alone. Her heavy eyes are raised, and she looks into the large mirror on the opposite wall, and as she gazes on her pale face she smiles. Oh, what a smile! A gentleman enters with an angry countenance; now he, too, seems sad. He is on his knees by the lady's chair, and holds her hand. She withdraws it from him. She is taking a ring from off her finger—a plain ring; she holds it before him; she has dropped it into the fire."

Garret Neville, by his laborious breathing, and by his compressed features, was evidently struggling with himself to prevent any more distinct manifestations of disquietude; but could not suppress a deep-drawn sigh.

"Now, there is a vision of darkness," said the child, "but I can see through it a church-yard; the tower and the monuments. A human form moves through the darkness: it is gone; there is nothing now but the church-yard. There is a light, and I can see other forms. One is lying on a grave, and men are gathering round him. Oh!" shrieked the child, placing her hands over her eyes, and springing from the footstool.

Neville started up, and cried in tones of agony,

"Not guilty!—not guilty! In the presence of an avenging God, I swear I had no part in that horrid crime!"

The Rosicrucian took no notice of the exclamation.

"Zoe," said he, "can you compose yourself to look again upon the vision?"

The child, after some short time, ceased sobbing.

"The moon," said the child, "the round fair moon," and she paused.

"Is the moon only visible? See you nothing of this lower world?"

"Nothing, nothing, only the gracious moon, and her attendant stars, and the heaven that loves her so. Now

I see more. A sweet, gentle, green hill, and a house on its side—a red house, with towers, and pinnacles, and many broad steps, leading to a large rich doorway. The gravel before the steps glitters in the light like gems. What a beautiful avenue, so long and straight! The trees so tall, and their shadows which lie so deep! Now I see a human figure in the avenue. It moves towards the hill; sometimes in the light, then disappearing into the shade, and again emerging. It moves on quickly. It has turned on the side of the hill, and I see it no more. Again, 'tis on the gravel before the doorway; now it passes up the steps; the door opens; the figure has entered."

For some time the child was silent. She then resumed—

"Two horses are led to the door, and now two cavaliers are riding rapidly from it. They have passed the gate, and are riding furiously over a heath." She ceased abruptly; and after a moment's silence, said, in a whisper, "They are down."

"What are down?"

"The riders. They have fallen—they are dead!"

Neville started up, as if to rush forward, but was withheld by his companion, who whispered—

"Recollect yourself. Lean back, sir; there is more air in the window. Signor Doctor, a little water, if you please; or, if your habits permit, brandy—it would be more available."

"He can taste nothing while the vision is in progress."

"I am better, Pearson. I can bear it; and I will," said Neville, in a tone of voice which denoted his struggle for resolution.

This little scene was enacted while the last two or three answers were given. Neville then raised himself in his chair, as one resolved to confront the worst that could befall him, and the child resumed.

"Two persons have come out of a dark hollow, and are bearing off one of those who had fallen; the other was not dead. He is mounting the horse that remained at his side. Men are coming towards him quickly. There," cried she, after remaining silent a moment, and drawing a long breath, "he is in the saddle, and galloping—they cannot overtake him."

"Stay near me, Pearson. Let me feel your hand on my shoulder," said Neville, whispering from his parched throat.

"What do you see, Zoe? Is the pursuit ended?"

"No; and he rides towards the avenue and the hill. Horsemen are there; they wear a dress like soldiers. He rides in another direction—I cannot see him."

"And the persons on the hill?"

"The door is open—some of them have entered the house—they are dragging a lady forward—she struggles with them—there is a coach—they force her into it, and themselves enter. The horses go fast, very fast—the coach, and the soldiers surrounding it. I see him again—men are with him—he rides after the soldiers and the carriage! How brave he is—faster—faster. He has a sword—I see it glittering. The soldiers halt, and the carriage is still going away fast. He comes on, and a man opposes him. Their swords meet—the soldier has fallen!"

"Sorcerer! devil!" muttered Neville, starting up; he then stood still, as if incapable of executing his meditated purpose, and soon sunk upon a chair, where he remained for some time motionless; at length he revived, and the child, who had been affrighted by his exclamation, took her place again.

"A narrow, lofty chamber," she said, "with curiously carved cabinets around it—a gentleman has opened one, and taken a case from it—there are papers in the case—he examines them—he puts them back in the case, and has departed, bearing it with him."

"Ask, Pearson," said Neville, "what manner of man he was."

The Rosicrucian heard, and said, "Describe him, Zoe."

The child paused; and Garret Neville, who seemed much revived, repeated his request.

"Describe the pilferer."

"The person I saw in the vision was like—" and the child hesitated.

"Like what?" cried Neville.

No answer.

"Like this?" exclaimed the Rosicrucian, casting off his cloak and cap,

and striding into the outer apartment.

"Garret Neville, behold the pilferer! Look, if you can endure it, upon your brother's face. Touch me: I am not dead; I have outlived all sorrows—even a brother's treachery."

An awful stillness of some minutes' duration succeeded—the Rosicrucian gazing on his smitten brother, whose head, after he had raised it once, sunk under the solemn look it met, and remained bowed upon his breast; the child looking with wondering and beseeching eyes to one and to the other. At last, Garret Neville gathered power to speak.

"Pearson," said he, "my sight is confused: lead me somewhere, that I may think." Then it was for the first time noticed that Pearson had withdrawn.

"Yes, think, and be sorrowful," said the Rosicrucian. "I would not kill or curse you. Even this shame would I have spared you, could I have resisted the spirit that strove with me. I purposed but to awaken your remorse; at another time I would have disclosed myself; but I was weak, and the spirit in the ascendant was mighty. Zoe, dear child, it is not thus I would have made known a father to you, in the first hour that you beheld him."

"Father!" cried Garret Neville, speaking to himself. "Zoe! this my daughter! this my daughter!"

"Your daughter," repeated the Rosicrucian. "Such my return for all your injuries."

Then, hearing the tramp of horses, and catching a glimpse of a military uniform, he said, "Look out—look out upon my son. I forget myself when I behold him; and am almost brought back to this world of death. Look upon him—is he not worthy to uphold the honour of our race?"

But his son was not in the ranks upon which the father now looked down; nor was a friendly office assigned to them. While they remained drawn up before the house, hurrying steps ascended the staircase; the door opened, and, followed by constables, the mayor approached the signor, and arrested him in the name of the king, as John Marmaduke Neville!

M. COMPTÉ—THE SYSTEM OF POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.¹

M. COMPTÉ's essay contains the substance of a discourse delivered at Paris before an audience of the most distinguished scientific philosophers of France, forming the introduction to his great work, the "*System of Positive Philosophy*," and affording an analytical survey of it. As we could hardly hope, by an analysis of an analysis, to convey an adequate idea of this remarkable system, considered in its entirety and logical coherence, we hope, by presenting some of its principal aspects, to induce our readers to study it in the works themselves. It may be considered in two ways; as constituting a body of doctrine, and as developing a method or logical system, "the last-mentioned phase (to which we shall allude in our notice of Mr. Mill's *Logic*") being, perhaps, at first sight, the least interesting, but certainly the most important. The coincidence between many of M. Compté's leading doctrines and those taught by our illustrious authors, Bacon, Locke, Berkeley, Stewart, Brown, Coleridge, and Carlyle, will be illustrated in the course of our paper.

"The system of positive philosophy," says M. Compté, "is principally characterized by a continual predominance of the historical or social point of view." In order to the better understanding of this primary aspect, we shall indicate the law (established by him in his large work) of the intellectual and social evolution of humanity, by which we are enabled to explain the past and present state of nations, and in no inconsiderable degree to predict their future. This law is, that all modes and systems of thought pass through three stages, both in national and individual life: the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive; this last being the final stage, and having already commenced even in the most complicated forms of intellect.

We must at once and wholly dissent from M. Compté, in those places where he considers theology and metaphysics as radically erroneous in all their forms. That they have assumed particular forms incompatible with social progress, is perfectly true; but M. Compté, as it appears to us, considers too exclusively the state of these branches of knowledge as they at present exist in France. When we mingle our observations with his, we shall style them the pseudo-theological and pseudo-metaphysical stages.

It will be evident from this law that M. Compté considers society as constituting an assemblage of phenomena, invariably related to each other, and forming one organic and continuous whole, the various parts of which are developed in subordination to the predominating element of intellect.¹ As Mr. Mill has given an excellent view of this idea in his "*Logic*" (pp. 606-9, v2,) we quote the passage at length:—

"In order to obtain better empirical laws, we must not rest satisfied with noting the progressive changes which manifest themselves in the separate elements of society, and in which nothing is indicated but the relation of the fragments of the effect to corresponding fragments of the cause. It is necessary to combine the statical view of social phenomena with the dynamical, considering not only the progressive change of the different elements, but the contemporaneous condition of each; and thus obtain empirically the law of correspondence not only between the simultaneous states, but between the simultaneous changes of these elements. This law of correspondence it is, which, after being duly verified *a priori*, will become the real scientific derivative law of the development of humanity and human affairs. In the difficult process of observation and comparison which is here required, it would evidently be a very great assistance if it should happen to be the fact that some one element in

* "*Discours sur l'Esprit Positif*" par M. A. Compté. Paris, 1844.

† *A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive*, by John Stuart Mill. London, 1843.

the complex existence of social man is pre-eminent over all others as the prime agent of the social movement. For we could then take the progress of that one element as the central chain, to each successive link of which the corresponding links of all the other progressions being appended, the succession of the facts would, by this alone, be presented in a kind of spontaneous order, far more nearly approaching to the real order of their filiation than could be obtained by any other merely empirical process.

"Now, the evidence of history and the evidence of human nature combine, by a most striking instance of consilience, to show that there really is one social element which is thus predominant and almost paramount, among the agents of the social progression. This is the state of the speculative faculties of mankind, including *the nature of the speculative beliefs which, by any means, they have arrived at, concerning themselves and the world by which they are surrounded.* It would be a great error, and one very little likely to be committed, to assert that speculation, intellectual activity, the pursuit of truth, is among the more powerful propensities of human nature, or fills a large place in the lives of any, save decidedly exceptional individuals. But, notwithstanding the relative weakness of this principle among other sociological agents, its influence is the main determining cause of the social progress; all the other dispositions of our nature which contribute to that progress being dependant upon it for *the means of accomplishing their share of the work.*"

Having illustrated this by adducing the influence of the state of knowledge on the industrial arts, the fine arts, and the social system, he proceeds:—

"Every considerable advance in material civilization has been preceded by an advance in knowledge; and when any great social change has come to pass a great change in the opinions and modes of thinking of society had taken place shortly before. Polytheism, Judaism, Catholicism, Protestantism, the negative philosophy of Europe and its posi-

tive science—each of these has been a primary agent in making society what it was at each successive period, while society was but secondarily instrumental in making *them*—each of them (so far as causes can be assigned for its existence) being mainly an emanation, not from the practical life of the period, but from the state of belief and thought during some time previous. From this accumulated evidence, we are justified in concluding that the order of human progression, in all respects, will be a corollary deducible from the order of progression in the intellectual convictions of mankind; that is, from the laws of the successive transformations of religion and science. The investigation which I have thus endeavoured to characterize has been systematically attempted, up to the present time, by M. Comte alone. His works are a model of the historical method: what is the value of his conclusions is another question, and one on which this is not the place to decide."

The general character of the pseudo-theological period was determined by the predominance of sentiment and imagination over the reason, which, imparting to the philosophical and social systems an arbitrary and personal character, and urging the intellect to the pursuit of absolute knowledge, resulted in the extremes either of pure rationalism or mere empiricism. When the imagination has reached that stage of development which inclines it to substitute abstract entities for personal types, the social and intellectual systems assume the pseudo-metaphysical form, characterized by a tendency to argumentative subtlety, exemplified in the scholastic philosophy which arose in the later periods of Catholicism,* and to a critical or negative mode of considering beliefs and institutions, strikingly illustrated by the negative philosophy of the eighteenth century. M. Comte, we see, has adopted from the comprehensive phraseology of the German school the term absolute, and in a work which, like his, professedly confines itself to general views, and

* Pascal, we think, exhibits in his famous "Pensées" those aspects of the Catholic theological philosophy of the middle ages which organized its social system. A comparison of his writings with those of M. Comte, might, if space allowed of it, clearly manifest the opposed characters of his and of our period. They both endeavour to explain and harmonize the contradictory principles of human nature, but with a wholly different aim. That of Pascal is to engender belief—of Comte, to guide action.

does not descend into details, we cannot justly expect much explanation of it, but to the English student it may be necessary to characterize it.* Absolutism, whether intellectual or political, endeavours to build a stable system on arbitrary and exceptional ideas. Thus, to take an example from the social scheme; society, being governed by the laws of progress, the dominant elements to which all others are subordinated must change; and the attempt to support or fall back upon ideas suited only to a previous state indicates an absolute tendency. Sectarianism and efforts to effect dynastical revolution, as under Bonaparte's regime, partake of this character. The local and absolute principles of feudalism, which, in so many forms, still linger among us, are strikingly exemplified by those arrangements of the existing law of settlement, which, interfering with the effectual distribution of relief to the poor by a system based on broad social principles, are, when considered relatively to the requirements of modern society, of an essentially arbitrary nature. Lord Bacon has well characterized

these idols of the mind which have vitiated our philosophy, by substituting for the eternal ideas of nature the subjective notions of man: "There is no small difference between the idols of the human mind and the ideas of the divine mind; that is to say, between certain idle dogmas (and, he might have added, social systems,) and the real stamp and impression of creative objects, as they are found in nature."† And again, "All our systems are framed from the arbitrary types of the individual,"—coinciding in idea almost in words with M. Comte's observation, that "the tendency of the primitive inquirers to search after the essential causes of the various phenomena which excited their interest—in a word, after absolute knowledge is satisfied, to the greatest possible extent, by the initial disposition to transport the human type in every direction, by assimilating all phenomena to those which we ourselves exhibit, and which in consequence appear sufficiently understood by us."‡

As we cannot enter minutely into the philosophical application of the

* A dictionary, translating the philosophical language of the German into that of the English schools, would, we think, prove a great service, and would, perhaps, show that, in philosophical *ideas* at least, we are not so far removed from some among our neighbours as is commonly imagined.

† Novum Organum.

‡ Lord Bacon's inductive method is chiefly distinguishable from the fuller development of it by Mr. Mill, in this respect, that he did not apply it to the ideas of the plurality and composition of causes, and of the intermixture of effects, which were first suggested by the progress of modern biological science, and are now gradually extending to the social sciences. However, many of the ideas embodied by Mr. Mill, under the title of Political Ethology, may be found in the seventh book of the *Advancement of Learning*—furnishing a remarkable example of the law by which ideas, even those laid down in the most familiarly known works—lie dormant, until the general mind of society is prepared to receive and apply them. Further on, we shall quote, as another example of this law, Bacon's "Observations on Universities." We may remark here, that the metaphorical language used by him has, perhaps, prevented men generally from appreciating the idea which we believe he meant to express, by including under the term, idol, all the fallacious principles of our nature, viz., that the principles of human nature, though wearing different aspects, and disguised under strange garbs, according as they are modified by the varying conditions of society, remain essentially unchanged, though variously directed, according as they co-exist with different social circumstances.

"Traditions, systems, passion, interest, power;
Are not these Idols? Aye, the worst of Idols."

De Vere's "Lines written under Delphi."

Our errors change but their sources remain. Our opinions may thus be far more nearly related to those we deem false than it pleases our vanity to suppose. This, too, is an idea of the positive system, and pregnant with important social applications; as, for example, that we do not always imitate our ancestors' spirit by imitating their institutions. "Ancient faith" may be often truly deemed "modern heresy."

absolute, we shall only observe that Locke, in his third book, and Doctor Thomas Browne, in his introductory lectures on "The Idea of a Cause," have admirably criticised the system in its ontological aspects. We next pass to the consideration of the positive system. Its aim, which is the "continual amelioration of our individual and social nature," (p. 29, Discours), will best appear from its doctrines. The positive spirit is characterised, according to M. Comte, (pp. 41-4), by the ideas of reality (as opposed to the chimerical) and of utility in its aims—this word being taken in its true and comprehensive sense, and including our spiritual and intellectual, as well as our material welfare—by its organic power of harmonising our speculative and active life, and by subordinating those social elements which are inferior, or little needed, to such as now are the actuating powers of society, of realising the combined ideas of order and of progress.

One other idea, which, indeed, virtually includes all the rest, still remains. M. Comte substitutes for the absolute of the old philosophy the relative—considering all modes of existence merely as phenomena, which for us have no existence, except in relation to our faculties of knowledge, and referring social states to those organic relations which they bear to the constitutive and actuating ideas of humanity. The application of these ideas to the explanation of the past and present, and the prediction of the probable future, will, we hope, prove interesting. Guided by the law of so-

cial developement we have already indicated, M. Comte reviews the pseudo-theological and pseudo-metaphysical stages, tracing the dependence of the polytheistic and feudal states on the contemporaneous systems of the absolute.* He connects the history of the sciences and of philosophy with the history of man; and, by thus regarding them as organically related, has, we think, created a new era in historical method.†

Viewed in this aspect, philosophical systems should be developed, not only in their logical interdependence, but as resulting from, and indicating the general tone of thought and feeling prevalent in society at the time. On this true principle they can be classified‡ in but one manner, whereas this task having hitherto fallen to the lot of partizans—for the historian must necessarily have some theory—we see the most arbitrary arrangements adopted. Bacon, Locke, and his parodist, Condillac, are classed by Tennemann as empirics, or advocates of philosophical sensualism.¶ The systems of Montaigne, of Berkeley, and of Hume, differing so widely in their moral and social import, are all styled sceptical. Now, scepticism, properly so called, invariably implying some degree of moral obliquity, is a markedly social manifestation, and results not less from the state of the intellectual, than of the affective and sentimental faculties; for when men lose their faith in the power of social doing, all confidence in their capacities for intellectual knowing withers too. When society begins to feel the falsity of its present, yet does not

* Mr. Carlyle, in his "Hero Worship," has given views of the allegorical and quack theories of paganism, exactly corresponding with those of M. Comte, on the same subject.

† The German historians of philosophy have made some not inconsiderable advances to this view, as might indeed be expected from the analogous circumstance, that biological science has been extensively cultivated by them in the organic spirit. Ritter, in the very interesting preface to his history, denies the title of philosophy to all ideas which have not been systematically developed, forgetting, as we think, that in all ages, and especially early ones, a vast portion of the intellectual attainments of the community were never committed to writing; and, in the present day, the prevalence of the essay, as a form of writing, precludes much systematic developement.

‡ For a luminous exposition of the principles and aims of scientific classification, we must refer to Mr. Mill's "Logic."

¶ Some notable specimens of this may be found in M. Damiron's "Essai sur l'Histoire de Philosophie en France au xix. Siècle," where he classes the eminent Gall with Condillac, as he said, "not so much on account of any analogy, as for the convenience of classification." Now, does it behove M. Damiron to violate the logical dignity of classification by "making a convenience" of it?

clearly discern its way through the future, there ensues—as at the period of the French Revolution—an age of despair and scepticism. But as it attains to a more stable foundation and commanding station, the spirit of belief returns once more, and learning from past experience, holds a midway course between dogmatism and unbelief; for in the sublime and immortal words of Pascal—"La nature confond les sceptiques, et la raison les dogmatistes."^{*}

We now approach those views of the present and future, afforded by positive philosophy, which have a more immediate interest for all of us. Its fundamental and characteristic aims, as applied to modern society, are the development of humanity in its industrial, social, and intellectual aspects:—

"The idea of progress cannot be philosophically estimated until we have determined in what consists this continual amelioration of our nature. The 'ensemble' of the positive philosophy proves that this advance of our individual and social nature consists in the evolution of those great attributes, by which our human nature is distinguished from that which is merely animal; to wit, intelligence and sociability—these faculties lending reciprocal aid to each other, and mutually related as means and end. Although the spontaneous course of the human evolution is perpetually developing their common influence, their combined ascendancy can never give so complete a mastery over the lower impulses of our nature as wholly to supplant them as principles of action. But this ideal preponderance of our human over our animal propensities, naturally satisfies the conditions of a true philosophical

theory, by assigning a determinate limit, which, although constantly approaching, we can never perfectly attain."

Thus, the utopia of one age becomes the reality of a succeeding, and this principally through the agency of the will and affections, enlightened by the intellect; there being in the province of knowledge a perpetual conversion of the difficult attainments of the few into the school-boy lessons of the many. It follows that both political and industrial arts depend for their advance on the progress of science. The process of social regeneration must ultimately, according to M. Comte, be effected by a purely *mental* revolution, from which the necessary institutions will spontaneously flow.[†] He recognises, however, the necessity of the existing systems of political agitation, although it must, in his view, be regarded as being of a purely transitory and preparative nature, and is only to be tolerated as a necessary evil (p. 92.) "In truth," he observes, "the prejudices inherent in a transitory or revolutionary state have not been without their effect on the industrial classes; they entertain pernicious and illusive hopes as to the indefinite power of purer political measures, thus rendering it impossible that they should justly consider their main interests as being affected rather by opinions and manners than by institutions,[‡] which, above all, require for their complete regeneration—impossible at present—an intellectual re-organisation. In M. Comte's judgment, the principles of the positive system will far sooner reach

* See the chapter in his "Pensées sur la Grandeur la Faiblesse et la Vanité des Hommes," where may be found many other similar passages, which, as has been observed by Sir James Macintosh, anticipate all that has since been written by Beattie and Reid on the subject. "The true point of distinction," observes the Rev. James Wills, in his interesting and original work on the "Philosophy of Unbelief," "which is apt to be totally overlooked between them, is not that the sceptic is one who asks for proof, and the believer one who believes without it; but that the sceptic asks for an *explanation*, and the believer is satisfied with proof." But we may be allowed to remark that the believer must ultimately give an *explanation* relative, if not to the reasoning faculty, yet, at all events, to our spiritual, moral, or social nature.

† Montesquieu has the same idea—"Il ne faut point faire par les lois ce qu'on peut faire par les mœurs."

‡ "J'aime les paysans; ils ne sont pas assez savants pour raisonner de travers," observes Montesquieu. For the sake of point and effect, he has here run a serious risk of conveying false impressions of what he really believed. We think he alluded to the important consideration, that the learned classes are prone to fall into various classes of fallacies which could not, even in idea, occur to the uneducated. Among the most remarkable of these, we may place the influence of authority and of a passion for systematising.

the understandings of the industrial, than of the professional classes, partly because the minds of the latter are imbued by the false principles of the negative or pseudo-metaphysical school, but chiefly on account of those social necessities to which the attention of the former is constantly directed by their situation. These necessities are of two sorts, but mutually related—the one intellectual, the other material. They require, firstly, systematic education; and secondly, regular labour. The false social systems, to which we have just alluded, are divided by M. Comte into two schools: The retrograde, based on a partial interpretation of the idea of order; and the negative, which seeks to realise at once the idea of progression.* We give his own account of them.

"While the irrevocable dissolution of the theological philosophy was gradually accomplishing, the political system of which it was the mental basis has been more and more decomposed by the agency of the metaphysical spirit. The organs of this double negative movement were, on the one hand, the universities—on the other, the various judicial and legal bodies, which gradually assumed an aspect hostile to the feudal powers; but as the critical spirit spread, its agents without experiencing any radical change, became more numerous, and of a lower grade; so that in the eighteenth century the active revolutionary spirit passed in the philosophical body from the men of science to the literary men, and in the political order, from the judges to the advocates. The final crisis necessarily commenced when this negative spirit, to which each class in a different way contributed, had reached such a height as rendered it impossible to preserve the ancient regime consistently with the new ideas. From its very commencement this crisis has invariably tended to transform into a vast organical movement the critical impulse of the five preceding centuries, by presenting it as specially destined to effect, in a direct manner, the social regeneration. But this decisive transformation has to this day remained essentially impossible, owing to the want of a philosophy capable of furnishing the necessary intellectual basis. At the

very period when the process of decomposition being sufficiently accomplished, it became necessary to abandon the purely negative doctrines which guided it, a fatal, but inevitable illusion accorded to the metaphysical spirit the direction of the movement of reorganisation. When experience had decisively proved the impotency of such a philosophy as an agent of organisation, the non-existence of the positive theory rendered it impossible to satisfy the requirements of order in any other way than by a sort of transitory restoration of the negative system. Finally, the development of this *retrograde* re-action led to the memorable manifestation which irrevocably demonstrated that progress, as well as order, is an essential condition and aim of modern civilisation." (Dis. pp. 50-52)

The means by which the positive philosophy seeks to establish the long-desired harmony between the ideas of order and of progress differ widely from those "sterile political agitations which, carried on in the spirit of personal rivalry, deal in temporary expedients, and aim more at the attainment of particular forms of political ascendancy than at the satisfaction of our industrial, social, and intellectual wants." He continues thus:—

"Considered in relation to order, the positive spirit affords striking indications both logical and scientific, of its capacity to meet the demands and realise the conditions of this idea. Attacking the existing disorders at their true source—necessarily mental—it develops a profound logical harmony among our ideas, by regenerating the methods which lead spontaneously to the doctrines, through a three-fold change in the character of the dominant question, in the manner of treating them, and in the conditions necessary to their elaboration—thus converting a sterile political agitation into a philosophical movement. Under the second point of view—that of progress—it continually regards the present as a necessary result of the entire preceding evolution, thus rendering the examination of the past essentially requisite to the understanding of the present. Finally, instead of leaving social science in a state of vague and sterile isolation, the positive spirit allies it irrevocably to all the other fundamental sciences, which are

* We have seen a pamphlet entitled the "Sphere of Government," originally published in a journal which enjoys no inconsiderable circulation, "The Non-Conformist," in which the writer gravely proposes to abolish all our institutions, except the judicial.

so many necessary steps to this final study, and by which our intellect is disciplined in the true method and habits of thought requisite to its appreciation and development. These logical guarantees are fully confirmed and developed by that process of scientific appreciation which, relatively to social, as well as to every other species of phenomena, considers our artificial order simply as the judicious expression—at first spontaneous, but afterwards systematic—of the natural order which, resulting in every case from the 'ensemble' of the actuating laws, is generally susceptible of such beneficial modifications, as are consistent with, or rather are themselves the very constitutive elements of the idea of order." C

We have seen that M. Compté regards *social* regeneration as the spontaneous result of a *mental* reorganisation, it becomes, then, of vital importance to know by what classes of society this philosophy can best be developed—by what means it can be systematically applied—what are the tendencies at war with it; and, lastly, how in its progress it answers its great aim, that of developing our social and moral capacities.

All philosophy, in some degree—but the positive pre-eminently—originates in the systematic extension of ideas of the practical reason; such speculations as it recognises as accessible to our faculties. This practical reason is, in our modern society, according to M. Compté, principally developed in the *industrial classes*, who are peculiarly fitted to appreciate it, owing to their freedom from the prejudices instilled into the minds of the professional classes by false systems of education, which, having originated under the pseudo-metaphysical influences, unfortunately linger among us. We certainly think M. Compté takes an exaggerated view of these evils, and exaggerates the state of our professional classes more hopefully; but we must remember that a tone of mere intellectual condescension on their part to the in-

dustrial mind, will not, now be deemed sufficient. The subject of general education for these classes, to which M. Compté unceasingly directs the efforts of his powerful intellect,* is discussed at the latter end of his essay, where he classifies the sciences in such a manner as at once presents their historical law of development in the social mind, the natural order in which, for the purposes of education, they should be presented to the individual, and, moreover, indicates all the principal social, and logical phases of the positive philosophy. On the questions relating to the state of our universities, we find a most remarkable anticipation of M. Compté's views in a work published two hundred and fifty years ago—we mean Lord Bacon's "*Advancement of Science*," which must be of peculiar interest to us whose minds are occupied with the practical application of ideas here laid down. Bacon observes:—

"First, therefore, amongst so many great foundations of colleges in Europe, I find it strange that they are all dedicated to professions, and none left free to arts and sciences at large; neither is it to be forgotten, that by this dedicating of foundations and donations to professions, learning hath not only had a malign aspect and influence upon the growth of science, but hath also been prejudicial to states and governments. For hence it is that princes find a solitude in regard of able men to serve them in causes of state, because there is no education collegiate which is free, where such as were so disposed might give themselves to histories, modern languages, books of policy and civil discourse, and other the like enablements unto service of state."

It may easily be collected from what we have stated, that the dominant ideas of the positive system of ethics are sympathy and duty†—it being thus distinguished from those human schemes of morality hitherto generally prevalent, which, under various disguises, have advocated the ideas of egotism

* M. Compté delivers at Paris an annual course of popular lectures on Astronomy gratuitously every year; he has also published a "*Traité d'Astronomie Populaire*."

† In pursuance of our wish to secure a respectful attention to M. Compté's system, by indicating the points in which he coincides with our own writers, we cannot refrain from testifying our admiration of the manner in which the author of the "*Claims of Labour*" has developed these great social ideas in some of their most interesting and important aspects.

and right. It seeks to develop the idea of duty by unfolding *l'esprit d'ensemble*, which is naturally allied to it. M. Comte's system, in the part which relates to the formation of general rules of action, coincides with that of Bentham. While, on the one hand, he rejects the errors of those who conceive that, because the domestic affections and generous impulses of our nature cannot with safety or advantage be governed by civil law, they are, therefore, subject to no general principles, and incapable of submitting to being enlightened by the intellect; on the other, he refuses his assent to the equally pernicious dogma, which would resolve all our personal feelings into the mere abstraction of general benevolence. We do not feel it necessary to dwell on a subject which has been so ably discussed by Sir James Mackintosh, in his well known and delightful "History of Ethical Science."

M. Comte does not in this essay allude to the aesthetic import of his system, which, however, is more fully developed in his great work, the "System of Positive Philosophy." The same organic principle which is destined to harmonize our speculative and practical life, must also guide our poetical impulses into those channels of earnest thought and feeling which pervade the industrial classes of our time. In all past ages, poetry and the fine arts, owing to their pre-eminently modifiable character, have been invariably determined by the general state of the social system; thus furnishing a powerful aid to the correct appreciation of the past history and present state of society and philosophy.*

We allude at present not only or chiefly to what is commonly included under the vague designation of philosophical poetry, which aims at a poeti-

cal exposition of systems or mental functions;† nor to the casual indications of the social and physical state of nations sometimes furnished by poetry;‡ but to the poetic embodiment of the familiar and generally diffused forms of thought, originally furnished by the intellect, but subsequently fused into the entire social being, and existing in combination with the sentimental and imaginative elements of our nature. We indicate a few examples in poets familiar to us. Faust and Mephistophiles present different aspects of the same school, viz., that which we have already characterized as the pseudo-metaphysical, and although Goethe, guided by a deep insight into the aesthetic capabilities and requirements of his subject, has allied it with the pseudo-theological period, yet these characters are dramatic representations of different social aspects of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.§ Again, Shelley and Novalis appear to be respectively poets of the negative and retrograde schools. Considered in its relations to the present, this philosophy suggests, and we think solves, many interesting questions as to the true aesthetic character of our mind, the period of its development, and the forms it may assume. Have we among the many interesting poets of our period, any one who can justly claim to be regarded as the poet of our age? If there be, who can more deservedly appropriate that title than Wordsworth? Yet, we think that neither the social character and "vigorous human-heartedness" which pervade his writings, nor the exquisite lyrical breathings of his spirit, poured forth as he listened in his retirement to the "still sad music of humanity," are sufficient to confer it. Intimately related as we believe the

* Recent French historians have availed themselves of this aid. See *Histoire de France*, par Michélet; tome deuxième.

† As numerous odes on fancy, memory, &c., Milton has written some ingenious and fanciful verses on the unpromising subject of the predicaments. As most beautiful specimens of the poetical delineation of philosophical systems, we beg leave to refer to our readers recollection Mr. Aubrey De Vere's sonnets on Pantheism and Platonism.

‡ Thus, for example, the distaste or rather the absence of pastoral poetry among the French, indicates the servile and degraded state of their peasant-population in former times.

§ See a very entertaining critique on Faust in the first volume of "De l'Allemagne," par Henri Heine; a characteristic emanation of the German metaphysical school.

grounds of this judgment to be to all true theory of the poetic character, we can at present but very briefly intimate them. The aesthetic aspect of a new social state becomes fully apparent only when its fundamental philosophical principles have been so far familiarised to our minds that they are incorporated with such elements of our affective and sentimental nature as are capable of spontaneously moulding themselves into aesthetic forms. In our present position, none of these conditions are satisfied. In the conflict of the new spirit with the old forms, we may trace the source of that uniformly meditative and occasionally desponding tone which forms the ruling character of his poetry, as also of that didactic style so natural to a man who has, by painful toil and slow steps, achieved the formation of a system which he fears will, after all, meet with but little sympathy from the great body of readers. We see too often a theory of life, not life itself—and we venture to think, that what Wordsworth, in such passages, has discursively taught, Shakspeare would with better effect, have dramatically suggested.

4. His aim was, perhaps, more to analyse human nature and modern social systems, and, by reducing the results of his examination to principles, to explain the grounds and means of individual and general progress, than to exhibit the poetical aspects of a generally received philosophy in an epic form, as Milton;—or, in a dramatic form, as Göthe had done. He was led to consider the moral powers as the prime agents of social progress; and hence, much of his poetry was imbued, and as we think, vitiated by a sort of intellectual symbolism and didactic morality not altogether æsthetic. It is some proof of our view that the most admired passages in his works—(those at least which we have seen most frequently marked—this being itself a proof of the undramatic character of his mind, since no one would think of thus isolating a sentence from its natural connection in Shakspeare)—are philosophical and moral reflections, or single epithets, often of singular beauty, if taken by themselves, but in no way æsthetically connected with the natural objects which suggested them.

Thus a "rocky stream" reads a moral

homily to "dogmatic teachers."—How different from this is the noble sonnet "composed upon Westminster-bridge!" The poet, indeed, cannot, like the painter, produce a vivid impression of external scenes, unless he blends his description of them with such thoughts and feelings as words alone can render, but in this just balance of outward impressions and the mental reaction of the powers of thought and imagination, lies the great difficulty; and rarely has been the happiness of any but the greatest poets, to pourtray "all natures harmonies."

"As fragments of our broken meditations,
Or, echoes of the minstrelsy within."

Wordsworth makes his love of nature hold a very secondary place to his purpose of direct moral teaching. The difficulty of moulding abstract philosophy into poetic forms, is, in truth, very great. We see it, however, surmounted in the earliest period of the world's history in the grand poem of Job, as well as in the Hebrew Prophets. We can trace the progress of a similar result in the transition from the Egyptian symbolism to the nobly imaginative creations of the Greek art, as also in the history of Catholic art. Milton has invested a generally received, but very abstract view of the Christian religion with an epic interest. And Göthe had to encounter similar difficulties in his efforts to combine that wonderful variety of ideas, which his mighty genius could alone have harmonized and made generally intelligible, as well as interesting, by fusing them into a consistent dramatic whole. To accomplish this, for our social life, remains, we think, a task for our poets. How far it may be possible, until our discordant social theories are harmonized by the one which is true, we cannot venture to decide. But, as it appears to us here is a wide field for criticism which we rarely enter. We trace the *Paradise Lost* to some old drama; and, as some suppose, Göthe's *Faust* to the puppet shows which delighted his childhood; but of the powers by which the scattered materials were combined, modified, and fused in his imagination; in short, of those powers by which the philosophical poet "sees into the life of things," we hear little. We have

spoken thus freely of what appear to us Mr. Wordsworth's defects; because these, not less than his transcendent beauties, have influenced the productions of our younger poets; and because we are well assured by past experience, that a true understanding of the defects as well as of the beauties of every great poet will finally engender a spirit of love and veneration, perhaps less passionate, but more abiding. Our readers will not, we hope, suspect us of undervaluing the poet who has so greatly contributed to make us feel

"Beauty is round us whereso'er we move,
It sounds in every sound; from cloud, and flower
It gleams upon us."

The fine arts have hitherto, in the British isles, been unduly influenced by our industrial character; yet this very circumstance leads us to think hopefully of the future, and not for poetry alone, but for architecture, painting, and sculpture. For the markedly industrial and social character of the nation, although unfavourable to purely religious art, affords peculiar facility for developing the æsthetic character of the positive spirit. For example, the necessity of buildings, adapted to the commercial and social wants of the daily multiplying associations of the industrial classes, demand the encouragement of original architectural genius.*

The poetical aspects of the past may be fearlessly and admiringly pondered, even cherished, by those minds which, although thoroughly understanding and appreciating the present and the future, yet seek even amid "things evil" some "soul of goodness." We witness the revival of Greek plays, yet feel no apprehension that polytheism will ever be reinstated as a social element. A positive philosopher of the nineteenth century wrote Faust.†

We have now passed under review, as briefly as possible, the principal aspects of this philosophy, earnestly hoping that such of our readers as are unacquainted with it may be induced to study this remarkable system.

Mr. Mills' logical system is characterised by simplicity, systematic unity, and great, but well-disciplined powers of generalisation. We shall give a brief analysis of its contents, and then, by slightly tracing the historical progress of logical science, hope to place the characteristics of his system in a still clearer light. His first book is occupied about the theory of naming, of the import of propositions, of the nature of classification, and of the five predicables. He sums up his results thus (pp. 125-6, vol. I.):—

"In the preceding book we have been occupied not with the nature of *proof*, but with the nature of *assertion*; the import conveyed by a proposition, whether that proposition be true or false; not the means by which to discriminate true from false propositions. The proper subject, however, of logic is *proof*. Before we could understand what proof is, it was necessary to understand what that is to which proof is applicable; what the different kinds of proposition assert. This preliminary inquiry we have prosecuted to a definite result. Assertion, in the first place, relates either to the meaning of words, or to some properties of the things which words signify. Assertions respecting the meaning of words, among which definitions are the most important, hold a place, and an indispensable one, in philosophy. Assertions respecting things, or what may be called real propositions, in contradistinction to verbal ones, are of various sorts. We have analyzed the import of each sort, and have ascertained the nature of the things they relate to, and the nature of what they severally assert respecting those things—we found that whatever be the form of the proposition, the real subject of every proposition is a phenomenon of consciousness, or a

* We seem wonderfully afraid of forgetting Lord Bacon's maxim, "that a house is meant to live in;" and the idea of industrial utility is often, very unnecessarily, intruded on the province of the beautiful.

† Our attention is now so much more directed to what we could do, but will not, than to what we would, but cannot, that to some minds it requires an effort to understand, and sympathise with the character of Faust. We cannot proudly place ourselves on the summit of all attainable knowledge, and seek for new employment of our energies in the invisible world of spirits. Hence our humbler philosophy tells of indefinite progress in such knowledge as is suited to our state and faculties.

hidden cause to which we ascribe the phenomenon, and that what is predicated or asserted, either in the affirmative or negative, of those phenomena or those powers is always either *existence, order in place, order in time, causation, or resemblance.*

There is, however, another class of propositions which relate only to the meaning of names. This Mr. Mill, following Aristotle and the schoolmen, terms essential propositions. He gives this account of them (pp. 147-8, vol. I.)—"Almost all metaphysicians, prior to Locke, as well as many since his time, have made a great mystery of essential predication, and of predicates which were said to be of the *essence* of the subject. The essence of a thing, they said, was that without which the thing could neither be, nor be conceived to be. Thus, rationality was of the essence of a man, because without rationality man could not be conceived to exist. The different attributes which made up the essence of the thing were called its essential properties, and a proposition in which any of these were predicated of it was called an essential proposition, and was considered to go deeper into the nature of the thing than any other proposition could do." Closely connected with this view were the dogmas of the Aristotelians and Platonists as to substantial forms, which only received their full development in the scholastic philosophy.* The real meaning of the essences of man (for example) is merely the assemblage of attributes connoted by the word. 'An essential proposition is thus a purely verbal one. The theory of the import of propositions leads naturally to the consideration of the meaning and functions of general names, which Mr. Mill is necessarily led to view "as having a meaning quite independently of their being the names of classes; for, in predicating the name, we predicate only the attributes it connotes; and the fact of, belonging to a class does not in ordinary cases come into view at all." (P. 159, vol. I.). General names, therefore, primarily connote the attributes of those objects which we examine,

and only secondarily and by "implication, denote classes. But since the theory of the functions of general names determines that of the import of general propositions, and since these last determine the theory of reasoning, what must we say to the old theory of the syllogism, which is ultimately reducible (as expounded by modern writers, at least) to a theory of the evolution of propositions out of one another, by a supposed anterior process of *classification*, since we have seen that all propositions, except those which constitute the classificatory sciences, founded on the idea of resemblance, primarily import relations of succession, of causation, and co-existence? We shall consider the major proposition first, and then the minor of the syllogism. Stewart remarks on the general axioms of geometry, that they may be omitted altogether without impairing the probative force of the syllogism, as when we infer that AB is equal to CD , because each of them is equal to EF . And according to Mr. Mill, all general propositions, whether definitions, axioms, or laws of nature, are merely *abridged statements*, in a kind of short-hand, of the *particular facts* which, as occasion arises, we either think we may proceed upon as proved, or intend to assume. Thus, general propositions are merely "*registers of inferences already made, and short formulæ for making more.*" (P. 259, vol. I.) In order to interpret these general propositions, we have the rules of the syllogisms—"The reasoning lies in the acts of generalisation, not in interpreting the record of that act, but the syllogistic form is an indispensable collateral security for the correctness of the generalisation itself." (P. 264.) The real type of reasoning must then depend on the nature of the minor premises. It states a resemblance, and to this circumstance the syllogistic theory of classification owes its origin. The universal type of the reasoning process is therefore this. "Certain individuals have a given attribute: an individual or individuals resemble the former in certain other attributes; therefore, they resemble

* It is important to the true understanding of the scholastic philosophy arose, at a late [] from the organic philosophy of Catholic [] advance to the positive state.

; of the middle ages to remember that [] od, was critical, and stood quite apart [] which was essential as a means of

them also in the given attribute." Whether from one point of resemblance it is allowable to conclude the other, is a question to be determined by the canons of induction, stated further on. Thus all *deductum* is reduced ultimately to a process of induction. But is this true of geometry, and the theory of numbers? Mr. Mill, we think, has clearly proved his theory for these cases too. He considers space, time, and number, as phenomena merely, and points out those properties which render the sciences which relate to them almost purely deductive.* Their axioms are, however, for the particular cases at least, inductively arrived at by every child in the very earliest period of life.

"The opposition is not between the terms deductive and inductive, but between deductive and experimental. A science is experimental in proportion as every new case which presents any peculiar features stands in need of a new set of observations and experiments, a fresh induction. It is deductive in proportion as it can draw conclusions respecting cases of a new kind, by processes which bring those cases under old inductions, by ascertaining that cases which cannot be observed to have the requisite marks, have, however, marks of those marks"—(vol. I. p. 289.)

The synthetical process of deduction is the most perfect method of science, (and, in the complex biological and social sciences, the safest method,) but we must first obtain primary laws of nature by induction. To this end, a system of experimentation is necessary, and Mr. Mill lays down rules for the correct performance of this process. The second volume is occupied by the further application of the theory of induction to the complex cases of modern science, by the expo-

sition of the theory of classification and fallacies, and lastly, by the application of the ideas previously stated to the creation of the much-needed logic of the moral sciences. We can only very briefly glance at the history of logic.* The law on which we base it is, that logical method has, when systematically developed, been invariably determined by the state of scientific doctrine, though in its incipient mental state, the doctrine has been really determined by the method.† The Aristotelian theory of the syllogism and predicables we think suggested by the too exclusive consideration of the classificatory sciences.‡ The ontological and *a priori* tendencies of the scholastic realists continued this view, and the spirit of it may be traced in the theories of their antagonists, the Nominalists, in the ultra-nominalism of Hobbes; in the theory of "agreement or disagreement of ideas" propounded by Locke, and suggested, we think, by his study of moral and metaphysical science; in Condillac's assertion that science is only a well-constructed language; and in Dr. Brown's theory of the evolution of thought, which cannot possibly be true, except of essential propositions, or in mental science. Hume, by his discussion of the prevalent theory of power, (analogous to the scholastic theory of classification,) first strongly developed the ideas of succession and co-existence in metaphysical science, which impulse, being favoured by the parallel advance of the positive sciences, has given rise to Mr. Mill's remarkable system of logic, the first successful attempt, as we think, to harmonize our doctrines and our method, and to reduce the hitherto opposed theories of induction and deduction to a philosophical unity.

* The latest History of Logic which we have seen—that by M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire—though full of interesting learning, is of a too exclusively antiquarian character to be of much scientific or historical value. Indeed, when we see the Royal Academy of Paris obliged to award the prize to such a work as the best of those presented, we cease to wonder at M. Compté's contempt for metaphysics.

† We may here remark that the idea of the *destination* of the sciences has, while it varied in different ages, influenced and indeed been confounded with that of their *method*. Thus to take the familiar example of a living writer. Mr. Emerson has truly recognised the social and moral aims of the sciences; but he falsely supposes, that we can discover or adequately explain them by the human type. This confusion of the intellectual and moral points of view was, in Greece, promoted by the influence exercised by the plastic arts over philosophy.

‡ This is true, to a remarkable extent, of the examples selected by the latest champion of the syllogistic theory. Dr. Whateley's instances are mostly taken from the classificatory sciences.

TALES OF THE TRAINS; BEING SOME CHAPTERS OF RAILROAD ROMANCE.

BY TILBURY TRAMP, QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

THE ROAD VERSUS THE RAIL—THE SONG OF THE-THIRD CLASS TRAIN—

"THE EARLY" TO VERSAILLES.

ALTHOUGH the steam-engine itself is more naturalised amongst us than with any other nation of Europe, railroad travelling has unquestionably outraged more of the associations we once cherished and were proud of, than it could possibly effect in countries of less rural and picturesque beauty than England. "La Belle France" is but a great corn field—in winter, a dreary waste of yellow soil—in autumn, a desert of dried stubble. Belgium is only a huge cabbage-garden—flat and fœtid. Prussia, a sandy plain, dotted with sentry-boxes. To traverse these, speed is the grand requisite; there is little to remark—less to admire. The sole object is to push forward; and when one remembers the lumbering Diligence, and its eight buffaloes, the rail is a glorious alternative.

In England, however, rural scenery is eminently characterised. The cottage of the peasant, enshrouded in honey-suckle—the green glade—the rich and swelling champaign—the quaint old avenues, leading to some ancient hall—the dark glen—the shining river—follow each other in endless succession, suggesting so many memories of our people, and teeming with such information of their habits, tastes, and feelings. There was something distinctive, too, in that well-appointed coach, with its four blood bays, tossing their heads with impatience, as they stood before the village inn, waiting for the passengers to breakfast. I loved every jingle of the brass housings; the flap of the traces, and the bang of the swingle-bar, were music to my ears; and what a character was he, who, wrapped his great drab coat around his legs, and gathered up the reins with that careless indolence, that seemed to say—"The beasts have no need of guidance—they know what they are about!" The very leer of his merry eye

the bar, was a novel in three volumes; and mark how lazily he takes the whip from the fellow that stands on the wheel, proud of such a service; and hear him, as he cries "All right, Bill, let 'em go!"—and then mark the graceful curls of the long lash, as it plays around the leaders' flanks, and makes the skittish devils bound ere they are touched; and now, we go careering along the mountain-side, where the breeze is fresh and the air bracing, with a wide-spread country all beneath us, across which the shadows are moving like waves. Again, we move along some narrow road, overhung with trees, rich in perfumed blossoms, which fall in showers over us as we pass: the wheels are crushing the ripe apples as they lie uncared for; and now we are in a deep glen, dark and shady, where only a straggling sun-beam comes—and see, where the road opens, how the rabbits play!—nor are scared at our approach. Ha! merry England, there are sights and sounds about you to warm a man's heart, and make him think of home.

It was but a few days since, I was seated in one of the cheap carriages of a southern line, when this theme was brought forcibly to my mind by overhearing a dialogue between a waggoner and his wife. The man, in all the pride and worldliness of his nature, would see but the advantages of rapid transit, where the poor woman saw many a change for the worse—all the little incidents and adventures of a pleasant journey being now superseded by the clock-work precision of the rail, the hissing engine, and the lumbering train.

Long after they had left the carriage, I continued to dwell upon the words they had spoken; and, as I fell asleep, they fashioned themselves into rude measure, which I remembered on awaking, and have called it

THE SONG OF THE THIRD CLASS TRAIN.

WAGGONER.

There was when with the dreary load
 We slowly journeyed on,
 And measured every mile of road
 Until the day was gone;
 Along the worn and rutted way,
 When morn was but a gleam,
 And with the last faint glimpse of day
 Still went the weary team.
 But no more now to earth we bow!
 Our insect life is past;
 With furnace gleam, and hissing steam,
 Our speed is like the blast.

WIFE.

I mind it well—I loved it too,
 Full many a happy hour,
 When o'er our heads the blossoms grew
 That made the road a bower.
 With song of birds, and pleasant sound
 Of voices o'er the lea,
 And perfume rising from the ground—
 Fresh turned by labour free.
 And when the night, star-lit and bright,
 Closed in on all around,
 Nestling to rest, upon my breast
 My boy was sleeping sound.
 His mouth was moved, as tho' it proved,
 That even in his dream,
 He grasp'd the whip—his tiny lip
 Would try to guide the team.

Oh, were not these the days to please?
 Were we not happy so?
 The women said, he hung his head,
 And still he muttered low:
 But no more now to earth we bow,
 Our insect life is past,
 With furnace gleam, and hissing steam
 Our speed is like the blast.

"I wish I had a hundred pounds to argue the question on either side," as Lord Plunkett said of a chancery case, "for if we have lost much of the romance of the road, as it once existed, we have certainly gained something in the strange and curious views of life presented by rail-road travelling; and although there was more of poetry in the pastoral, the broad comedy of a journey is always amusing. The caliph who once sat on the bridge of Bagdad to observe mankind and choose his dinner party from the passers by, would unquestionably have enjoyed a far wider scope for his investigation, had he lived in our day, and taken out a subscription ticket for the Great Western or the Grand Junction. A peep into the several carriages of a train is like obtaining a section of society, for, like the view of a house, when the

front wall is removed, we can see the whole economy of the dwelling, from the kitchen to the garret; and, while the grand leveller, steam, is tugging all the same road, at the same pace, subjecting the peer to every shock it gives the peasant, individual peculiarities and class observances relieve the uniformity of the scene, and afford ample opportunity for him who would read while he runs. Short of royalty, there is no one now-a-days may not be met with "on the rail;" and from the Duke to Daniel O'Connell—a pretty long interval—your "vis-a-vis" may be any illustrious character in politics, literature, or art. I intend, in some of these tales, to make mention of some of the most interesting characters it has been my fortune to encounter; meanwhile let me make a note of the most singular rail-road traveller of whom I have ever heard, and to the knowledge of whom I accidentally came when travelling abroad. The sketch I shall call

THE EARLY TRAIN TO VERSAILLES.

"Droll people one meets travelling—strange characters!" was the exclamation of my next neighbour in the Versailles train, as an oddly attired figure, with an enormous beard, and a tall Polish cap, got out at Sévres; and this, of all the rail-roads in Europe, perhaps, presents the most motley array of travellers. The "militaire," the shopkeeper, the actor of a minor theatre, the economist Englishman, residing at Versailles for cheapness, the "modeste," the newspaper writer, are all to be met with, hastening to and from this favorite resort of the Parisians; and among a people so communicative, and so well disposed to social intercourse, it is rare that even in this short journey the conversation does not take a character of amusement, if not of actual interest.

"The last time I went down in this train it was in company with M. Thiers; and, I assure you, no one could be more agreeable and affable," said one.

"Horace Vernet was my companion last week," remarked another; "indeed I never guessed who it was, until a chance observation of mine about one of his own pictures, when he avowed his name."

"I had a more singular travelling companion still," exclaimed a third; "no less a personage than Aboul Djerrick, the Arab chief, whom the Marahal Bugeaud took prisoner."

"Ma foi! gentleman," said a dry old lady from the corner of the carriage, "these were not very remarkable characters after all. I remember coming down here with—what do you think—for my fellow traveller? Only guess. But it is no use; you would never hit upon it—he was a baboon!"

"A baboon!" exclaimed all the party, in a breath.

"Sacre bleu! madame, you must be jesting."

"No, gentlemen, nothing of the kind. He was a tall fellow, as big as M. le Capitaine yonder; and he had a tail—mon Dieu! what a tail. When the conductor showed him into the carriage, it took nearly a minute to adjust that enormous tail."

A very general roar of laughter met this speech, excited probably, more by the serious manner of the old lady as she mentioned this occurrence, than by any thing even in the event itself, though all were unquestionably astonished to account for the incident.

"Was he quiet, madame?" said one of the passengers.

"Perfectly so," replied she—"bien poli."

Another little outbreak of laughter at so singular a phrase, with reference to the manners of an ape, disturbed the party.

"He had probably made his escape from the Jardin des Plantes," cried a thin old gentleman opposite.

"No, monsieur; he lived in the Rue St. Denis."

"Diable!" exclaimed a lieutenant; "he was a good citizen of Paris. Was he in the Garde Nationale, madame?"

"I am not sure," said the old lady, with a most provoking coolness.

"And where was he going, may I ask?" cried another.

"To Versailles, monsieur—poor fellow, he wept very bitterly."

"Detestable beast!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "they make a horrid mockery of humanity."

"Ah! very true, monsieur; there is a strong resemblance between the two species." There was an unlucky applicability in this speech to the hooked-nose, yellow-skinned, wrinkled

little fellow it was addressed to, that once more brought a smile upon the party.

"Was there no one with him, then? Who took care of him, madame?"

"He was alone, monsieur. The poor fellow was a 'garçon;' he told me so himself."

"Told you so—the ape told you!—the baboon said that!"—exclaimed each in turn of the party, while an outburst of laughter filled the carriage.

"'Tis quite true—just as I have the honour to tell you," said the old lady, with the utmost gravity; "and although I was as much surprised as you now are, when he first addressed me, he was so well-mannered, spoke such good French, and had so much agreeability, that I forgot my fears, and enjoyed his society very much."

It was not without a great effort that the party controlled themselves sufficiently to hear the old lady's explanation. The very truthfulness of her voice and accent added indescribably to the absurdity; for while she designated her singular companion always as M. le Singe, she spoke of him as if he had been a naturalized Frenchman, born to enjoy all the inestimable privileges of "La Belle France." Her story was this—but it is better, as far as may be, to give it in her own words:—

"My husband, gentlemen, is grefier of the Correctional Court of Paris; and although obliged, during the session, to be every day at the Tribunal, we reside at Versailles for cheapness, using the railroad to bring us to and from Paris. Now, it chanced that I set out from Paris, where I had spent the night at a friend's house, by the early train, which, you know, starts at five o'clock. Very few people travel by that train; indeed, I believe the only use of it is, to go down to Versailles to bring up people from thence. It was a fine cheery morning—cold, but bright—in the month of March, as I took my place alone in one of the carriages of the train. After the usual delay, (they are never prompt with this train), the word 'en route' was given, and we started; but before the pace was accelerated to a rapid rate, the door was wrenched open by the 'conducteur'—a large full-grown baboon, with his tail over his arm, stepped in—the door closed, and away

we went. Ah! gentlemen, I never shall forget that moment. The beast sat opposite me, just like monsieur there, with his old parchment face, his round brown eyes, and his long-clawed paws, which he clasped exactly like a human being. *Mon Dieu!* what agony was mine! I had seen these creatures in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and knew them to be so vicious; but I thought the best thing to do was to cultivate the monster's good graces, and so I put my hand in my reticule and drew forth a morsel of cake, which I presented to him.

"*Merci, madame,*" said he, with a polite bow, "I am not hungry."

"Ah! when I heard him say this, I thought I should have died. The beast spoke it as plain as I am speaking to you; and he bowed his yellow face, and made a gesture of his hand, if I may call it a hand, just this way. Whether he remarked my astonishment, or perceived that I looked ill, I can't say; but he observed, in a very gentle tone—

"*Madame is fatigued.*"

"Ah! monsieur," said I, "I never knew that you spoke French."

"*Oui parbleu!*" said he, "I was born in the Pyrenees, and am only half a Spaniard."

"Monsieur's father, then," said I—
"was he a Frenchman?"

"*Pauvre bête,*" said he; "he was from the Basque Provinces. He was a wild fellow."

"I have no doubt of it," said I; "but it seems they caught him at last."

"You are right, madame. Strange enough you should have guessed it. He was taken in *Estremadura*, where he joined a party of brigands. They knew my father by his queue; for, amid all his difficulties, nothing could induce him to cut it off."

"I don't wonder," said I; "it would have been very painful."

"It would have made his heart bleed, madame, to touch a hair of it. He was proud of that old queue; and he might well be—it was the best-looking tail in the north of Spain."

"Bless my heart, thought I, these creatures have their vanities too."

"Ah! madame, we had more freedom in those days. My father used to tell me of the nights he has passed on the mountains, under the shade, or sometimes in the branches of the cork

trees, with pleasant companions, fellows of his own stamp. We were not hunted down then, as we are now; there was liberty then."

"Well, for my part," said I, "I should not dislike the *Jardin des Plantes*, if I was like one of you. It ain't so bad to have one's meals at regular times, and a comfortable bed, and a good dry house."

"I don't know what you mean by the *Jardin des Plantes*. I live in the *Rue St. Denis*, and I for one feel the chain about my ankles, under this vile "regime" we live in at present."

"He has managed to slip it off this time, anyhow; for I saw the creature's legs wero free."

"Ah! madame," exclaimed *Le Singe*, slapping his forehead with his paw, "men are but rogues, cheats, and swindlers."

"Are apes better?" said I, modestly.

"I protest I think they are," said he. "Except a propensity to petty pilfering, they are honest beasts."

"They are most affectionate," said I, wishing to flatter him; but he took no notice of the observation.

"Madame," exclaimed he, after a pause, and with a voice of unusual energy, "I was so near being caught in a trap this very morning."

"Dear me," said I, "and they laid a trap for you."

An infernal trap," said he. A mistake might have cost me my liberty for life. Do you know *M. Laborde*, the director of the *Gymnase*?"

"I have heard of him, but no more."

"What a "fripon" he is! There is not such a scoundrel living; but I'll have him yet. Let him not think to escape me! Pardon, madame—does my tail inconvenience you?"

"Not at all, sir. Pray, don't stir."

"I must say that, in his excitement, the beast whisked the appendage to-and-fro with his paw, in a very furious manner."

"Only conceive, madame, I have passed the night in the open air; hunted, chased, pursued—all on account of the accursed *M. Laborde*. I that was reared in a warm climate—brought up in every comfort—and habituated to the most tender care—exposed, during six hours, to the damp dews of a night in the *Bois de Boulogne*. I know it will fall on my chest, or I shall have an attack of rheuma-

tism. Ah, mon Dieu! if I shouldn't be able to climb and jump, it would be better for me to be dead.'

"'No, no,' said I, trying to soothe him, 'don't say that. Here am I, very happy and contented, and couldn't spring over a street gutter if you gave me the Tuileries for doing it.'

"'What has that to say to it?' cried he, fiercely. 'Our instincts and pursuits are very different.'

"'Yes, thank God,' muttered I below my breath, 'I trust they are.'

"'You live at Versailles,' said he, suddenly. 'Do you happen to know Antoine Geoffroy, greffier of the Tribunal?'

"'Yes, parbleu!' said I, 'he is my husband.'

"'Oh, madame! what good fortune! He is the only man in France can assist me. I want him to catch M. Laborde. When can I see him?'

"'He will be down in the ten o'clock train,' said I. 'You can see him then, Rue du Petit Lait.'

"'Ah, but where shall I lie concealed till then? If they should overtake me and catch me—if they found me out, I should be ruined.'

"'Come with me, then. I'll hide you safe enough.'

"The beast fell on its knees, and kissed my hand like a Christian, and muttered his gratitude till we reached the station.

"Early as it was—only 6 o'clock—I confess I did not half like the notion of taking the creature's arm, which he offered me, as we got out: but I was so fearful of provoking him, knowing their vindictive nature, that I assented with as good a grace as I was able, and away we went, he holding his tail fastened over his wrist, and carrying my carpet-bag in the other hand. So full was he of his anger against M. Laborde, and his gratitude to me, that he could talk of nothing else as we went along, nor did he pay the slightest attention to the laughter and jesting our appearance excited from the workmen who passed by.

"'Madame has good taste in a cavalier,' cried one.

"'There'll be a reward for that fellow to-morrow or next day,' cried another.

"'Yes, yes—he is the biggest in the whole Jardin des Plantes,' said a third.

"Such were the pleasant comments,

that met my ears, even at that quiet hour.

"When we reached the Rue de Petit Lait, however, a very considerable crowd followed us, consisting of labourers and people on their way to work; and I assure you I repented me sorely of the good nature that had exposed me to such consequences; for the mob pressed us closely, many being curious to examine the creature near, and some even going so far as to pat him with their hands, and take up the tip of his tail in their fingers. The beast, however, with admirable tact, never spoke a word, but endured the annoyance without any signs of impatience—hoping, of course, that the house would soon screen him from their view; but only think of the bad luck. When we arrived at the door, we rung, and rung, again and again, but no one came. In fact, the servant not expecting me home before noon, had spent the night at a friend's house; and there we were, in the open street, with a crowd increasing every moment around us.

"'What is to be done?' said I, in utter despair; but before I had even uttered the words, the beast disengaged himself from me, and, springing to the 'jalousies,' scrambled his way up to the top of them. In a moment more he was in the window of the second story, and then, again ascending in the same way, reached the third, the mob hailing him with cries of 'Bravo Singe!—well done ape!—mind your tail, old fellow!—that's it, monkey!'—and so on, until with a bound he sprang in through an open window, and then, popping out his head, and with a gesture of little politeness, made by his outstretched fingers on his nose, he cried out—'Messieurs j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer.'

"If every beast in the Jardin des Plantes, from the giraffe down to the chimpanzee, had spoken, the astonishment could not have been more general; at first the mob were struck mute with amazement, but, after a moment, burst forth into a roar of laughter.

"'Ah! I know that fellow—I have paid twenty sous to see him before now,'—cried one.

"'So have I,' said another, 'and it's rare fun to look at him cracking nuts, and swinging himself on the branch of a tree by his tail.'

"At this moment the door opened,

and I slipped in without hearing further of the commentaries of the crowd. In a little time the servant returned, and prepared the breakfast; and although, as you may suppose, I was very ignorant what was exactly the kind of entertainment to set before my guest, I got a great dish of apples, and a plate of chesnuts, and down we sat to our meal.

“That was a ring at the door, I think,” said he, and as he spoke, my husband entered the room.

“Ah! you here?” cried he, addressing M. le Singe. “Parbleu, there’s a pretty work in Paris about you—it is all over the city this morning that you are off.”

“And the Director?” said the ape.

“The old bear, he is off too.”

“So thought I to myself—it would appear the other beasts have made their escape too.”

“Then, I suppose,” said the ape, “there will be no catching him.”

“I fear not,” said my husband, “but if they do succeed in overtaking the old fox, they’ll have the skin off him.”

“Cruel enough, thought I to myself, considering it was the creature’s instinct.

“These, however, are the orders of the Court, and when you have signed this one, I shall set off in pursuit of him at once.” So said my husband, as he produced a roll of papers from his pocket, which the ape perused with the greatest avidity.

“He’ll be for crossing the water, I warrant.”

“No doubt of it,” said my husband. “France will be too hot for him for a while.”

“Poor beast,” said I, “he’ll be happier in his native snows.”

“At this they both laughed heartily, and the ape signed his name to the papers, and brushed the sand over them with the tip of his tail.

“We must get back to Paris at once,” said he, “and in a coach too, for I cannot have a mob after me again.”

“Leave that to me,” said my husband, “I’ll see you safely home—meanwhile, let me lend you a cloak and a hat,” and, with these words, he dressed up the creature, so that when the collar was raised you would not have known him from that gentleman opposite.

“Adieu,” said he, “madame,” with a wave of his hand, “au revoir, I hope, if it would give you any pleasure to witness our little performances.”

“No, no,” said I, “there’s a small creature goes about here, on an organ, in a three-cornered cock-hat, and a red coat, and I can have him for half an hour for two sous.”

“Votre serviteur, madame,” said he, with an angry whisk of his tail; for, although I did not intend it, the beast was annoyed at my remark.

“Away they went, messieurs, and, from that hour to this, I never heard more of the creature, nor of his companions, for my husband makes it a rule never to converse on topics relating to his business—and it seems he was, somehow or other, mixed up in the transaction.”

“But, madame,” cried one of the passengers, “you don’t mean to palm this fable on us for reality, and make us believe something more absurd than *Æsop* himself ever invented?”

“If it be only an impertinent allegory,” said the old gentleman opposite, “I must say, it is in the worst possible taste.”

“Or if,” said a little white-faced fat man, with spectacles, “or if it be a covert attack upon the National Garde of Paris, as the corporal of the 95th legion, of the 37th arrondissement, I repel the insinuation with contempt.”

“Heaven forbid, gentlemen; the facts I have narrated are strictly true: my husband can confirm them in every particular, and I have only to regret that any trait in the ape’s character should suggest uncomfortable recollections to yourselves.”

The train had now reached its destination, and the old lady got out, amid the maledictions of some, and the stifled laughter of others of the passengers—for, only one or two had shrewdness enough to perceive that she was one of those good credulous souls, who implicitly believed all she had narrated, and whose judgment having been shaken by the miraculous power of a railroad, which converted the journey of a day into the trip of an hour, could really have swallowed any other amount of the apparently impossible; it might be her fortune to meet with.

For the benefit of those who may

not be as easy of belief as the good Madame Geoffroy, let me add one word as the solution of this mystery. The ape was no other than M. Gouffe, who, being engaged to perform as a monkey, in the afterpiece of "La Pèrouse," was actually cracking nuts in a tree, when he learned from a conversation in "the flats," that the director, M. Laborde, had just made his escape, with all the funds of the theatre, and six months of M. Gouffe's own salary. Several police officers had already gained access to the back of the stage, and were arresting the actors as they retired. Poor Jocko had nothing for it, then, but to put his agility to the test, and having climbed to the top of the tree, he scrambled in succession

over the heads of several scenes, till he reached the back of the stage, where, watching his opportunity, he descended in safety, rushed down the stairs, and gained the street. By immense exertions he arrived at the Bois de Boulogne, where he lay concealed until the starting of the early train for Versailles. The remainder of his adventure the reader already knows.

Satisfactory as this explanation may be to some, I confess I should be sorry to make it, if I thought it would reach the eyes or ears of poor Madame Geoffroy, and thus disabuse her of a pleasant illusion, and the harmless gratification of recounting her story to others as unsuspecting as herself.

THEKLA'S SONG, FROM SCHILLER.

BY A DREAMER.

Thekla spielt und singt :

"Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,
Das Mägdlein wandelt an Ufers Grün,
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,
Das Auge von Weinen getrübet :
Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr,
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet."

Coleridge has translated the foregoing with his wonted marvellous skill; and, along with his own rendering, he gives us an imitation by Charles Lamb, deserving well the praise of being in "the happiest manner of our

old ballads." The attempt which follows is not offered to the reader in any presumptuous hope of rivalry, but from the desire to render newly one of Schiller's most admired lays:—

Thekla plays and sings :

"The oak-wood bellows, the clouds are glooming,
The Maiden paces the weed-strewn shore;
The billow breaks there with hollow booming,
While she to the dark night her plaint doth pour,
Her eye through tears up-roving—
The heart is dead in me, the world is all empty,
In dreary stillness my hopes are flown.
Thou Holy One! call thy child home to thee,
This world's vain blessings I have fully known,
In living and—loving!"

LAND COMMISSION IN IRELAND.*

WE have before us the report of the Irish Land Commission. Our readers will remember to what this commission owed its origin. It arose out of the disastrous state of some of the rural districts in this country, in which life and property were perilously insecure, and its object was the discovery of the causes, whether occult or manifest, which rendered Tipperary and portions of the adjacent counties a frightful anomaly in the British empire. Week after week, and frequently day after day, the public were appalled by accounts of murders, which, for deliberate, systematic, and unrelenting atrocity, have seldom been equalled in the annals of crime; while justice, tardy-gaited or paralytic, strove in vain to overtake the delinquents. In such a state of things what was to be done? In any other part of the empire the law would have put forth extraordinary vigour and sooner or later its ascendancy would be confessed. Justice would have scorned to temporize with atrocious murderers. That which men call blood-guiltiness would have been equally shocking under any other name. The miscreant who was taken "in flagranti delicto," would have been no object either of government forbearance or popular sympathy, even though he should allege, or it should be alleged on his behalf, that his crime was occasioned by oppression on the part of his landlord. He would not be suffered thus to take the law into his own hands. Crime, from whatever cause, must first be arrested; and then, and not until then, could enquiry be safely or wisely instituted respecting the grievances to the pressure of which it was ascribed. But in Ireland it has been thought fitting that this prudent course should be disregarded. There the law has been suffered to remain inert, while crime and miscreancy have

triumphed, until a commission should have reported upon the nature of the relation between landlord and tenant, with a view to see what amount of justification might be pleaded for those acts of violence and outrage which have already stamped a character of indomitable ferocity upon portions of the south and west of Ireland. Noon-day murders are perpetrated. The murderers are well known, but a system of terrorism prevails which renders it impossible to bring them to justice, instead of which this commission is appointed—not a special commission to bring the offenders under the more summary operation of the law, but one by which the landlords are put upon their trial, and which opens its ears to every imputation which, by envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness, has, at any time, been alleged against them. Such is the justice which has been dealt out in this instance to the landlords in Ireland!

It was, our readers may remember, our opinion that, when the outcry was raised against the Irish landlords, and when it was clear that the government lent to it a patient ear, as though a *prima facie* case were already established against them, they should themselves have challenged enquiry. If they were the monsters they were represented, the wonder was, not that some of them had been murdered, but that any of them were left alive. They should, therefore, have at once joined issue with their accusers, and met the calumnies by which they were assailed like men who stood fast in their integrity, and defied the utmost malice of their adversaries to give anything in proof by which they could be seriously affected. They were, certainly, no reluctant parties to the enquiry that has taken place. Whatever its results have been, we believe that they have afforded the commissioners every facility for prosecuting it with effect. But

* Report of her Majesty's Commissioners of Inquiry into the state of the Law and Practice in respect of the Occupation of Land in Ireland. Dublin: Alexander Thom, 87, Abbey-street. 1845.

as they were held up in the eyes of Christendom, as culprits to whom no mercy should be shewn, it was incumbent upon all who were worthy amongst them to separate themselves from all that was vile, and make it manifest that the slanders by which they were assailed were not less atrocious than the system of blood-thirsty violence to which so many of them have fallen victims.

We regret the more that this was not done, as it must have had a determining influence upon the course of the enquiry. Had the Irish propriety taken a lead in the business, and insisted upon such a searching investigation as would have laid bare the source of the agrarian outrages by which the character of the country has so grievously injured, and their own been so seriously compromised, it would be impossible for any commissioners to avoid directing their particular attention both to the symptoms which mark, and the causes which have either produced or aggravated, the present deplorable condition of much of the south and west of Ireland. Will it be believed that that is the very part of the subject upon which they have not thought it their duty specially to report; and that the following meagre and general observations are all which they offer respecting a state of things the alarming nature of which could alone have justified their appointment?

"We made inquiry, through the whole of our tour, respecting the existence of agrarian outrages.

"In Tipperary, for a long time past, and in some other counties more recently, there has prevailed a system of lawless violence, which has led in numerous instances to the perpetration of cold-blooded murders.

"These are generally acts of revenge for some supposed injury inflicted upon the party who commits or instigates the commission of the outrage.

"But the notions entertained of injury in such cases are regulated by a standard fixed by the will of the most lawless and unprincipled members of the community.

"If a tenant is removed, even after repeated warnings, from land which he has neglected or misused, he is looked upon, in the district to which we are now referring, as an injured man, and the decree too often goes out for vengeance upon the landlord or the agent, and upon the man who succeeds to the

farm: and at times a large numerical portion of the neighbourhood look with indifference upon the most atrocious acts of violence, and by screening the criminal, abet and encourage the crime. Murders are perpetrated at noon-day on a public highway, and whilst the assassin coolly retires, the people look on, and evince no horror at the bloody deed.

"The whole nature of Christian men appears in such cases, to be changed, and the one absorbing feeling as to the possession of land stifles all others, and extinguishes the plainest principles of humanity.

"We cannot but feel that this state of things calls loudly for correction, although it does not come within our province to discuss what measures should be adopted under such circumstances for the detection and repression of crime.

"It must be obvious that none of the suggestions which we have offered, nor any measures founded upon them, which parliament or government could devise, can be applicable to a state of things so appalling and disorganised as that which we have described. We have given our best and most anxious consideration as to the means of ameliorating the condition of the well disposed Irish peasant, and we feel that the greatest allowance is to be made for his sufferings, his poverty, his ignorance; but we can make no allowance for the deliberate cold-blooded assassin, or for those who abet assassination.

"We wish it were possible to make the peasantry in these unhappy districts aware, that all measures for improvement presuppose the security of life and property; that the districts in which both are systematically rendered insecure, must be regarded as beyond the reach of such plans of amelioration as we can suggest; and that while crimes of so fearful a character prevail, it is hopeless to expect, in reference to those districts, much practical improvement in the relation of landlord and tenant, or any security for the permanent happiness of the people."

Now, what will the reader say to this? Could he have imagined, when these commissioners were first appointed, that the particular causes which led to the state of crime in Tipperary were to constitute no part of their enquiry? Could he have supposed that the outrages and murders, which mocked all legal restraint, and laughed to scorn the puny efforts of the ordinary administrators of criminal justice, were the only features in the

character of our rural districts which did not claim their earnest consideration? Such is, practically, the upshot of their report. The state of Tipperary arrests the indignant attention of the empire. Loud and deep were the calls upon government to throw some effectual shield of protection around the persons and properties of its proscribed proprietary, who were doomed, by bands of savage miscreants, to death, or worse than death, whenever they became obnoxious to the vengeance of these midnight legislators, for any act which might be regarded as at variance with that riband code, which, in that unhappy county, has practically superseded the law of the land. The answer to this is, wait a while. Let us do justice to the poor murderers; they are a very ill-treated set of men; the grievances of which they have to complain are such as human nature could not be expected to bear. Oppression will make a wise man mad; and such inhuman tyranny as they have been exposed to may well make poor men, who are not wise, wicked. Let the whole case be fully investigated. Let the conduct of those who have ground the faces of the poor, be brought to light, and their misdeeds made fully known, and it will soon appear that the outrages, which are so appalling, and which no one can venture in the abstract to justify, are still nothing more than a reaction against oppression, a species of wild and irregular justice, for which no individuals are more to blame than those whose misconduct has produced them. Was not this, we appeal to our readers of all parties, the defence of the agrarian outrages which was adopted by those who deprecated any summary interference for their suppression, by increased rigour in the administration of the law? Was not this the ground upon which the commission was appointed, which seemed to say in so many words, before we convict the peasantry, let us try the landlords? Was it not felt to be a very violent interference with the vested rights of land proprietors, and one which could not be safely ventured upon in any other part of the empire? And yet what is the result? Does any enquiry take place with a view to discover the causes of this disordered state of things? Do the commissioners endeavour to

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strike a balance between the oppressions of the landlords and the atrocities of the people? No such thing. Although no other object presented itself to the minds of men in general when they were first appointed, it is the only one which does not seem to have entered into their consideration. Their attention is very sagaciously directed to the state of the relation between landlord and tenant every where else; but Tipperary is a plague spot which must be shunned, and for which they are not charged to find a remedy. It is an aceldama from which, with pious horror, they avert their eyes, like Jupiter in the *Iliad*, from the fields of blood which formed the theatre of the Grecian and Trojan conflict; while they find a more agreeable theme, as well as a more grateful spectacle, in the peaceful and happy labours of those tranquil parts of the country in which the law is still too strong for the disturbers!

We must, therefore, consider the great object of the commission to have been completely lost sight of. The public are now just as much in the dark as they were before the publication of this report, as to how far the Irish landlords are, or are not, chargeable with the oppressions which are said to have stimulated the peasantry to the perpetration of such enormous crimes. If they are thus guilty, they have not been convicted; if they are innocent, they have not been acquitted by the verdict of the commissioners; for no one will say that the milk and water phrases "there are faults on both sides," or, "the charges against the Irish landlords have been much exaggerated," amounts to any satisfactory exculpation from the terrible denunciations which have been fulminated against them. The same amount of suspicion and of odium still rests upon them, while no measure has been recommended which could render their lives or their properties more secure. Much has been said, with a view to bettering the condition of the tenant in those parts of the country which are not as yet characterised by the fearful system of outrage which prevails in certain districts of the south and west; but nothing, or next to nothing, respecting the security of the lives of the landlords, where the law, as it stands at present, has been

altogether powerless to protect them, and where they must become absentees from their property, if they would not fall victims to crime!

The consolidation of farms, and the summary and ruthless eviction of tenants, have often been alleged as the most prominent of the causes which have goaded the peasantry to madness, and stimulated them to the perpetration of the revolting atrocities by which the country has been disgraced. The following sentence of the commissioners goes far to remove this grievous imputation :—

“ Upon a review of the whole of the subject, we feel bound to express our opinion, that there has been much of exaggeration and mis-statement in the sweeping charges which have been directed against the Irish landlords ”

That such clearances were generally prompted by views of a religious or political character, has often been largely insisted on, as furnishing no small amount of justification for the revengeful reprisals of a tenantry thus harshly dealt with. But here, also, the commissioners interpose, and distinctly negative such an allegation :—

“ It may be useful,” they say, “ to consider the circumstances under which, at the present time, such removals of tenants occur. We find no reason to believe that they are usually prompted by feelings of a religious or political character. Individual cases occasionally arise in which the operation of such motives may be traced ; but we think that all who look at the evidence with an impartial eye, will concur in the general conclusion at which we have arrived.

As far, therefore, as the testimony of the commissioners is valuable, (and it is, be it observed, the evidence of men who may be said to represent the two great parties in the country), it goes distinctly to negative the presumption, which would make the Irish landlords responsible, before God and man, for the outrages and disorders by which their country is afflicted. But having told us to what they are not to be attributed, were they not bound to go farther and tell us to what they were ? Do the commissioners suppose, that a parenthetical exculpation such as this, expressed in such general terms, can at all serve as an antidote

to the malignant slanders by which the Irish landlords, as a body, have been assailed, while nothing is done to investigate the true sources of the crime and the misery of the south and west of Ireland ? If they are not the guilty parties they have been represented, who are ? Would it not have been well to investigate a little more closely the origin of these disorders ? Would not the moral training of those who were mixed up in them, have formed a fair subject of inquiry ? If the landlords are not monsters, must not the public be only the more curious to learn what it is that has converted the peasantry into savages or demons ? In Tipperary there is a sort of law of opinion which confers a kind of unhallowed *clat* upon the most inhuman murderer. Cases have been known in which individuals, who desired protection and concealment, have effectually obtained them by representing themselves as concerned in some appalling deed of blood. Did not this frightful inversion of moral sentiment present itself to the minds of the commissioners as requiring some explanation ? And can they, or can any one imagine, that, while such continues to be the case, any remedial measures which have respect only to the relation between landlord and tenant, can reach the seat of the evil, or operate that renovation of character, which must be assumed before any benefit can be expected from the wisest or the most humane legislation ?

The following is a fair description of the causes which have led to the clearance system, and the manner in which it has been conducted :—

“ The cause which most frequently, at the present day, leads to the eviction of a number of tenants on a particular estate, is the wish of the proprietor to increase the size of the holdings, with a view to the better cultivation of the land ; and when it is seen in the evidence, and in the returns upon the size of the farms, how minute those holdings are frequently found to be, previous to the change, it cannot be denied that such a step is in many cases, absolutely necessary, and called for by a due regard to the interest of both landlord and tenant.

“ Some witnesses, who put forward most strongly, as a matter of complaint, the consolidation of small holdings into what they call large farms, in answer to the further question ‘ To what size

were the farms brought?" describe them, as enlarged to the extent of twenty-five, twenty, or even ten acres.

We give this, of course, only as the general result of our inquiries. There have been, undoubtedly, cases in which large numbers of tenants have been removed with a view to create much larger farms, or with the view to the occupation of land in some manner more agreeable to the landlord; but these are the exceptions, and not the general practice. In either case, the feeling that is engendered amongst the parties removed, and the surrounding population, as well as the opinion which impartial persons will form, must depend, in a great degree, upon the mode in which the removal is conducted.

"It now frequently happens, that upon the expiration of a long lease, a landlord finds his property occupied by a multitude of paupers, who had obtained an occupation of a few roods or acres, either through the want of a clause against subletting in the former demise, or the failure of the landlord through some legal defect, or his own neglect to enforce that covenant, if existing. Many of these poor people are found living in a most miserable way, and quite incapable of managing their land properly, or so as to derive from their small holdings a sufficient supply even of food for their subsistence.

"It becomes absolutely necessary, with a view even to the condition of the people themselves, as well as towards any general improvement in the country, to make some change.

"A humane landlord, finding himself thus circumstanced, if he is resident, or if he has an intelligent and active agent, will have much communication with the individual occupiers. He will inform himself of their respective position and character. He will select a sufficient number of those best qualified to occupy a farm, and will establish them in holdings of such size as will enable them, with industry, to live comfortably, and to pay a comfortable rent. He will encourage and assist some who may be willing to emigrate. He will aid others in settling themselves upon waste land belonging to himself, or will assist them in procuring it from others, and for some of the poorest he will find employment as labourers.

"In this way he will be enabled at the same time to improve the condition of his property, and to benefit the population with which he has had to deal.

"Instances of successful proceedings of this nature have been brought before us, affording examples well worthy of imitation.

"On the other hand if a landlord, finding a portion of his estate thus overrun with pauper tenants, looks only at the benefit to be derived from a new arrangement of it, without sufficiently close attention to the effects of this upon individuals, a great extent of misery will often be produced.

"Arrangements hastily adopted—rules arbitrarily laid down and enforced, for the remodelling of estates, grounded perhaps on some pre-conceived theory in regard to the size of farms—will often be found to disappoint the expectations of the proprietor, and to produce much individual misery, however lavish the expenditure. The worst consequences may thus result from a want of due caution and careful attention to all the circumstances. Perhaps the agent, after selecting a sufficient number to remain on the farm, advises the giving of a sum of money to the rest. But it is difficult to say what compensation, apart from land, will be adequate in a country where land alone affords a permanent security for food.

"The money is soon spent in the temporary maintenance of the family. They may be willing to labour, but can find no employment.

"Some of them may be ready to emigrate, but require the advice and assistance of a kind friend to put them in the way of taking this step with advantage.

"Others may be desirous of exerting their industry in the reclamation of some waste land, but know not where to apply, or by what means to encounter the first difficulties of such an undertaking.

"Thus it is, that a proceeding, which under the existing circumstances of Ireland is often indispensable, may become a source of comfort or of misery according to the spirit in which it is carried out."

As the appendix to the report is not yet published, we are unable to refer to the evidence in detail, upon which the above statement is based, but that it fully bears it out we entirely believe. In Ireland, the absence of a resident proprietary is very severely felt, and, in nothing, perhaps, more than in the instances in which the evils of such removals as have been above referred to might be alleviated by the wisdom and the goodness of a humane and reflecting landlord. Doubtless upon the property of Lord Norbury, in the county of Tipperary, if the clearance system were acted upon, much misery might be occasioned, which, were that nobleman resident, might be mitigated,

if not obviated, by the various expedients to which he would have recourse to give employment to the people. But to what is it owing that he is an absentee? Let the inhuman murder of his benevolent father answer the question. The same observation applies to numberless other cases, in which proprietors have been driven from the country, by the conviction that a system of outrage prevails, against which the laws of the land afford them no adequate protection. And until some system is devised and acted upon, by which the disturbers of the public peace may be effectually coerced, the proper instrumentality will be wanting for the thorough and effectual carrying out of any measures for the moral or social well-being of the people.

And yet the burden of this report is, how the condition of the tenant may be improved! Doubtless, a most important consideration this; and we are persuaded that the commissioners have made, respecting it, some very valuable suggestions. But to what purpose are all such suggestions until the *previous condition* is first attained, namely, the security of life and property, under the guarantee of settled law? Suppose the landlords of Yorkshire or Somersetshire were either driven from their homes by lawless violence, or compelled to occupy them in force, like garrisons in a hostile country; suppose no gentleman dare venture to go to a neighbour's house to dinner without being provided with weapons, and an escort, by which he might be protected against the noon-day murderer, would any man suppose that commissioners, reporting upon the state of that county, did their whole duty by merely recommending certain amendments in the contracts for land, by which the condition of the tenant might be rendered more secure and easy? It is, no doubt, desirable that a thrifty and industrious tenant should prosper, but it is no less desirable that a landlord should be suffered to live; and nothing can be more certain than that while the country is not safe for the residence of an intelligent and beneficent proprietor, no measures can be taken which could operate upon the mass of the peasantry any sensible or permanent amelioration.

We do think it was the bounden duty of the commissioners, considering the anxiety with which their report was expected, to ascertain and publish an authentic list of the noblemen and gentlemen who have been murdered in the disturbed districts within the last ten or twelve years, and whose murders are yet unavenged; and also of those who have left the country and live abroad, from a well-founded apprehension that their homes were begirt with danger. This would enable the public to judge of the terrible evil inflicted upon a country by lawless violence, when a system of miscreancy has become so powerful as to beat down the barriers of law, and, by death or banishment, exterminate its natural guardians and protectors.

What is it which has sent Lord Bloomsfield out of the family mansion, where he was more like a father than a landlord amongst his tenantry; and where every honest and struggling occupier of land in his neighbourhood was sure to find in him a kind counsellor and a steadfast friend? What is it which compels O'Grady, of Kilballyowen, to leave the seat of his ancestors? Not that he was an oppressor of the poor, but because a miscreant banditti will no longer permit him to live upon his estate, and the law is powerless to protect him against them. If such be the state of things, generally, or to a very great extent, is it not a sort of mockery to propound remedies for the improvement of the country, until the law has been vindicated—until the assassin ceases to be the regulator of property, and the dispenser of life and death—and until something like the settled rule of order and of constitutional government has been established amongst an obedient, a tranquil, and an industrious people?

Give to honest industry free scope and ample encouragement; secure to every peace-loving peasant, as far as it is possible by law to secure it, constant employment, and ample remuneration for his labour. But how is that to be done, if the proprietary are to be banished, from whom such blessings are most naturally to be expected? It cannot be done. As long as the lawless man rules the ascendant, and is a terror not only to land proprietors, but to magistrates, to witnesses, and to juries, so long the spirit of disorder

must prevail, to the prevention or frustration of every measure for the real benefit of the people; and it is only when that spirit has been effectually laid, that any such plans or improvements as those which the commissioners have suggested can be prosecuted with any prospect of advantage.

The following are the observations of the commissioners upon the con-acre system. Our readers will perceive that the plan which they propose depends entirely for its efficacy upon the activity of a resident and beneficent proprietor:—

“We must not omit to notice the system which prevails in a greater or less degree in every part of Ireland, of letting land for one or more crops, commonly known as the con-acre system. The land so let is in some few districts called quarter-land or rood-land.

“Much has been said in condemnation of this system; but still we are convinced that some practice of this nature is essential to the comfort, almost to the existence, of the Irish peasant. Under ordinary circumstances, the wages of his labour alone will not enable him to purchase food and other necessaries, and to pay even the most moderate rent. It becomes, therefore, necessary that he should resort to some other means for procuring subsistence, and these can only be found in the occupation of a piece of ground which shall furnish a crop of potatoes, for food. This he generally takes from some farmer in the neighbourhood, upon conditions which vary much according to the particular terms of agreement respecting the ploughing, the manure, the seed &c.

“Although the taker of con-acre ground may in ordinary years, receive a good return for the rent which he assumes, yet as the amount of such rent, although not unreasonable in respect of the farmer's expenditure upon the land, is always large with reference to the ordinary means of a labourer, a bad season, and a failure, in the crops, leave the latter in a distressed condition, subject to a demand which he is wholly unable to meet.

“A great improvement upon this system is effected where landlords themselves, either by reserving small portions of ground from the larger holdings, or by the application of some portions of land in their own occupation, supply the cottier labourers upon their estates, with small lots of ground, held immediately under themselves, either for one or more

crops, or in the nature of an allotment, and particularly if in connexion with a decent cabin. We believe that the good effects of such a system will be manifold, with regard to the moral and physical condition of the people. Not the least amongst the advantages will be, that the labourer will thus be brought into direct and frequent communication with the landlord, who will be able gradually to give useful instruction as to the most profitable mode of cultivating the land, so as to obtain the largest amount of produce. The rent should be a fair rent, and the quantity of ground not larger than can be managed in the intervals of labour for hire.”

We would venture to suggest that, in all such cases, the rent should bear a certain proportion to the produce. Thus while the landlord, in good years, might be a gainer, in years of failure the tenant would not, in addition to the loss of his labour, be burdened with a debt which he could not pay, and by which his future efforts for his own benefit might be grievously hindered.

We agree with the commissioners in thinking that the condition of the Irish labourer is most deplorable, and that “it would be impossible to describe adequately the privations which they and their families habitually and patiently endure.” We are far, however, from regarding that patience, and that passive acquiescence in calamity, with the same unqualified admiration. In our opinion much of what is most lamentable in their condition arises out of their insensibility to miseries which would be felt by the corresponding class in England or in Scotland as quite unendurable. The commissioners refer to evidence by which it is proved “that in many districts their only food is the potato, their only beverage water; that their cabins are seldom a protection against the weather; that a bed or a blanket is a rare luxury, and that nearly in all, their pig and manure heap constitute their only property.” This is, unhappily, too true; nor would it be difficult to remedy, to a certain extent, such a state of things if it was felt as grievous by the sufferers as it is painful to the beholders. But that is not the case. Nothing would be easier to the Irish peasant than to repair his dwelling, so that it should be at least weather-fenced, to observe some habits of order and

cleanliness within, and to provide some sort of out-door accommodation for his pig, so that that filthy animal should no longer be a nuisance in his household. And if he neglect these things, it is assuredly because they give him very little trouble, and habit has reconciled him to sights and sounds, and taught him to endure privations and sufferings which in other countries are not experienced, because they would not be submitted to by the labouring population.

We therefore say, and in language which to many may appear paradoxical, that *the great want* in Ireland, as regards the labouring classes, is *THE WANT OF WANTS*. The first thing to be done for their real improvement is, to raise the standard of personal and domestic comfort in their own minds. The commissioners suggest that in all the holdings of such occupiers, pig-cots and dung pits, in convenient places, should be provided at the expense of the landlords. But, with the present habits of the peasantry, how long would they be kept in repair? And how many are the well-known instances in which benevolent individuals have essayed, after such a fashion, to raise their condition, and been disappointed? No, the change must commence in the

mind of the Irish labourer, which is to operate any beneficial effect upon his habits or character. He must be taught to respect himself. He must be taught the sinfulness, as well as the degradation, of rushing into the matrimonial connexion with the blind impulse of the beasts of the field, without any forecast or consideration of the miseries which he must almost inevitably entail upon the wretched progeny whom he may bring into the world. The commissioners may depend upon it that as long as the habits of our labouring peasantry continue what they are, as long as their scale of comfort remains as low as it is, and as long as they are content to propagate their race with no better prospects of provision for their children than their own parents had for themselves, so long will it be impossible, by any remedial measures, which merely contemplate their external circumstances, to raise them from their present degradation; and until they are brought into kindly relation with their landlords, which cannot be until it is safe for landlords to live in the country, but little, if any thing, can be done towards that improvement in their character without which no permanent improvement in their condition *can* take place.*

* The following we extract from the third number of the *North British Review*. It is, we believe, from the pen of Dr. Chalmers, and is well calculated to expose the drivelling of certain sentimentalists on the subject of excessive population.

"While it thus holds true, that to keep any country right in the matter of population, it is in no way required that all the people in it shall become economic philosophers; for it were enough if each were provided with an education which did sufficient justice to him as a moral, an intellectual, and an accountable being, and he were then simply left to the management of his own affairs in the way he deemed best for his own comfort and his own credit; yet we join not in the cry of 'Leave population to itself; God will provide for all whom he brings into the world, and therefore let us feel absolved from all care and all calculation on the subject of marriages.' On the contrary, we hold it no more safe and right for a man to proceed recklessly in this than in any other department of his affairs; nor can we understand why all wisdom and forethought, so laudable in every thing else, should have no place in the most important step in the history of human life. Man, in fact, should be reckless in nothing, but reckless in every thing; and the only question is, what, in the concern of marriage, he should reck or reckon upon? Not, as some economists would most grotesquely have him to do, not on the world's or the country's population, but solely on his own means, and on his own circumstances, so that he may decide aright on what is best and wisest for himself. Let us but have a well-trained commonalty; and in their hands such a decision will, on the whole, be safe, so that all our apprehensions on the subject of an excessive population might then go to sleep. A good result particular in each case would infallibly land us in a good result universal. Doubtless the ever watchful providence of God will ever be present, and will ever have the rule in human affairs, and be characterized throughout by the principle of a wise and righteous administration. Imprudence will be followed up, as it always is, by suffering. Prudence and virtue will verily have their rewards. And marriage forms no exception to the rule or method of the divine government in the world. Observation, we are sure, does not tell us

• “Instarpes,” the commissioners tell us, “are to be seen in every part of the country, of estates, upon which the liberal conduct and active superintendence of a resident landlord—or, of a resident and judicious agent—have established a system of progressive improvement as to the land, and of *increasing* comfort to the people, which are, unfortunately, wanting in other districts.” The evidence is not yet before us; but let these instances be particularized, and we are bold to say, they will bear out the preceding observations; and that moral training has combined with, if not preceded, the *other causes* which have produced this gratifying amelioration. But, in those parts of the country from which the landlords are obliged to fly, how can such a course of superintendence be expected? And what other results can follow than those which have hitherto followed, from leaving an ignorant peasantry either at the mercy, or under the domination, of ruthless savages, by whom the whole frame-work of society has been disorganized?

It would be difficult to imagine a more significant sign of the times, or one more indicative of the state of society in which we live, than the fact that one of our most respectable citizens, Mr. Lamprey of Westmoreland street, has employed his ingenuity, as we learn, with considerable success, in contriving a species of light armour, which shall be bullet-proof, and which may be worn by our gentry, without inconvenience, in those districts, where their lives are exposed to constant danger. Good God! to what a condition is our unfortunate country reduced, when, because of the inefficacy of the existing laws, our land proprietors find such a contrivance necessary for their safety!

The coat of mail which Mr. Lamprey exhibits, is, we are told, a most beautiful specimen of its kind, and is well worthy the notice of all who are obnoxious to the Riband conspiracy, or who, because of their activity in the detection or the prosecution of crime, have reason to apprehend a miscreant's vengeance.* But until some better security is provided, which will render it no longer, to our gentry, a service of danger to live upon their estates, how will it be *possible to carry out* any views of improvement which contemplate the benefit of the humbler classes, and which we believe, the noblemen and gentlemen of Ireland were never more ready to entertain, than when the outrages of an excited peasantry compelled them to take thought for their own preservation.

In all that we have hitherto said, we would not for a moment have it imagined that there are not in Ireland had landlords. We believe that individuals who deserve to be so denominated are to be found both in England and Scotland as well as in Ireland; and we are greatly deceived if they exist in a greater proportion in this than in the other portions of the empire. Capital we want—a *resident proprietary* we want; there is a great want of employment for labour—and if, in England or in Scotland, the law of the land was a dead letter when called into operation against the system of crime, capital and a resident proprietary would soon become as scarce as they are in Ireland. But it is not by a commission, such as the present, that the evil would be met, if it were felt at the other side of the channel as we feel it here.

Again, we repeat, we have no wish to skreen from public obloquy the men who regard the rent roll every

• 80. Let marriages be generally improvident; and if we are not surprised at finding, that in each individual case, destitution or disease is the consequence, why should we be startled or surprised when told, that an aggregate of such cases must land us in a wretched and degraded population? Or let marriages be generally provident, and if there be nothing inexplicable in the connection between such an outset for an household, and the subsequent comfort and prosperity that prevail in it—why should it be deemed a monstrous or paradoxical doctrine, when the connection is affirmed between the habit of provident marriages in any land, and the cheering spectacle of its thriving and well-conditioned families?”

* Upon the first advertisement of his contrivance, Mr. Lamprey received two hundred and fifty orders, many of them from gentlemen residing in the disturbed parts of the country. But it has not, on proof, been found quite to answer the ingenious manufacturer's expectations, as, although proof against a pistol, it is not so against a musket-ball.

thing, and the tenantry nothing, but as they are subservient to their greed of gain; who look to the multiplication of corn or cattle upon their estates more than to the comfort of the human families who are under their superintendence. If such there be, and we believe such there are, they are deserving of heavy censure. As far as our observation has extended, they belong to a class who are identified in politics with the public disturbers. We would be glad to hear whether any exception can be taken against the Marquis of Downshire, the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Lorton, the Duke of Manchester, the Earl of Donoughmore, Colonel Connolly, in their dealings with those who hold immediately under them as occupiers of land? We might enlarge the list, until it embraced almost all the Conservative gentry in Ireland, and confidently ask, who amongst them can be fairly set down as an oppressor of the poor—or what one of them has not evinced, by more than sounding words, his anxiety for the benefit of the people? We know, at the same time, that there are liberals by profession, but tyrants in practice, whose votes in the House, or whose speeches upon the hustings, or at the Repeal Association, are strangely at variance with their conduct as landlords,—and who, like the fat man who complained of the pressure of the crowd, create themselves a great proportion of the misery respecting which they make the most pathetic lamentations. We have no desire to stir any question by which individuals might be made subjects for public animadversion. But if the Irish gentry are to be arraigned as culprits, we desire, in the first place, to have them fairly tried; and, in the second place, we do not think it unreasonable to demand that the good shall not be confounded with the bad; and that the vast majority of the Irish landlords shall not suffer for the misdeeds of a few, whose conduct, when properly considered, constitutes not the rule but the exception.

Nor, in considering the question how far it is practicable to improve the condition of the Irish peasant, should the important distinction be neglected between those who are willing and those who are unwilling to aid in their own improvement, it requires but a slight acquaintance with the

country to know that the classes are numerous in which but little desire exists, and no practical effort will be made, to rise above the low level to which they have been accustomed.

Others there are in whom there is an upward tendency, which only requires that obstructions should be removed to raise them to a condition of comfort and independence. But they know little of Ireland who do not know that in the case of vast numbers this tendency has yet to be given; and that it is vain to remove obstructions, or even to propose advantages, if no disposition exists by which they might be made available for the benefit of those for whom they are intended.

And this constitutes one of the difficulties which Irish proprietors have to encounter in dealing with the peasantry for the possession of land. A farm, we will suppose, becomes unoccupied. For the possession of this there is great competition. The class of unimproving tenants, whose scale of comfort is very low, and who are willing "to draw nutrition, propagate, and rot," upon the lowest terms upon which human nature can subsist, will naturally outbid the improving tenants, who desire to possess the comforts and decencies of life, and who do not consider a mere permission to live a sufficient return for their capital and their labour. Here is a great temptation to a grasping landlord to close with the unimproving tenant for the highest rent; and also a great temptation to the improving tenant to offer a higher rent than he could well afford to pay. Doubtless, if the landlord be wise and provident, he will best consult his own interest by not exacting a higher rent than an honest and industrious tenant could fairly offer. But such prudence in consulting most wisely for their own best interests is not always to be found amongst our proprietors, or their agents, and the instances are, therefore, not a few, in which either the unimproving tenant obtains the land, or the improving tenant becomes so burdened with rent, that the energy which would lead him to better his condition is extinguished.

Now this, we believe, is the crying evil of the occupiers of land in Ireland. It is an evil for which we do not consider the great land proprietors, who

bold in fee, responsible. In the vast majority of instances, we believe, their lands have passed, at long leases and very moderate rents, into the hands of middlemen, with whom alone the humbler class of tenants have to deal, so that *their* condition will depend very much upon the character or the circumstances, the wisdom or the folly, of those from whom alone their title to occupancy could be derived. Our intelligent readers will see at once the vast importance of the view which this state of things lays open, and the duty which it imposes upon our public men to aid, by every constitutional expedient, in raising the standard of comfort in the minds of the people, and to afford every reasonable facility, and every fair encouragement, to the only description of tenantry which it is desirable that any proprietor should possess, and from whom alone the peaceful and prosperous cultivation of the land can be expected.

The rule, therefore, by which we are disposed to judge of the recommendations of the commissioners, is, how far are they calculated to encourage the class of useful and improving tenants, or to raise into an improving condition that other class who are, alas! but too numerous, and who may be described as mere cumberers of the soil, when they are not the instruments of agrarian outrage in the hands of more designing incendiaries? Nor are we without a hope that many of the suggestions contained in the report will, if acted upon, be attended with advantage. Of this kind are those which respect the indemnity for improvements, and the summary dispossession of defaulting tenants by distress and ejectment. We have always considered it a hard thing that one who, by his labour or his capital, added considerably to the value of the land, should have no security for the continued occupation of it, beyond that which the character of his landlord for equity and forbearance might afford; and that his dispossession should be attended, in addition to the loss of his farm, with the loss of the whole value of his improvements. We are very well aware that in the majority of cases, indeed, we would say in almost all cases where the landlord can be called a *gentleman*, whether of the class of middlemen or of head proprie-

tors, there is much of kindly consideration for the improving tenant, and that the instances are not many in which his exposed condition is taken advantage of, and the "*summum jus*" enforced against him. We have, however, known *some* such instances. But the cases are very numerous in which the poor man's immediate landlord is *not* a gentleman; and in these cases the oppression is very often extreme which one poor man has to endure from another. In such cases the equitable claims of the tenant only serve to stimulate the rapacity of the grinding extortioner from whom he holds, and his improvements are only so many additional inducements to wrest from him a possession, for which, because of what had been expended upon it, a higher rent may be obtained. It is for tenants placed in such circumstances we chiefly desire security and protection; and the following observations of the Commissioners are, we think, entitled to very grave attention:—

"Although it is certainly desirable that the fair remuneration to which a tenant is entitled for his outlay of capital, or of labour, in permanent improvements, should be secured to him by voluntary agreement rather than by compulsion of law; yet, upon a review of all the evidence furnished to us upon the subject, we believe that some legislative measure will be found necessary in order to give efficacy to such agreements, as well as to provide for those cases which cannot be settled by private arrangement.

"We earnestly hope that the legislature will be disposed to entertain a bill of this nature, and to pass it into a law with as little delay as is consistent with a full discussion of its principle and details.

"We are convinced that in the present state of feelings in Ireland, no single measure can be better calculated to allay discontent, and to promote substantial improvement throughout the country. In some cases, the existence of such a law will incline the landlord to expend his own capital in making permanent improvements. In others, he may be called upon, on the eviction or retirement of tenants, to provide the amount for which their claims may be established under the act.

"The power which we have already recommended to be given to enable persons under legal disabilities, to charge their estates for certain purposes, will

assist in rendering effectual the provisions for compensation here referred to, and in providing against an undue pressure on existing landlords from their operation.

"We do not express these opinions, without having come to the conclusion from a careful examination of the whole subject, that a satisfactory enactment may be framed for this purpose, which should contain some such provisions as the following :—

"1.—A power to register, with clerk of the peace, agreements between landlord and tenant, relative to improvements on farms by draining, or otherwise, and on farm buildings, &c., with a power to assistant barrister to enforce same, with an appeal to judge of assize.

"2.—In cases where parties do not agree, a power to tenant to serve notice on landlord of any proposed improvement in farm buildings, offices, or exterior fences, the suitability thereof to be reported on by mutually chosen arbitrators, with power to the assistant barrister, on such report, and after examination, to decide and certify the maximum cost, not exceeding three years' rent.

"3.—If tenant be ejected, or his rent raised within thirty years, the landlord to pay such a sum, not exceeding the maximum fixed, as work shall then be valued at.

"4.—Provisions for the registration of such adjudications—works to be completed within a limited time from date thereof—and landlord to have power to execute, charging five per cent. on outlay, not exceeding estimate stated therein."

With respect to the remedy by distress, many abuses existed, for which, we think, the commissioners have suggested some very suitable remedies. The right to seize upon growing crops they would abolish altogether; and our readers may well believe that the security which it afforded was much less than the odium which it occasioned, or the wanton oppression to which it gave rise.

While we write, we are presented with the first volume of the evidence taken before the commissioners, and almost the first page upon which we have opened, furnishes matter confirmatory of much that we have already stated. We quote from the testimony of Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, assistant-barrister for the county of Kilkenny—a gentleman who was one of

the most able and energetic of the agitators during the struggle for emancipation, but who, from the moment his party obtained what he conceived to be their rights, retired from political notoriety, and has ever since usefully and honourably confined himself to the discharge of his professional duties :—

"18. Do you recollect any cases coming officially before you, in which Mr. Richard Shee, a landlord in Kilkenny, was the party?—Yes, several cases, and at many sessions. In a recent instance he brought an ejectment for rent, due last September, and refused a tender from his tenant on the 2nd of October, because he was not tendered the costs of a then unserved ejectment for that rent.

"19. Has he usually been the complainant?—Yes, and also complained against: for instance, a tenant of his brought an action before me against him, in trover; but the action was misconceived. It was under these circumstances :—This poor man had his crop standing, an almost green crop at the time; it did not appear on the evidence to be fit for reaping. Mr. Shee detained the green crop; he had it cut down by his men, as was his right according to law; but I think a very harsh law, and I should be very glad to see it abolished; but he cut down the crop. It was very badly saved; it was, on the evidence, in such a state that it was ready to heat, and they were obliged to re-make it, as I recollect, and at the expense of the tenant, and the law allows it. It was re-made; and in a few days afterwards it was wanted for what it produced. In that state it produced very little indeed; but whatever it produced, it was stated to be bought up by a person who was surmised to be a trustee of Mr. Shee, and Mr. Shee did not appear to give any credit for the amount of that sale; the party was obliged to pay the entire rent. The next Christmas or so he tendered the whole of the rent and paid it, and he asked for an allowance of what the crop produced, mismanaged as it was. Mr. Shee refused this, and the man brought his action before me to see if he could get redress for the injury I have just mentioned; and, on appeal, the man was dismissed, and eventually he got no satisfaction for what I considered to be exceedingly oppressive conduct, and which I stated to be such upon the occasion.

"20. The corn was cut for the accruing rent?—For the rent due in May, I

think; and I have no hesitation in saying, that it was possible to consider a subject of this kind before this tribunal, or if it was not supposed to be out of place for me to mention it now, it appears to me to be an enactment which requires amendment; I wish to see, amongst other things, a repeal of that clause—I mean the power of the landlord to come upon the land and seize the green or standing crops.

"21. In the case where a landlord seizes the standing crop, does the law provide any remedy against any extravagant expense in making it up?—Not by that law, but he does it at his peril; but the tenant has then to go to law with him, and show that he could have done it better himself, or that the landlord mismanaged it; and he must proceed by a special action upon the case generally, before me, which is nothing more than setting forth the whole of the particulars of his alleged grievance.

"22. Does that involve the tenant in a great expense?—Yes, it does some; but merely of a process and hearing before me.

"23. Greater than any other civil bill process?—No.

"24. What is the expense of that civil bill?—Between five shillings and six shillings—six shillings I should say.

"25. It drives the tenant to be the complainant?—Yes; he must submit to it or bring it before me. In this case, the evidence bore that he got nothing; his crop was seized, it was mis-saved; it was, in fact, lost to him; it was wasted for the amount it would fetch, and I believe he got nothing.

"26. Are instances, such as you have now spoken of, frequent in the county of Kilkenny?—Not at all, no such thing, to my recollection. In my experience of the landlords in the county, they are excellent landlords. Among others, Lord Ormond is a pattern for landlords.

"27. Do you apply your remark to the head landlords, or would you extend it to the middlemen?—Yes, I would say pretty much so, indeed; but I should say that I find more oppression by the poor people among themselves than by the head & upper landlords against the lower tenantry. Whenever a man gets into the possession of land as a middleman, with a small capital—and there are many of that description—and he has tenants under him, that man is more oppressive than any other man as a landlord. The poor do oppress each other amazingly, and use great exactions.

"28. You have given it as your opinion that the landlord's right of detaining growing crops might be done away with?—Yes, I have; I deprecate

it exceedingly."—*Evidence taken before the Commissioners, vol. I., page 96.*

There is one subject upon which the commissioners have not touched, and without a reference to which it would be impossible for the inhabitants of other parts of the empire to judge aright respecting the relation between landlord and tenant in Ireland—that is, the control exercised over the consciences and the conduct of the peasantry by the Roman Catholic priests. This is a power to which there is nothing analogous in the sister kingdom, and one which amounts to an interference with the legitimate influence of property, such as would there be regarded with very great jealousy, if, indeed, it would be at all endured. Let us suppose the case of a good landlord—one who is a father to his tenantry, kind, humane, indulgent, moderate, charitable—is it very unreasonable in him to expect that his wishes and his opinions should have some weight with his tenantry on the occasion of an election? It would not be so deemed in England; and certain we are that if the constituents upon the estate of such a man employed their elective franchise systematically in direct hostility to his views, they could not calculate upon any long continuance of the kindly relation that subsisted between them. But it is well known that in the popish districts such is almost universally the case in Ireland. Here every instance in which a landlord confers the elective franchise upon a Roman Catholic peasant, may be considered one in which he creates a political enemy, by acting as a friend, and increases the momentum of that power which threatens to dismember the empire. Now, we ask, how is it possible, in such a state of things, to expect that those feelings of kindness and confidence can be reciprocated, to which the commissioners look forward as the indispensable prerequisite to any remedial measures which they recommend?

We will be asked, is not the peasant to give his vote according to the dictates of his conscience? We answer, unquestionably he is, no matter how erroneous or misinformed that conscience may be, which he has placed in the keeping of his priest. But we ask, in turn, is not the landlord to be

permitted to have a conscience also? Supposing that he is perfectly ready to forgive and forget the indignity done to himself—is he, in his relation with his tenantry, to act irrespectively of what he believes is required for the good of the country? If he believes that a repeal of the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland would be followed by convulsion, misery, and ruin, by which the empire would be disorganized, and its security compromised, and that every vote which he contributes to create will be employed, at the instigation of artful and wicked agitators, for the accomplishment of an object so big with evil—upon what principle can the peasant's right to this fearful abuse of his privilege be vindicated, while it is denied that the landlord has any right to follow the dictates of prudence or of conscience, in making such a disposition of his property as may best avert such threatened danger?

So far, we think, the reader will admit, there is a difference between the position of the English, and that of the Irish landlord, as respects the facility of maintaining a good understanding with their tenantry—and that the former is greatly more favoured than the latter, by the circumstances which tend to produce and to continue such a happy relation between them. In Ireland, the "*idem velle, idem nolle*," is wanting upon subjects of most momentous concern—and alienation and antipathies are the consequence, to a degree that no kindness can conquer; often manifesting themselves on those critical emergencies, when an English landlord would be almost certain to find that he and his tenantry were of one heart and one mind—while the Irish proprietor is compelled to witness the most favoured occupiers of his best farms amongst the fiercest of his enemies. We believe that, notwithstanding this most unhappy state of things, the forbearance of the Irish landlords has been very great—and that the instances are comparatively few, (as, indeed, the commissioners, after a manner, acknowledge,) in which they have suffered themselves, in their dealings with their tenantry, to be influenced by merely political or personal considerations.

But there is another view of the subject, which it is even more important to hold in mind. In England, the proprietor of a large estate is, to a great extent, responsible for the moral condition of his tenantry. It is his bounden duty to see that they be not left without those aids of secular knowledge, and of religious teaching, by which they may be duly brought up in the way they should go; and where he neglects this duty, there it would not be unjust to impute to him much of the crime, and much of the misery, of which such neglect may be the cause. Here, however, the case is very different. The Irish peasant is sedulously taught not to receive moral or religious instruction from any other instrumentality than that of his own priesthood. We enter not, now, into the question how far a wise and enlightened system of Scriptural instruction might, or might not, if persevered in, have been successful in Ireland. It is clear that the government have abandoned any such idea, and have deliberately, by means of the National Schools, handed over the popish peasantry to the teaching of the Roman Catholic priests. Therefore, for their teaching, that body are to be held responsible. Whatever be the idea which an Irish peasant forms respecting the obligation of an oath—whatever be the sentiment which he cherishes towards his Protestant neighbour—whatever be the character of his morality in the jury-box—or the sycophancy by which he persuades himself, that killing is no murder—for all this, the landlord is not accountable—who would only be denounced as an inhuman oppressor, if he attempted to "shew him a more excellent way." This we say, not entering into the question—how far they are, or are not rightly instructed in these important matters; but simply, to use a homely metaphor, that the saddle might be put upon the right horse—and that the Irish landlords should not be held responsible for ignorance—for errors—for perversities of moral sentiment, and uncharitableness of opinions—for which, if ever so well disposed, they would not be permitted to find a remedy—and which all who know this country well must know to be amongst the principal causes of the state of lawlessness and outrage by

which it is so unhappily distinguished. But this is a subject upon which we cannot more largely enter at present. Suffice it to say, that it is altogether pretermitted in the report before us, while all who know the state of Ireland will acknowledge that it is a most important ingredient in the consideration of the relation between landlord and tenant, and one without a reference to which, that relation, as it subsists in the country, cannot be rightly apprehended.

It is clear that the Romish priest, or the agitator, here, exercises an influence which is recognized as belonging to the landlord in England. We do not at present pronounce whether that is a good or an evil. All that we say, is, *that it is a fact*, and unless due allowance be made for the disturbing influence which such an interference must bring along with it, it will be impossible either to think soundly, or legislate wisely, respecting the agrarian disorders of Ireland. The following are the concluding remarks of the commissioners, and they are entitled to grave attention.

"The foundation of almost all the evils by which the social condition of Ireland is disturbed, is to be traced to those feelings of mutual distrust, which too often separate the classes of landlord and tenant, and prevent all united exertion for the common benefit.

"It has been truly said that confidence is a plant of slow growth. It is, however, a plant which will flourish well in Irish soil, if cultivated with *patience* and with care.

"We say particularly with patience, because we believe that many excellent persons, having the best intentions towards improving the cultivation of the soil, and the condition of the people in

Ireland, have been too easily diverted from their course by feelings of disappointment at the slow progress which is made towards the attainment of those ends, and the little result which is perceived from their most anxious endeavours.

"We would earnestly impress upon such persons, and upon all who have the interest of Ireland at heart, not hastily to relax from those exertions, which circumstances may enable them to make, in forwarding the march of improvement amongst their poorer neighbours.

"Without touching upon the political or other causes, which may have contributed to create a feeling of distrust, we cannot disguise from ourselves, that the Irish peasant is inclined to look with suspicion upon all attempts of of his landlord to inculcate new habits or to introduce new plans for the management of his lands.

"Every considerate and benevolent landlord will make much allowance for this feeling. He will not suffer any exhibition of it to turn him aside from any scheme of improvement upon which, after deliberation, he has determined to enter.

"He must be prepared for frequent disappointment. He will occasionally meet with ingratitude and injustice; but if he perseveres in a spirit of kindness, united with firmness of purpose, he may confidently look to a well-merited reward, probably in the advancement of his personal interest, but certainly in the improvement of the district in which he lives, and the increasing comfort of the people around him."

For the present we must conclude, but with the hope of being able to resume our notice of this report, and the very valuable and voluminous evidence by which it is accompanied, in our next number.

THE TWO PORTRAITS.

THE following poem is founded on a historical fragment of strange and surpassing interest. The beautiful daughter (by a Spanish lady,) of the Emperor Charles V. was united, after many vicissitudes, to a long-beloved youth of the fallen family of the Medici, whose involvement in the hostilities of his uncle, Pope Clement VII. with Charles, threatened at one time to place between them an insuperable bar. Peace, however, having been restored—chiefly by means of the young man's mediation—the worldly felicity of the lovers was consummated, by the restoration to the Dukedom of Florence of the descendant of its former lords, and every accessory which wealth and prosperity could lend to a union, founded on the deepest and most enthusiastic attachment.

The insufficiency of rank and splen-

dour, however, even when united with conjugal affection, was strikingly exemplified by the agonies inflicted on the youthful duchess by the factious opposition to the restored duke's sovereignty, and other cares of royalty. These inspired her with the idea—readily adopted by her husband—of their mutual retirement from public life, to dedicate the remainder of a career (whose shortness she predicted) to preparation for eternity. Previous, however, to this abdication, at the duchess's request, the painter Tintoretto received 1,000 crowns, to paint them in all the paraphernalia of royalty, on condition he would swear on the holy Evangelists, to represent them faithfully six weeks after their decease, which took place very shortly, within a week of each other.

Two portraits, in one fair Italian hall,
Hang side by side—a husband and a wife,
Shaming all else on that rich-studded wall,
Though clothed with wondrous mimicry of life,
And life-transcending beauty, by the strife
Of rarest, antique limners!—Still from all
Turns the eye ever, on the forms to rest
Of yon fond pair, by Love and Fortune blest!

Yes!—Love and Fortune joined, as ne'er before,
They ceased their feuds, and leagued them to bestow
Gifts rarely found united—as no more
They, reconciled, walk hand and hand below!
Fortune too oft, alas! forbears to pour
In Love's averted lap superfluous store—
Yet did she bid unheeded jewels glow
On yon fair brow; while Love's own rosy wreath
Showed but the fairer for the crown beneath.

And who were they, thus privileged to dream
Of Love beneath a diadem?—to twine
Roses round monarch brows? Yes—not to seem,
But to be happy, e'en at grandeur's shrine!
From Misery's chill dominion to redeem,
Earth's splendours, yet become themselves the theme
Of Misery's lessons? Of imperial line
Sprang she, whose smiles outshine yon jewel's blaze—
And he (of princely race) no alien sceptre sways.

A child of youthful, stolen love—yet prized
 By Europe's haughty ruler*—long she lay
 A diamond in the mine; but recognized
 With tardy fondness, burst upon the day,
 (Like the bright sun by envious clouds disguised,)
 To be by courtiers hailed and idolized.
 Yet not by such alone, for Beauty's sway
 Needs not court favour nor obsequious arts
 To win young Love, and prostrate willing hearts.

All worshipped, many loved, but only one
 Bartered devotion for that answering smile
 That overpays e'en love—a gallant son
 Of the proud Medici—who, throned erewhile
 In fickle Florence—now, their empire's sun
 Long set—in foreign wars obscurely won
 The soldier's laurelled pittance, to beguile
 Sad thoughts of exile; yet whose soul of fire,
 Still princely, might to princes' child aspire.

He urged his suit with all that modest grace
 Love lends e'en suppliant monarchs—yet the pride
 Which spotless ancestry and noble race
 Inspires in fallen fortunes. She replied
 As one who thrones had scorned, to be *his* bride,
 And, cheered by *him*, wooed exile and disgrace—
 Yet clung too fondly to that new-found place—
 A parent's breast—to baster, e'en for Love,
 The hallowed ties so late by Nature wove.

"Nay," whispered she, (who marked the loftier state
 Designed her by her sire,) "not yet, alas!
 May Love plead e'en for *thee*! A royal mage
 Charles for his dove now seeks; but time will pass
 And be our friend: amid the empire's weight
 Will sink forgotten e'en a daughter's fate!
 Go, meantime—God go with *thee*!—from the mass
 Of nameless men thy prostrate fortunes raise—
 Win Fame, woo Hope, and live for happier days!"

Heart-broken he obeyed—but vainly swelled
 With hopes of Fame his bosom. Duty hailed
 With sterner voice his ear. Europe beheld,
 Amazed, a Pontiff's banner prostrate, veiled
 Beneath an Emperor's—*nay*, that Pontiff held
His captive, who thus proudly rebelled!
 Hard was this part of *him*, who saw assailed
 His kinsman's triple crown,† and to it clung,
 'Gainst one on whom Love, Hope, existence hung!

The Goth once more in Rome!—and in his train
 Barbarian outrage, rapine, murder, flame!
 Such deeds to see, and (pow'rless to restrain)
 See unavenged—was *this* to conquer Fame?

* The Emperor Charles V.

† Clement VII. of the House of Medici.

Oft rose such thoughts, to aggravate the pain
Of him who, Duty's martyr, shared the chain
Of captive Clement, through long months of shame;
Then, with him linked in ignominious flight,
Beheld Hope vanish from his aching sight.

Two long years past, by tidings unbeguiled
Of her who held his heart in hopeless thrall;
Till (said we not that Fortune strangely smiled
Upon their loves?) once more at Duty's call
Went forth the youth—not now in conflict wild
'Gainst all he loved—but from the reconciled
And humbled Pope, bearer of more than all
Imperial pride had craved; nor fraught alone
With others' homage—all unstained his own!

He knelt a suppliant, and a conqueror rose,
Not o'er that heart which still had owned his away,
But o'er a sterner. Pleased the wounds to close
Of bleeding Christendom—the tide to stay
Of godless strife—triumphant o'er his foes,
The Emperor's breast with kindlier feelings glows;
Ambition's visions for his child give way
Before Love's pleadings, and his daughter's voice
He hears benign, and ratifies her choice.

Oh, Joy! enhanced by years of hope deferred,
How didst thou through these youthful bosoms thrill?
What wast to them, (who from one little word
Had reaped Life's utmost bliss,) what else might fill
Its idle measure? Not a pulse e'en stirred
When, on its Dukes' descendant, Charles conferred
Florence once more; and riches, inoptive still,
Piled round the throne, which to its tenants blest
Seemed but Love's altar, still with roses drest!

But Life, alas! has thorns, and those that lurk
'Neath crowns, 'tis said, are sharpest! As of old,
Faction in Florence revelled, and her work
Still, as of yore, was murder! Steel for gold
Was bartered freely, and th' assassin's drink
Did oft to midnight moon its gleam unfold.
Such thoughts as these, with agonies untold,
Harrowed the bosom of the youthful bride,
Oft as her lord was severed from her side.

One fatal day, when mid th' unholy strife
Of civil conflict, on her tortured ear
Rang cries of "blood," (still with th' assassin's knife
Associated, in which she seemed to hear
The knell of all that anchored her to life,)
Sank down, of sense bereft, th' unhappy wife.
In vain the Duke, unharmed, o'er one so dear
Hung, lavishing caresses—'mid the dead
Numbered she seemed—all consciousness had fled.

Nor long could *one*, of beings thus entwined,
Hover 'twixt life and death—nay, to the tomb
Seem destined—and the other leave behind.
With horror overcome, and funeral gloom,

• The husband from his wife his arms entwined,
And he, too, lifeless by her side reclined.
With female wailings rung the fatal room ;
But ah !—Love's power !—the words, " My Lord expires !"
Woke in his nigh cold bride, life's slumbering fires.

Summoned, as by th' Archangel's trump, she rose,
Pale and bewildered, from her death-like trance !
O'er her unconscious husband as she throws
One dubious, fearful, half-despairing glance,
See !—by that glance recalled—the life-blood glows,
Returning on his cheek—its current flows
Through both their veins ; and oh ! could aught enhance
Bliss such as theirs, 'twas thus again to meet
In that embrace, so fond, so wild, so sweet !

But joy like this, snatched on life's dizzy verge,
Is painful ; and, though rescued from th' abyss,
Ceas'd not the partner of her soul to urge,
No more to risk life's thread on scenes like this,
No more by thousand deaths to purchase bliss.
" Come, dearest !—from the world's unquiet surge
Withdraw our fragile bark ! Let this fond kiss,
To Him who with unnumbered gifts hath blest
Our life's bright morning, consecrate the rest !

" Farewell—a long farewell—to pomp and state,
Since least of all could these to peace avail ;
The world shall read its lesson in our fate,
Its mockeries sink rebuked before our tale !
Who ever steered like us, with jocund sail,
In Fortune's wake, before her favouring gale,
Whom, e'er again, shall all her smiles elate ?
Since 'mid youth, health, and greatness—ay, e'en *Love*—
With aching hearts we sigh for realms above !"

He heard—that princely youth, that gay bridegroom—
And did he mock, or strive in fond caress
To drown the voice that to the charnel's gloom,
• Still sadly pointed, yet ne'er faltered less
Than when its accents sealed the early doom
Of those who hailed a haven in the tomb ?
No ! In *his* youthful bosom's hollowness
It found an echo ; and, without a sigh,
He, too, bade pomp adieu, and lived—to die !

Yet ere from Life's full feast they sated rose,
Ere idle gauds of state they cast aside
For palmer's weeds, one fond petition flows
From the sweet lips, ne'er yet a boon denied,
Of the still idolized, half-sainted bride.
" List, dearest husband, nor my wish oppose !
Fain would I leave one legacy to those
Who faithful served us living, and will mourn
• When we ere long shall cross Death's awful bourne .

• " Come, let once more that glittering circlet deck
The brow it soon had furrowed ! I will bind
Once more those vagrant locks, which o'er my neck
(Like our imprisoned selves) shall in the wind
Henceforth roam free, for ever unconfined.

Like men escaped from richly-freighted wreck,
 Loaded with all of gems they scattered find,
 Let's teach our weary limbs once more the weight
 Of that which well nigh sunk us—wealth and state!

"Dost marvel, dearest—h'Wy?—a moral lies
 In that fantastic pageant, hidden deep.
 Before its curious, ever-wandering eyes
 We'll bid the world one sad memento keep—
 One ghastly answer to its mockeries!
 A thousand crowns shall be the limner's prize
 Who paints us now—gay, gorgeous, in life's flow—
 Nor shrinks to paint us when Death lays us low."

And he was found! Yon forms that living start
 From out their canvas, Tintoretto's skill
 Endued, with life and beauty; and his art
 (Bound by deep adjurations to fulfil
 His awful compact)—when their nobler part
 To Heaven too soon had fled—with sick'ning heart,
 Yet ever-faithful pencil, sadly gave
 To view the secrets of their rifled grave!

And did it close so soon, as presage strange
 Whispered to her, who first its coming shade
 Felt cast across her path—portending change
 Such as men quail at, when some comet, strayed
 From its far orbit's half-forgotten range—
 Or pale eclipse, with woflfling eyes surveyed,
 Bids Nature's loveliest suns grow dim, and fade?
 Yes—scarce was time allowed them to arrange
 Their brief farewell to greatness, ere was felt
 Life's self, though softly, from their grasp to melt.

She—the prophetic one—died first; no pang
 Of rude, ungentle sickness laid her low—
 She parted almost suddenly—just wrang
 Her loved lord's hand; and, though in act to go
 Half joyful, yet by signals strove to show
 How still on *him* her parting soul could hang.
 He but endured that blest, brief, widowed woe
 Which stays the closing grave, and bids it wait,
 And on one dweller more let fall its sheltering gate!

"THE NORTHERN LIGHTS."

The northern sky is filled with fires,
But not of lurid glow ;
White in the air, like icy spires
That shoot from banks of snow,
The rays from piled-up clouds ascend,
And pour a silver light,
Where heaven's eternal arches bend
Above the halls of night.

In vain have mortals toiled to scale
Those high and brilliant hills—
Sealed are the fountains pure and pale,
Of all their frozen rills.
No eagle's wing can soar so far—
No sun can melt the chain,
Let down in links from star to star,
To bind them to the main.

Mysterious, solemn, cold, and clear,
Their shapes majestic rise,
Like barriers round this earthly sphere—
Like gates of paradise ;
And when, at times, a glory streams
Along the shrouded land,
Like Eden's flaming sword it seems,
Waved by an angel's hand.

Ye wondrous fires, that seldom give
Your splendour to our clime,
But in your arctic region live
Through all revolving time,
Well may imagination faint
Before your sacred blaze,
And baffled science fail to paint
The source of heaven-lit rays.

PARK BENJAMIN

THE CONSULATE AND THE EMPIRE.—BY M. THIERS.

THE greatest drama of the modern world has at length found its historian; one who, however his own political leaning may dispose him to regard the motives of men opposed to him in a dubious or unfavourable light, or, however inclined to speak flatteringly of others whose opinions were more in conformity with his own, has yet claims to the character of a great historian, not only for his unquestionable ability as a writer, but for the ample opportunities he has enjoyed of access to materials and documents hitherto but imperfectly explored; but perhaps the greatest interest which attaches to his work, results from the fact, that it contains the sentiments of a great political chief on those events and those persons, whose consequences and whose characters have impressed our own age with the features we now recognize as the active principles of political Europe. This latter, while it adds to the individual interest of the volumes, of course detracts from the higher claims they might advance to impartiality. If we accept M. Thiers as a guide regarding facts, we must be cautious how far we are carried by his inferences. His own position—the demands of his party—require that the premises he laid down in his History of the Revolution, should enforce certain conclusions, and that the historian of the Empire should not be found at variance with the leader of the Opposition.

It may be supposed by many, that little remains to be said upon an era, on whose events so many able writers have already exercised their pens; that amid the mass of histories, memoirs, biographies, and published correspondences, facts and their motives have been ascertained, and sifted with as much of accuracy as can well be expected. This would appear the more probable, inasmuch as the events recorded were neither removed by time nor distance. The principal actors were many of them living; the documents which should explain circumstances of doubt or difficulty neither

lost nor mutilated; but yet it must be remembered that a heavy counterbalance to these advantages exists in the passions and prejudices of contemporaries, too nearly allied to the age they record not to be affected in the narrative, and for whose own sentiments they must seek a reason or an excuse in the very detail they are called upon to afford.

Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon* is, in this way, a striking illustration of how a great mind can be warped by the heat of political partisanship. No one questions his ability for his task; no one denies the advantages he possessed of access to state papers and other sources of information; still less has any one arraigned his sense of fairness and justice, so far as a conscientious use of such qualities could apply; but every one who has examined the period in question, and sought to inform himself on the character and acts of the great man of whose life he treats, is forced to avow that the work is one-sided and partial; that imputations are laid, and motives attributed, which neither facts warrant, nor inferences enforce; that a party bias pervades every portion of the volume, which seeks an opportunity for detraction in every thing, and is never satisfied save when tracing a hatred to England, and a Gallican perfidy in every act and word of the Consul or the Emperor.

Far be it from us to suppose that national antipathy is a thing of minor consequence, or that our "natural enemies," as, with more truth than liberality, we are in the habit of calling them, entertain towards us other feelings than those of jealous aversion; still less would we inveigh against the necessity of strengthening native feeling by an open and manly exposure of the real grounds of estrangement; but such a cause can never be served by any misrepresentation, nor any unfair imputation of motives, which, if disproved, only weaken our own position, and impair the value of that independent course we have taken regarding France.

* *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire* faisant suite à l'*Histoire de Révolution Française*. Par M. A. Thiers. Vols I. and II. 8vo. Paris: Paulin, 1845.

To suppose that there is any widely-spread good feeling between the nations would be a great mistake. Individuals may estimate fairly and honestly the claims of the rival kingdoms. We have no doubt that such men as Peel and Guizot approached closely to such a consummation; but it would be absurd to infer that the bulk of the population on either side "La Manche," entertain other sentiments than those of distrust and dislike. It is, therefore, more than ever the duty of the historian to guard against any encouragement to these feelings; to watch carefully lest, by any imputation, he might attribute motives which severe justice would not warrant, and lest he should descend from the dignity of history to the low level of a mere pamphleteer.

Alison, whose history has been so much lauded and assailed, is not without this great fault. The sneer of his exhibiting "Providence always on the side of the Tories," has its share of truth as well as venom. There is a tone of special pleading throughout, most unfavourable to the candid consideration of him who reads to learn; and the anxiety to "make out a case" for England, in our mind, detracts from, rather than elevates, the great part our country took in the troubled events of Europe.

Capefigue's voluminous work, "*Le Consulat et l'Empire*," has all the faults of its author to a most remarkable degree—gross flattery for all of his own party, "the *Legitimistes*," rancorous abuse and malevolent imputation on their adversaries, a hasty and ill-formed judgment of events imperfectly understood and inaccurately recorded; the whole conveyed in a tawdry style, disfigured by affectations and overlaid by false metaphors and ill-conceived allegory. The work could never be regarded as an authority, even where the author's own character for fairness was not fully understood and appreciated. M. Thiers, then, it may be allowed, has not been forestalled in the task which he has proposed to himself; neither the successes of Scott, Alison, or Capefigue, have filled up the great void of modern European history; and however well known the leading facts of that memorable period, the real history of the time, the accurate delineation of causes and events, the faith-

ful portraiture of men's minds and motives, has yet to be written, and the course of that mighty revolution is yet to be traced, whose windings we can see in the stupendous events of the Empire—the terrible struggle of the Hundred Days—the lethargic sleep of the Restoration, and lastly, in the popular revival of 1830—if we dare call that lastly, which no mean authority has styled "*le commencement du fin*."

M. Thiers concluded his History of the Revolution by an account of that famous "*coup d'état*"—the 18th Brumaire. He accordingly takes up the narrative of his future history on the day following that memorable event. The two volumes—all which have yet appeared in print—contain nine "books," of which the titles are—"*The Constitution of the Year VIII.*"—"*The Administration of the Interior*"—"*Ulm and Genoa*"—"*Marengo*"—"*Heliopolis*"—"*The Armistice*"—"*Hohenlinden*"—"*The Infernal Machine*"—"*The 'Neutrals.'*"

With the 18th Brumaire died the Directory, that new effort at a republican government, which men, horrified at the atrocities of the Convention, adopted with such avidity and such hope. Many, if not most of those who exercised its powers, were men of honest intentions—Carnot, Rewbell, Roger Ducos, and Sieyès were unquestionably both able and honorable men; yet their administration was a mere anarchy—less of bloodshed, but as much of popular outrage, as in the days of their predecessors. The guillotine was not used, but banishment replaced it; men were not compelled to accept assignats under penalty of death, but no one paid any thing. Never were circumstances more favourable for the development of Napoleon's genius than those which hailed his advent to power. The shock of the Revolution subsided; the scattered fragments of society lay powerless and inert; men, weary of division, worn out with strife, and eager for any opportunity to reconstruct the social edifice they had, with rash enthusiasm, destroyed, presented themselves with implicit obedience to the will of any bold enough and skilful enough to undertake the direction of affairs.

The powers conferred upon the Consulate were great—to re-establish order

in every department of the administration, to restore internal tranquillity to the state, and to procure a peace, honourable and permanent.

To assume the chief place among his colleagues, was, with Napoleon, a mere instinct—he took it without even assumption; and, on the very evening of their first deliberation, Sieyès himself acknowledged this superiority to Talleyrand, when he said, “We have got a master who knows every thing, can do every thing, and will do every thing.” Happily for the destinies of France, they sought not to thwart his great powers—a rivalry would have been ruinous. It was then, as if by common consent, arranged, that while Sieyès occupied himself in the construction of the new constitution, Bonaparte should administer the government of the state.

The great difficulty of the moment was the formation of an efficient ministry. In a monarchy, the ablest men are selected; but, in a republic, these are the very individuals who are the depositories of power; and consequently the choice must fall upon capacities of the second order—mere officials without responsibility; since true responsibility resides with their patrons. The men chosen, were, however, of no mean ability, nor gave their names destined to after obscurity. Talleyrand, Fouché, Cambacérès, Berthier, and Maret, were the individuals named—capacities of, perhaps, as varied and extended character as could be found within the same small number of persons; and here we may at once remark, that distinguishing trait of Bonaparte’s genius—a feature which marked every step of his great career, and ministered so powerfully to his successes—the faculty he possessed of judging and estimating the capacities of others. This fine and subtle quality of mind was with him an instinct. It was not mere ability which struck him, but the fitness of a particular man for a particular post, or duty—this he detected at a glance, and apportioned to each their part with an accuracy that seems little short of miraculous.

To restore the finances of the state to a condition of solvency, was his first great care. The abolition of all indirect taxation had reduced the revenue to the mere resources of direct taxation—a system which demands an

arrangement and a knowledge of the varied classes of the community, their wealth, and their vicissitudes, which only can be practised in highly-organized states; and this, it is needless to say, nowhere existed in the seventh year of the Republic (1799.) The collection of the tax was a series of abuses—the impost was almost put up to auction—the various officials between the payer and the “receiver-general” each obtaining his share of the spoil, to which a usury and a depreciated currency opened many roads to corruption. Acting on the advice of M. Gaudin, the new minister of finance, it was determined, somewhat hazardingly, perhaps, in the then state of public feeling, to recur to a practice which prevailed under the monarchy, and whose working had been found both successful and easy; and thus, instead of five thousand local commissaries, a central system was established, acting by local agents, and costing the state three millions annually instead of five.

The system was briefly this: the receiver-general was obliged to accept bills, at four months’ date, for the amount of tax due by those within his jurisdiction; the date was supposed to represent the reasonable delay that might ensue after demand, before payment of the tax; should the receiver-general obtain the impost earlier—say in two months—he gained two months of interest on the money, as a reward for his exertions. The immediate benefits of such a system were immense, inasmuch as they placed the sum of three millions, on approved security, at once, and on the first day of the year, at the command of the government.

The first great political measure of the new Consuls related to the law of hostages, or rather reprisals, by which the Vendéans were punished for all acts committed by members of their family. This severe enactment had justly excited public execration; nothing, save the headlong passion of a time of trouble and disorder, could have warranted so cruel a law; and its repeal was at once hailed by the country as an evidence of more enlightened jurisprudence. Bonaparte himself hastened to the prison of the Temple, to announce the glad tidings of freedom to many of the prisoners; and thus already was popularity acquired for the new government by an act which,

if emanating from the Directory, had been stigmatized with the reproach of a weak and unworthy concession. So true is it that to be moderate with profit and honour, you must be powerful also.

While Bonaparte exhibited his wise and conciliating course towards the members of a fallen, and now almost powerless party, towards the revolutionary faction his acts were marked by the utmost severity. The "Mauvaise," as the Patriotic Society was called, contained men of the most dangerous character; many of them were honestly minded, and some, as General Jourdan for example, were even illustrious and distinguished—yet was his name included in the list of the thirty-eight sentenced to banishment by Bonaparte—a measure which was far from meeting public approval; and Talleyrand himself, whom no one ever accused of sympathy for the popular party, obtained an exemption of punishment in favour of a man named Jorry, who had grossly insulted himself: his appeal was successful, as well as a burst of public opinion in favour of General Jourdan.

The success of the new government was, however, such, that they were enabled to repeal the severe enactment we have spoken of, and the sentence of banishment was changed into simple surveillance; and even that was soon after abandoned. The union of severity and conciliation—the powerful influence of Bonaparte's name—the wide and far-seeing views of his policy almost extinguished the Vendéan conspiracy; while there crept into the royalist party the suspicion, that one so eminent as Bonaparte might be made subservient to their own views, and prefer a position of rank and eminence in a well-constituted monarchy to the vacillating fortunes of a revolution; they were credulous enough to suppose that the part of Monk might suit him who found that of Cromwell too mean for his ambition. Never was there a graver error than this, the very germ of Bonaparte's greatness was that self-confidence, which, estimating justly his own power and capacity, never became the agent of any ambition save his own. If he detested anarchy, he loved the Revolution; if he did not trust all the promises of liberty to which it was

pledged, he was not less enthusiastic to effect the great social reformation it afforded—he wished for the triumph of liberal principles. He hoped, under his own auspices, no matter with what title or what rank, to terminate peaceably and gloriously the tremendous struggle which had agitated the land. The efforts of the Vendéan party to enlist him in their cause were complete failures; while his own secret negotiations with the chiefs of that faction were eminently successful, and ended in a suspension of arms with respect to La Vendée and a great part of Brittany. Beyond the frontiers of France, with the exception of Prussia and Spain, all Europe was in arms against the Republic. Russia, it is true, had begun to exhibit symptoms of disaffection to the coalition: the defeat of his army at Zurich inspired the Emperor Paul with sentiments of resentment towards all his allies, but in particular towards Austria; he had been persuaded that, if the Austrians had performed their duty, Suwarrow had never been defeated. It was in vain that England and Austria redoubled their solicitations to the Emperor, and bestowed innumerable marks of distinction on General Suwarrow—the first act of Paul was to despatch a secret envoy to Prussia, then neutral in the struggle—a step which the French minister at Berlin, M. Otto, wisely judged was a movement rather in favour of peace than of war. The neutrality of Prussia had long been regarded with suspicion by all the cabinets of the coalition; and although M. Thiers expatiates freely on the grandeur of that position, which might impose its mediation between the belligerent parties, we can see nothing in the conduct of that cabinet but the commencement of the wily and changeful policy which, bent on views purely selfish, was destined, subsequently, to inflict so many disasters on that ill-fated land."

The principles of the French Revolution could never have been sincerely approved of nor adopted by Prussia; they were diametrically opposed to the objects of her government, as they were to the wishes and inclinations of her people; no feeling of cordiality existed between the two nations. Advantages might be reaped, it is true, by observing a neutrality in the midst of Euro-

pean war; commercial prosperity might be fostered by such a course, but it should be at the sacrifice of principle, and at the hazard of a retribution which, one day or other, was certain to arrive. The impulse to this pacific policy was first given by M. d'Haugwiz, a minister too much captivated by the charms of immediate prosperity to estimate the price it might cost hereafter. Bonaparte, thoroughly informed by M. Otto on the situation of affairs, lost no time in opening relations with Frederick William, and dispatched Duroc to Berlin, on a special mission to compliment the king, and to assure him that the present condition of France was a return to a state of order and regularity, which only needed the efforts of Prussian mediation to terminate in a European peace. Talleyrand's advent to power at the same moment, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, was admirably contrived to strengthen these opinions; such an appointment could only be acknowledged by the other cabinets as an evidence of anti-republican sentiments. He was an aristocrat of the first water, distinguished by every trait which can reflect credit upon nobility; nor was it possible to have chosen one more suitable to treat with foreign ministers than this gifted and conciliating personage. In the same spirit, another member of the French aristocracy, Beurnonville, was dispatched to Berlin, as minister, to replace M. Otto, who was merely a "chargé-d'affaires." This officer had long been a prisoner in Austria, and there was a sort of sly compliment in their accrediting him to Prussia, between which country and the former the same sentiment of dislike existed as in the time of Frederick the Great. The same tone of moderation and prudence pervaded all the foreign appointments made at that moment by France; and although M. Thiers would have us see in these acts only the signs of a more liberal and enlightened policy—one which should impress Europe with the conviction that France was gradually returning to a state of permanence and good order, we cannot accept them but as evidences of the deep and artful system by which Bonaparte discouraged the Republicans at home, while he sought to strengthen his government by alliances abroad.

Duroc's mission at Berlin was com-

pletely successful, and the rumours of a general peace already spread throughout the Continent. This impression was strengthened by an armistice concluded between the French and Austrian troops, at that moment assembled on the opposite banks of the Rhine.

M. Thiers takes an able and statesman-like view of the inestimable advantages to a government which are conferred by the "prestige" of success. The Directory were ever unfortunate in this respect; their acts, even when fortunate, were viewed with suspicion and distrust; their weakness was a crime which could never be forgiven them; prudence was deemed pusillanimity; resolution stigmatized as rashness; and even victory, which conferred glory upon others, reflected no lustre upon them. Not so with Bonaparte, his name was too long associated with success not to make every act an anticipation of it; already his financial system exceeded the most sanguine expectations; all the benefits already accomplished were not only acknowledged for themselves, but accepted as guarantees for the future; and but one rumour ran through Paris—it was, that he, whose glory as a general surpassed all others of the day, was no less great in peace than in war. Every one who had access to him, no matter specially devoted their desire and talents on what subjects, to which they had retired with the same conviction of his vast knowledge and intelligence. It was but a month since he assumed the direction of affairs, and already his name was in every mouth; nor was it the masses alone who repeated his praises; his sincerest admirers, were such men as Talleyrand, Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, Roederer, Boulay (de la Meurthe), Defermon, Réal, Dufresne, &c.

All parties looked up to him; the Revolutionists regarded him as the general who should repel foreign aggression; the Royalists accepted him as their safe-guard against anarchy; so completely and universally was his superiority acknowledged, that even the power of his dictatorship inspired no reproach of tyranny, nor suggested any comparison with those who had wielded similar power in other lands. Meanwhile, M. Sieyès occupied himself on the construction of his new constitution, which he endeavoured to mode-

upon a compromise between his institutions of royalty and democracy, and, while taking every precaution against prerogative, to guard the nation against the danger of an unlimited exercise of power—a misfortune they had so severely suffered from. Now, for the first time, was heard the phrase—representative government. M. Sieyès' system originated in a maxim which he invented for the occasion, "Confidence must come from below—power from above." It resolved itself into this: he reduced the electoral power to a choice of certain candidates, who should fill the offices of an administration or the executive; this seemed to answer the first portion of his maxim, "Confidence must come from below:" let us now see how he explains the existence of "power from above;" and this was done by conferring upon the senate the highest patronage, above which a single power alone was to exist, to be called the Grand Elector, whose whole function was the nomination of two individuals, the Consul of Peace, and the Consul of War: by them the ministers were to be named, who, in turn, appointed their own subordinates. The senators were to enjoy a revenue of a hundred thousand livres; the Grand Elector, the munificent salary of six millions; but in him was to be represented the entire republic, and through him were to be exhibited, to the rest of Europe, the pomp and magnificence of France. This legislative assembly, this senate, and this Grand Elector, were in reality, neither more nor less than a Lower House—a Chamber of Peers, and the King—the whole based upon a species of universal suffrage, but with such restrictions, that democracy, aristocracy, and royalty were all admitted, as it were, in fetters, into this new constitution.

Universal suffrage was little better than a name, inasmuch as the electoral power became filtered through many gradations before it centered in that circle of candidates, who were eligible to high office. The legislative body was a House of Commons, in which the initiative of every measure was discussed, leaving to the senate the privilege of a veto, while the Grand Elector had in reality the position of a limited monarchy in a constitution, whose antagonist forces were so arranged, as to neutralize and annul every attempt at

individual power; and, while providing for security, to render government operative. To confer power on individuals, elected by the common will, and to restrain its exercise by checks inconsistent with enlarged principles of government, is to defeat the object in view. In England the three estates of the realm are, when chosen, permitted to act freely and discretely: one only condition is imposed, that they should work in concert. If the peerage by hereditary descent possess privileges independent of the nation, the people, by a direct choice of their own representatives, assert the expression of their own opinions in the Lower House of parliament, and impose upon the crown the necessity of choosing, as ministers, such as possess in the highest degree the confidence of the public. This element, the admission of public opinion, of which a free and enlightened press is the true exponent, entered not into the constitution of M. Sieyès; but this very element, ten years of public tumult had terrified him from adopting. After all, as M. Thiers epigrammatically expresses it, "You may improvise a despotism—you can never improvise an aristocracy." The enjoyment of civil liberty for centuries, has fashioned our institutions into their present condition; but a peerage, whose functions require the union of conservatism with progress, can never be the work of a day. The plan of M. Sieyès was, however, most popular—the Grand Elector alone met no favour among those who could not imagine a magistracy endowed with a single privilege of choosing the superior agents of government; in fact, the office became unpopular from its unsuitability to him whom all destined to occupy it. Bonaparte should not perform a part of mock power, and many were mean enough to suppose that, in the invention of such a functionary, Sieyès was anxious to reserve the dignity for himself, by purposely unfitting it for his illustrious colleague, while others suggested that he destined the position to General Bonaparte, as one which should limit the exercise of his power within bounds the narrowest and most restricted. All the partisans of Bonaparte were loud in their invectives against the plan, and, among these, Lucien was most inveterate. These rumours at last reached Bonaparte

himself, and although for a time he withstood their influence, they at length had the effect of irritating him, and arraying him amongst the enemies of the new constitution.

Through the instrumentality of Talleyrand and M. Röderer, an interview between Bonaparte and Sieyès was arranged—but so far from contributing to a better understanding, they parted with mutual sentiments of disesteem and dislike. Many plans were suggested by the friends of both, to accommodate matters between them; but in vain; it was proposed that the Grand Elector, who should name the two consuls of peace and war, should himself assist in the deliberations, and pronounce upon them; but this was not enough for Bonaparte, and was too much for Sieyès. "It is the old monarchy," said he, "you would bring back; and I will have none of it." A second interview terminated more fortunately—both parties abated somewhat of their convictions—Sieyès was more moderate, Bonaparte less exacting.

With some slight modifications the constitution was adopted. The Grand Elector alone, Bonaparte, opposed it with all his ability; its analogy with the British monarchy, far from conciliating his prejudices but excited his antipathy. The wealthy indolence of such a position he assailed with every weapon of his sarcasm.

"Had he," says his historian, "had he but felt the wholesome influence of a restricted power, he never had been betrayed into that extravagant exercise of his will, and his sceptre and his sword would have graced his hands at the hour of his death. 'Your Grand Elector,' said he to M. Sieyès, 'is only a King Log, and the days of such monarchs are gone by. What man of heart or soul would submit to such a part at the price of six millions for an income and the Tuileries for a residence! What! appoint the officers of a government, and yet be nothing in the administration! And you think by this to reduce your Grand Elector to a position of inefficiency. If I were in his office, I would do exactly as I pleased. I would say to the consuls of peace and war—appoint such a man, or do such a measure—if you refuse, I dismiss you. I should soon make them move at my will; I would be the master at all events.'"

Such in fact was true, and such

would a limited monarchy ever become without the pressure of public opinion. The office of Grand Elector was abandoned—less, however, from the powerful sarcasms of the young general than from the pressure of present necessity. The times required a dictator; nothing short of absolute power would have sufficed for the emergency. There was another part of M. Sieyès' plan, which Bonaparte still more resolutely rejected—the power of the senate to elect into its body any one whose services should have rendered him eligible to such distinction; the ambitious general could not endure the thought of being buried alive within such a body, with a pension of twenty-five thousand francs a year. This proposition he thwarted, and at last succeeded in establishing a government, in which a first consul had the supreme direction of affairs—the patronage of every member of the administration—of every office, down to the prefect's and sub-prefect's; even the judges were to be named by him, but, once appointed, they could not be removed. The other two consuls were to assist in his deliberations, but without any power of restraining or controlling; one only check on the perpetual exercise of such a dictatorship was carried by Sieyès—should the first consul either retire or cease his functions from any other cause, he became a senator, ex-officio; and, consequently, excluded from all future exercise of power. The other consuls, not having exercised supreme power, were left at liberty to become senators or not, as they pleased. The first consul was to have a salary of five hundred thousand francs; the two others, an hundred and fifty thousand each. All should inhabit the Tuileries, and enjoy the honour of a consular guard. Such were the principal features of the celebrated constitution of the year VIII. and such the germs of a system not tending to aristocracy, but actually proclaiming a despotism.

This constitution established, besides personal liberty, ministerial responsibility, and pensions to the widows and children of the soldiers of the state, the principle of a national recompense to all who had rendered important service to their country; an enactment which was a return to the old practices of the monarchy, and

established in reality the creation of a privileged class—a new nobility. This was the origin of an institution destined to become afterwards so distinguished—that of the Legion of Honour.

M. Thiers pays a just tribute to the legislative capacity of M. Sieyès, by remarking that every portion of the revolutionary enactments which has resisted the ravages of time, and whose utility is acknowledged in our day, was of his devising. The constitution was adopted on the 15th December, 1799, Sieyès retiring from the consulship, in which he was replaced by Cambacérès—Lebrun succeeding Roger Ducos.

The first acts of the Consulate were those of especial favour towards the followers of the monarchy; the sentences of banishment were revoked, and a simple surveillance of the police substituted in their place. The Roman Catholic religion, so outraged and insulted during the progress of the Revolution, was again taken into favour, and the funeral honours bestowed on Pius VI., whose remains, up to that moment, had continued without the honours of sepulture, and were now consigned to the tomb with every pomp and distinction: such were the evidences of an altered policy—such the signs of a new and very different government. It needed all Bonaparte's power to have ventured successfully on such a course; but in the strength of his convictions, and his self-confidence in his ability to act; besides that he himself afforded a noble instance of an oblivion of all party spirit, by promoting to the command of the army of Holland, Angereau, whose conduct on the 18th Brumaire had deeply offended him,

La Vendée was his first care; the disturbances of the south not only afforded an opportunity to all the enemies of France beyond the frontier to inflict injuries the deepest and most lasting, but a civil war in itself was a kind of dishonour to a government which affected to be based on the strength of popular opinion. To crush this insurrection, Bonaparte decided on "no little war;" a force of sixty thousand men, under General Brune were dispatched thither; and while thus proceeding with energy against internal enemies, he resolved upon a course of equal vigour with respect to

Austria and Great Britain—the most determined of all the foes of the Republic. His first care was to accredit ministers to every court of Europe, and propose peace on such grounds, that, on their refusal, he might sustain a war with all the force of public opinion in his favour. To Berlin, Madrid, and Copenhagen, his ambassadors were sent, charged with every flattery which should induce those courts to friendly relations with France. With respect to England and Austria, his line of acting was different; and here we may remark, how little real disposition for peace dictated the proceedings of the First Consul. He accredited no special minister to these courts; he attempted no negotiations to consider difficulties, or resolve questionable points of policy, but with his own hand wrote two letters to the Sovereigns—letters whose spirit, it was easy to see, was dictated by a readiness to adopt the consequences of refusal, rather than any wish to meet a willing acceptance.

It is worthy of remark, how, in each of these letters, the writer places himself on terms of perfect equality to treat with the powerful sovereigns he addresses; there is no effort at concealment, no subterfuge, but a proud avowal of his high position, and the powers he possessed to negotiate with Europe. The very assertion of this power was pleasing to France; harassed and worn out by years of anarchy and popular commotion, men were anxious for repose, and rejoiced to see that the strong hand at last had seized the reins of government.

The first deliberations of the Tribunal gave evidences of a spirit of opposition, which seriously offended the First Consul; these, however, were neither long lived nor effective, nor did they turn him from that bold line of internal policy to which he had devoted himself. His letter to the King of England was replied to at once in terms which put an end to all hopes of peace. M. Thiers is unjust enough to attribute the policy adopted by our country to personal feeling on the part of Mr. Pitt; he asserts that this great man had made a war with France his mission, his glory, and the very foundation of his political existence, and concludes the observation by terming him a statesman unenlightened, though

powerful. However it may suit the prejudices and the passions of his countrymen to be told, that opposition to the course of anarchy, which had for ten years ravaged France, could only be entertained on grounds as mean and insignificant as those, we, who have learned to estimate the Great Commoner differently, who can recognize in his policy the profoundest political foresight, may afford to smile at censure so ill bestowed. "The reply of the British government reiterated," says M. Thiers, "the often-times told tale of republican outrage and aggression—the ravages committed in Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy, and avowed that the British government saw no prospect of a lasting or solid peace with France, save in a restoration of the Bourbons." It would be well to remind the author that, not many years after this memorable letter was written, when France was torn with dissension, agonized by internal enemies, trampled on by foes without, Talleyrand himself declared at the Congress of Vienna, that in return to legitimacy alone did he see a prospect for European peace, or permanent tranquillity for France. England, however, did not make the restoration the *sine qua non* of a peace, but suggested that an approach to such a political status as this would accomplish, was an essential condition. M. Thiers would have us believe that this document was unpopular in England: there never was an assertion so unsupported by fact; the feeling of England was entirely with the minister—the declaration of the king, on opening parliament, was received with an enthusiasm of applause, and the minority who opposed the address were as unpopular without as within the walls of parliament.

Austria was more guarded, or less sincere in her reply. Meanwhile the debates in the English parliament were carried on with the greatest acrimony, and the allusion to the restoration of the Bourbons, although only suggested by Pitt, was made the war-cry of the opposition.

To believe M. Thiers, one should suppose that the long war, which England, in concert with her allies, sustained against France, contained a humiliating history of defeat and disaster; to understand his condemnation of Mr. Pitt, and the chuckling

satisfaction with which he alludes to that minister, one must never have heard of the victories of the Peninsula, nor the capitulation of Paris. The memory must be, indeed, short, that cannot retrace in the great events of the early part of the present century, facts which have established beyond a cavil or a doubt, the justice and foresight of Pitt's views.

He judged, and judged wisely, that a usurpation can only exist by enlisting in its cause the passions of the mass—that wanting in that great element of permanence, which hereditary monarchy possesses, it must environ itself with the halo of military glory, or the brilliant advantage of commercial prosperity. Conquest was necessary, indeed essential to Bonaparte's political existence: by it alone could he occupy the attention, and minister to the ambition of those great armies, which the Republic had called into the field, and by its successes only could he subjugate the spirit of internal opposition to his government.

His greatness was intimately allied with military glory. It was as the Great Captain he had won the suffrages of his country; and the most successful efforts of his administration in peace could only be regarded as preparatives for war. To have concluded a peace with France in 1800, to have afforded time to the First Consul to ratify treaties with foreign powers, to have consolidated the great interests within the frontier, and made friends and allies beyond it, would have been the most fatal error a British minister could have committed.

The forms of our deliberative assembly, permitting as they do the utmost freedom of speech, afford M. Thiers many arguments on this head, of which he is not slow to avail himself. The Fox party were, indeed, in favour of France; and such a cause, of course, presented its opportunity for alleging bigotry and intolerance against its opponents; but it were well to ask, how many of those now living in England, and who can look back upon the course of events, are disposed to agree with Pitt or his antagonist?—where shall we find, amongst the Whig party, men bold enough to renounce the policy of the Great Commoner?—or who is there who will stand forward and say, that

he is sorry the First Consul had not been suffered to pursue a career of universal dominion, and that France was not made the mistress of the world?

It is not a little characteristic of the opening reign of the First Consul, that one of his earliest acts was the subjugation of the press; and M. Thiers himself, whose early career was as a writer for the newspapers, is the half-apologist for such a course. The editors were given to understand that all who published any articles reflecting on the constitution, the army, or the character of the allies of France, should have their papers suppressed; and this measure," adds our author with an admirable *"néve"*, "which would appear so extraordinary now a days, was received without a murmur, and without astonishment; for events have no other importance, than in the spirit which imposes them." And within the same week that he thus assailed the very guardian of rational liberty, he proclaimed to the army a mourning of ten days for the death of Washington.

On the 19th of February he took possession of the Tuileries with all the pomp of a public entry; in the court of the palace he reviewed the troops, and in the great chamber of audience received the ministers of state and the great civil authorities; two days later he gave an audience to the diplomatic corps, all the members of which were—right royally—afterwards presented to Madame Bonaparte.

"Well, Bourricone," said the emperor, the day after he took possession of the palace, "here we are in the Tuileries—let us see now that we keep our ground."

From the very hour of his return from Egypt, it is easy to recognize in every act and word the resolve of one bent on attaining supreme power.

The most distant allusions to a restricted exercise of government he resented as if personally directed against himself, nor could he brook the idea of any other accountability than might result from the success of his acts.

M. Thiers opens his third book with an account of the Austrian campaigns of Ulm and Genoa, and probably his ability as a historian is no where more conspicuous than when exercised in

the detail of military events. The lucid statements of geographical position—the brilliant narrative of stirring scenes, are unquestionably his "forte," and as a writer of the occurrences of a campaign, we know not his equal. His own habits of thought induce him to place a high estimate on the wonderful excellence of that "coup-d'œil militaire" which so distinguished Bonaparte, and the great general has at last met with a historian worthy to record his glorious achievements. It must not be supposed that he is either measured in his praises, or disposed to qualify his approval of the deeds of his countrymen, but there is less of "fancie" and boasting than we usually find in the works of a Frenchman discussing the victories of France.

The passage of the Alps by the French army is one of the most brilliant portions of the volume, for while in every minor detail the most extreme accuracy prevails, the gorgeous panorama of the mighty host passes before the reader's eye in all the pomp and panoply of war—the cannon dragged along by the foot soldiers—the cavalry dismounted, and tracking their perilous course on the very verge of precipices—the crash of military music, and the more deafening thunder of the distant avalanche—the wild bivouac amid the snows of this dreary region—are all painted in life-like colours.

David has represented Bonaparte traversing the Alps on a prancing charger with flowing mane and eye of fire. The simple truth, if less picturesque, is more touching still. He ascended Saint Bernard mounted on a mule, wrapped in that memorable grey surcoat so known in history, chatting as he went familiarly with his guide, asking him of his humble fortunes, and inquiring of his mode of life. The peasant told him all, even to his grief—that from poverty he was debarred from marrying a young girl of the valley. The general listened to these recitals with the indolent pleasure of a passing traveller, whose mind was burdened with no more weighty cares, and, when parting, gave him a letter to one of the commissaries of the army. What was his surprise to discover in the muffled traveller the Great Captain, and that the note contained an order for a sum of money ample enough to permit him to marry the girl of his choice!

This mountaineer has lately died in his own country, the proprietor of the ~~map~~ the conqueror of the world bestowed upon him. The First Consul halted some moments at the monastery, bestowed a magnificent present on the monks, and continued his journey.

However unwillingly, we must pass over the animated descriptions of Monte-bello and Marengo, the latter, perhaps, the most spirit-stirring episode in the volumes before us. In less than a hundred days, a memorable term in Bonaparte's life, the campaign was brought to its conclusion, and the empire of Austria subjugated before France. On the 24th June, he once more re-entered the Tuileries, surrounded by thousands, above whose heads were waving the banners taken from the enemy, and whose voices proclaimed him "the Hero of Marengo."

We have said that our limits will not permit us to dwell on the narrative of those great events, which marked the early years of the Consulate, and to the description of which, M. Thiers has contributed so much of research; our task must now bound itself to a mere passing allusion to the great men of that memorable period, and probably our author was never more happy, than in his description of some of these. The delineation of Fouché and Talleyrand is done in the best style.

"Fouché," says M. Thiers, "was a personage of intelligence and cunning, neither actually good nor bad, thoroughly conversant with mankind, especially with the worst, despising all alike, employing the police to foster disturbance, as well as to track its course, ready to bestow his patronage on any in want of it, and making friends for himself and the government in turn; he never exaggerated a peril, and knew well how to distinguish between a rash and dangerous man: he might have been a great minister had his sentiments been elevated, and if his calmness had any other source than utter indifference to good or evil, or his activity any nobler motive than the passion for meddling; his countenance intelligent, but vulgar, was the index of the qualities of his heart and head. What a contrast to him was Talleyrand! Born of a high family he was originally destined for the profession of arms, an accident condemned him to the priesthood; he had no taste

for his new calling, and successively changed from prelate to courtier—~~to~~ revolutionist—to emigré—and lastly, became the foreign minister of the Directory, some trace of each condition in life attaching to him as he went; for there was something of the bishop, of the grand seigneur, and of the Revolutionist always about him. Having no very settled opinions, he possessed a moderation which hated extravagance; his agreeability was the result of a wit, pointed and delicate as Voltaire's, conveyed in language as pure, and even more polished: he could in turn become fascinating or disdainful, argumentative or indolent; the most seductive of negotiators, but without a particle of personal interest, and even still less of study or labour in his efforts; his object was to please; in a word he was rather an ambassador than a minister, and therefore well suited him whose agent he was. One merit he indeed possessed, he loved peace under the government of a master who gloried in war. He was gifted," says M. Thiers, "with a 'parresse utile' a happy phrase, of signal service to the First Consul, whose vehemence of speech and redundancy were well controlled by the easy indolence of his polished associate."

In every respect he was the antithesis of Fouché, for although despising the frivolous usages and worn-out characters of the old "regime," he was attached to that form of government—always suggesting that no permanent peace could be based on any other footing than that of a return to the usages of a monarchy; and while Fouché warned the First Consul, in the name of the Revolution, not to move so fast, Talleyrand, in the name of Europe, advised him to move faster: Bonaparte relished the coarse common sense of the former, but he admired the graceful fascination of the latter still more; while he put no absolute trust in either one or the other. In Cambacérès alone he had perfect confidence, who united rare powers of judgment with an unbounded devotion to the First Consul.

One word now on the members of his own family. He had four brothers: Joseph, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome. Of the latter we shall speak hereafter; at the time we mention, Joseph and Lucien were alone of any importance. Joseph, the eldest of the family, was married to the daughter of a rich merchant of Marseilles; he was mild

and agreeable in his manners, and his conversation was always more pleasing to his brother than that of any of the others. Lucien was a man of talent; but uncertain, restless, and impracticable—his ability never compensating for his total want of common-sense. Both had early conceived the most ambitious hopes from the proud position of the First Consul; and while openly suggesting that the present state of things was one of transition, ceased not to instil into the First Consul's mind the misfortune of being married to a woman who had not given him an heir to his glory. Josephine had all the attractions, and all the demerits of her Creole origin—kind, good-hearted, frivolous, and vain; not handsome, but perfectly elegant; endowed with a wonderful charm of manner, she possessed the art of pleasing to a degree; her extravagance and her levity offended him deeply, and it cost him many a powerful effort to forgive such faults. In her heart she was a thorough Royalist, detesting the Jacobins, by whom she was hated in turn. All her predilections were in favour of the Bourbons, and she preferred to be surrounded by the insignificant members of their party to companionship with the proudest and most distinguished chiefs of the Revolution. She would far rather have seen her husband the occupant of high office under the monarchy, than himself in the most exalted station; besides she ever feared that if Bonaparte should mount the throne, it would not be her fortune to share his greatness. A prediction of her youth never left her mind—"You will enjoy the greatest of honours, but only for a brief space." Already the fatal word "divorce" had been whispered in her hearing; and her life had been one of unceasing misery, if the very levity of her character had not saved her from deep reflection.

The views of character here developed, exhibit the shrewd perception of the author, whose main characteristic through life has been that fine appreciation of men, so essential to him who would work upon their passions or their prejudices.

Such portions of his work demand unqualified praise. They evidence knowledge of the subject and skill in its treatment; but very differently would we esteem the general views he

occasionally takes of the condition of Europe regarding France, and still less are we disposed to afford him our confidence when England is the subject of his pen.

His estimate of Pitt is utterly unworthy of him. The old rancour of the Napoleonist has blinded his judgment to the great merits of that eminent man. In asserting, alone and single handed, the opposition of England to the aggressive despotism of France, M. Thiers will recognise nothing but paltry personal motives, and the prejudices of one early interested in the defence of an aristocracy. Such ignorance was pardonable, perhaps, at the time when the events were occurring—in any case, it suited Bonaparte's purpose to represent the British minister in such a light before France—but does it become the enlightened statesman of the nineteenth century to accuse the Great Commoner of such views? Or are we to be told that the war with France did not enlist the sympathies and animate the hearts of the whole British nation?

M. Thiers would have us think that the stability of the government of the Consulate, its firmness and its moderation, were the reason of the neutrality observed by some, and the close alliances formed by others of the continental countries with France, and insinuates that England alone, animated by motives of aggrandizement and self-interest, continued the war with the Republic; but was it affection for France that made humbled and vanquished Austria her ally? Was it attachment to revolutionary doctrines that brought monarchical Prussia into the league? Was it any thing, save the offended pride of a weak and intemperate monarch, that rendered Russia her friend? And if England alone resisted, when discouragement and defeat had humbled the whole world, is her cause to be stigmatized, and her motives impugned?

The same tone of detraction and unfairness he has bestowed on Pitt, he subsequently exhibits when speaking of Nelson. This we were scarcely prepared for; nor did we expect that our great hero would have been characterized by such epithets as "bizarre et violent." The portrait was, however, "painted to order"—the sensi-

bilities of "Young France" were to be courted, and the glories of M. de Juvénisse were to suffer no unhappy comparisons with the conqueror of the Nile and Trafalgar. A Frenchman never forgives! Aboukir and Waterloo are as fresh in the memory as the beaten as in the very hour of defeat; and although we have no desire to quarrel with such traits of memory, we deem it only fair they should not suggest reasons for unwarrantable assertion and falsehood.

Such, however, is the whole narrative of the attack on Copenhagen; every sentence contains an untruth direct or insinuated. He glosses over the fact, that it was from the continued fire of vessels that had struck, that Nelson declared he would blow up his prizes if they did not cease firing, and gives us to suppose that the negotiation with the crown prince had a different character from the offer of armistice made by the victor to the vanquished. In the same way, but with even more hardihood, he asserts

that the loss of the English in the engagement equalled that of the Danes, that of the latter having been more than three to one, although from the nature of their defences and shore-batteries, they enjoyed considerable opportunities of safety. A statement so false and so ungenerous may serve the purpose of one who would buy his advent to power by ministering to the jealous rancour of a war-party in France, but must always remain a blot on the character of a historian; and although it is advisable to mark such passages, and expose their falsehood, we, in England, can afford to suffer such animadversions, when the character assailed is Lord Nelson, and the assailant is M. Thiers.

The volume concludes with an account of the death of the Emperor Paul, and the opening of the negotiations for peace between France and England. And here we shall leave the subject, to return to it whenever the subsequent volumes shall afford us the opportunity.

